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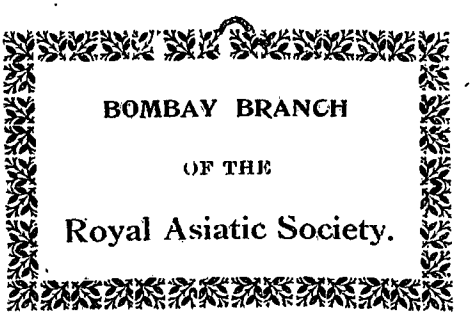

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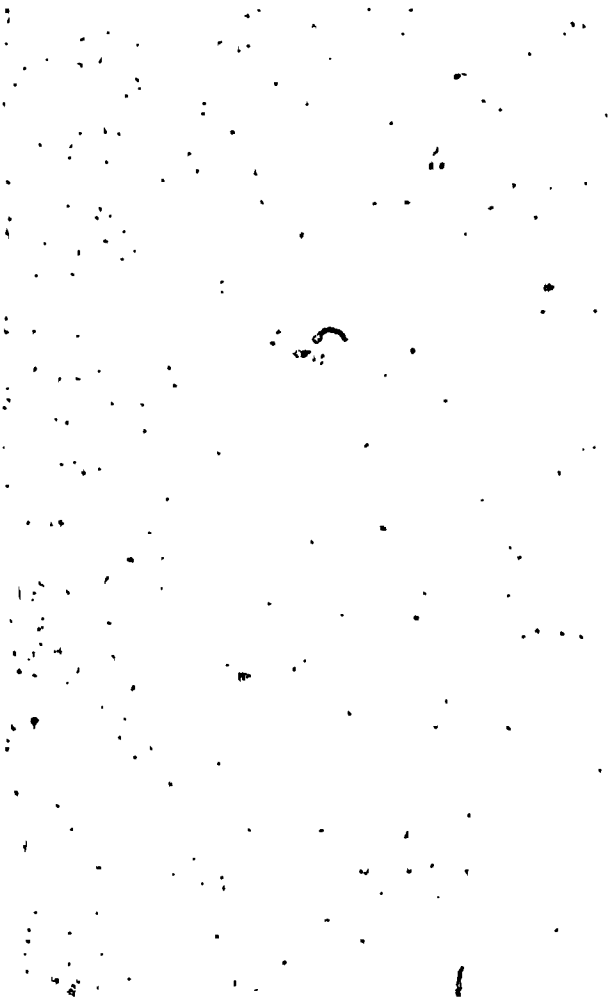

Literary Society of Bombay

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A TURKISH SPY,

Who Lived Five-and-Forty Years Undiscovered at

PARIS;

Giving an Impartial Account to the Divan at Conſtantinople of the moſt Remarkable Tranſactions of Europe, and diſcovering ſeveral Intrigues and Secrets of the Chriſtian Courts, (eſpecially of that of France) continued from the Year 1654 to the Year 1682.

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Written originally in Arabic, Tranſlated into Italian, and from thence into Engliſh.

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VOLUME FIFTH.

A NEW EDITION.

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TO THE READER.

PREFACES, methinks, are ſo much like the printed bills paſted upon the booths in Bartholomew-Fair, to give an account of the entertainment you are to expect within, that were it not in pure compliance with cuſtom, one would forſwear writing any. But the world is humorous, and muſt be ſerved according to its own faſhion; every thing is damned that is not a-la-mode; and he that publiſhes a book, without civilly accoſting the reader at the beginning, is thought to intrench upon good manners.

To prevent all theſe inconveniencies, it is thought fit once more to ſay a word or two, not in praiſe of this volume of letters (even let it take its fortune as the other four have done), but by way of apology for ſome things which may ſeem liable to cenſure.

Some perhaps will be offended at the zeal which appears in this Arabian, when he writes in honour of the Mahometan faith; others will as much wonder at his looſeneſs and indifference, his doubtfulneſs of all things; for in ſome of his letters he appears a great ſceptic, and confeſſes himſelf ſo.

Theſe gentlemen ought to conſider that his ſtyle and ſentiments are ſuited to the quality of the perſon to whom he writes: To his intimate friends he

unboſoms himſelf with abundance of frankneſs, but when he addreſſes to the mufti, or other grandees of the Porte, he is cautious and reſerved.

It may be ſuppoſed that he underſtood himſelf very well, or elſe he was not fit for that employment in Paris; and, without doubt, having had his education in the ſeraglio, as he profeſſes, he was no ſtranger to the punctilios of addreſs uſed in the Turkiſh court. It was his policy and intereſt to appear a very devout Mahometan when he wrote to the miniſters of ſtate; and it is poſſible he was ſo in reality, or at leaſt perſuaded himſelf ſo at certain ſeaſons; and yet this hinders not, but he might at other times take the liberty to deſcant on ſome abſurdities in their doctrines and practice, when he wrote to his familiars, and was minded to converſe with freedom.

If in ſome points he ſeems to give credit to the Arabian writers, who have treated of Egypt and its antiquities, in others he ſhows himſelf a man not over-fond of fables and romances.

However, let his opinions be what they will, and his ſentiments never ſo extravagant in matters of ſpeculation and controverſy, ſo long as his morals are ſound and good there is no occaſion to be captious. We need not fear that any Chriſtian, or any man of ſenſe, will be proſelyted by his letters, to a religion, which he himſelf, though profeſſing it, yet ſo often doubts of and ridicules.

He ſpeaks very honourably of Chriſt, and impartially of Chriſtians, accuſing their vices rather than their doctrines, and appearing all along a moderate man in his ſentiments of religion, and a friend to

virtue and reaſon. If he diſcovers ſome failings, in being too melancholy, conſider that he was a mortal like other men. However, reader, admire his untainted loyalty, and imitate it.

You will find in this volume true hiſtory, with variety of ſolid remarks, and not a few ſecrets of Cardinal Mazarini and Oliver Cromwell uncabinetted; particularly that famous intrigue carried on by Colonel Spintelet and his confederates, to ſave Oſtend from being ſurpriſed by the French in the year 1658, and to bubble two of the ableſt ſtateſmen in Europe.

After all, aſſure thyſelf, that the next volume will contain more illuſtrious relations than any that has gone before; where you will hear of an end put to the war between France and Spain, after it had laſted five-and-twenty years; and the marriage of Lewis XIV. with the Spaniſh Infanta; as alſo of an univerſal peace in Chriſtendom; the reſtoration of Charles II. to his crown and kingdoms, after twelve years exile in foreign countries; and twelve ſeveral revolutions of government, here at home; with many other memorable and important events and tranſactions in the world; as the dreadful earthquake which overturned part of the Pyrenean mountains; the more deſtructive plague, which ſwept away almoſt an hundred thouſand people in London; and the deplorable fire, which conſumed the greateſt part of that famous city, in the ſpace of three days.

You will there alſo find an account of the death of that great miniſter of ſtate, Cardinal Mazarini; of the Duke of Orleans, uncle to the French king; of the Ducheſs of Savoy; of Carolus Joſephus the

emperor's brother; of the Duke of Vendoſme; of the queen-mother of France; and of Philip IV. King of Spain, with other perſons of princely quality.

For this Arabian was careful to tranſmit to the Ottoman Porte intelligence of all things which were moſt remarkable in Europe: And that his letters might not ſeem tedious, he intermixed moral reflections with ſome maxims of policy, eſſays of reaſon, and now and then a touch of philoſophy: And if we may gueſs at the cauſe of his more abounding in theſe kind of miſcellany diſcourſes, after the year 1659, than he did before, it ſeems probable that a general peace about that time being eſtabliſhed in Europe, he had little elſe to write but his obſervations on the ſeveral ſtates and courts of Chriſtian princes, the different manners, cuſtoms, and laws of people, the councils and intrigues of ſtateſmen, with ſuch other matters as occurred worthy of notice.

If, either in this volume or in thoſe that are to come, he ſeems in any of his letters to alter his opinion, and contradict his former ſentiments, remember it is no more than what the greateſt writers have done, who have lived to old age, as this agent did. Nobody is ignorant of St. Auguſtine's Retractions, and Cornelius Agrippa's Vanity of Sciences; wherein thoſe two great authors run counter to all that they had written before; and it were eaſy to produce an hundred inſtances beſides.

In a word, reader, take in good part the tranſlator's pains, who renders things as he found them, without altering or corrupting the ſenſe of his copy. Farewell.

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A SPY AT PARIS.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.—MAHMUT *the Arabian, and Vileſt of the Grand Seignior's Slaves, to the Myſterious* ESAD, *Arbitrator of Doubtful Problems, Prince of the Muftis.*

WHEN I firſt came to Paris, my inſtructions were not ſo full and particular as to direct me in all emergencies. A great many things were left to my own conduct and prudence, both in civil and religious matters; ſo that if I have made any falſe ſteps, I hope it will be excuſable, in regard it is not ſo much my fault as that of the miniſters who reſide at the Auguſt Porte. I have often addreſſed to them, deſiring ſupplemental rules and cautions in ſome peculiar caſes which I propoſed, but they have been very ſparing of their counſels. It is true, indeed, about five years ago, I received ſome particular orders from the Viſier Azem, and the Kaimacham, as alſo from

thy ſanctity, wherein I was commanded to write with all freedom to the grandees. This, with the other directions, has been of great uſe to me: It has armed me with freſh courage, and removed the melancholy apprehenſions I had of ſome men's revenge, whoſe vices I reproved. Praiſe be to God, King of the Day of Judgment, I have accuſed no man wrongfully; yet I was full of fears, even in the performance of my duty, knowing that mortals generally love to have their faults concealed, and purſue thoſe with malice who diſcover or reprehend them. But now all my fears in that kind are vaniſhed; yet I have ſcruples of another nature, which none but the infallible guide of the faithful can diſperſe.

Ever ſince I have reſided here, I have been preciſe in obſerving all the precepts of our holy law, ſo far as conſiſted with the ſecurity and ſucceſs of my commiſſion; for I have been forced to leap over many lies and falſe oaths to conceal myſelf; I have likewiſe done abundance of other irregular things to promote the cauſe I am engaged in; for all which thou haſt vouchſafed me a diſpenſation. There remains one thing in which thy advice is neceſſary.

I have been hitherto punctual in keeping the faſt of Ramezan, at the time appointed to all muſſulmans, which thou knoweſt falls earlier by eleven days every year than it did the year before; ſo that in the ſpace of four-and-thirty years it paſſes through all the four ſeaſons. Now this ſucceſſive variation of the great faſt, cauſing it ſometimes to fall at the very times of the moſt ſolemn feſtivals among the Nazarenes, ſuch as that which they call their Chriſtmas, which is a feaſt of thirteen days, I fear leſt I may be taken notice of, ſhould I, by celebrating the Ramezan at thoſe times, contradict the univerſal

practice of all the Franks, and ſtart ſuſpicions in thoſe with whom I converſe, to my diſadvantage and ruin.

To thee, therefore, who art the wiſeſt of the wiſe, I fly for counſel in this exigency, beſeeching thee to dictate plainly what I am to do.

I know that the ſick, or wounded, or travellers, are diſpenſed with, if they violate the ſacred moon; at which time the gates of paradiſe are opened, and invifible favours are done to the devout obſervers of this precept; whilſt the avenues of hell are barricadoed, and all the devils chained up from appearing abroad, or doing any miſchief in the world. I ſay, I am not ignorant of the indulgence which is given to men under ſuch circumſtances, provided they ſatisfy the law, by keeping the faſt at ſome other ſeaſon, more agreeable to their health, or other neceſſities. And thus far I could have ſilenced the alarms of my own conſcience, without moleſting thee; knowing that a muſſulman is always allowed this liberty in a foreign country, much more in a region of infidels.

But that which I aim at is to be informed, whether, to put the better diſguiſe upon myſelf, and more efficaciouſly to proſecute the intereſt of the Grand Seignior, I may not always celebrate this faſt at the preciſe time that the Chriſtians keep their Lent? for then I ſhould paſs unſuſpected, and no man would take me for any other than a Chriſtian and a Catholic. Nay, my manner of daily faſting at that time, would raiſe me a conſiderable credit among the Chriſtians that know me; they would cry me up for a ſaint, or a very holy man; for the faſt of the Chriſtians is a feaſt, in compariſon with the rigorous abſtinence of the muſſulmans. Thoſe indeed refrain from all ſorts of fleſh, but they load their tables with variety of fiſh and other dainties; neither have they patience to tarry for their repaſt beyond the mid-day; whereas the

muſſulmans taſte of nothing during the Ramezan, till the ſun is gone down, and the ſtars appear; no, not even in the parching deſarts of Arabia, where men are ready to periſh of thirſt; yet no man will extend his hand to the water-pot, to refreſh himſelf in thoſe unſpeakable agonies, till the ſhadow of the earth is advanced into the higher region of the air, and has baniſhed the leaſt glimmerings of the ſun. When, therefore, the Franks ſhall ſee me faſt after this auſtere faſhion in their Lent, they will ſay I am a very mortified man, and a devout Catholic; for they judge altogether by the outſide. So if any danger ſhould threaten me, I ſhould find friends among the zealots, and the indifferent would not appear my enemies; but the wicked, whoſe black guilt has rendered them a terror to themſelves, as well as an abomination to others, would ſtand in fear of me. Thus, on all hands, a way would be open for me to eſcape a diſcovery of the ſecrets committed to my charge.

It would be much more to my ſatisfaction, if I could with ſafety celebrate this faſt in the very moon wherein the Alcoran was brought down from Heaven, as all good muſſulmans generally do; but I am taught not to betray, or ſo much as hazard the affairs of my great maſter, for a mere nicety or punctilio of religion. God is the Merciful of the Merciful, and it is his will that the empire of the true faithful ſhould be extended wherever the moon or the ſun ſhine on earth.

Great oracle of the muſſulmans, doctor of faith and verity, it is in thy power to confirm or ſhake my reſolution in this point; for from thy ſentence there is no appeal.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1654.

II.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

THOU informeſt me, that the King of the Romans is dead, and that divers prodigies happened about the time of his expiring; whilſt others report, that the German emperor himſelf died the 9th of the laſt moon. However, I ſhall tranſmit thy advice to the Shining Porte, not truſting to the uncertain intelligence of fame.

Kings and emperors muſt reſign up their breath as well as other mortals; it is a tribute we all owe to Nature, who will be paid one time or other. Neither has ſhe ever exempted any from the common lot, ſave Enoch, Elias, and Jeſus the Son of Mary. Theſe were holy prophets, perfect ſaints, and void of original ſin, and therefore received an indulgence; though thoſe of your nation, and the Chriſtians believe, that the laſt of theſe three died on a croſs.

As for all others, they have either been diſſolved by ſickneſs, or ſnatched away by ſudden death; ſome by an inviſible dart from Heaven; others by the ruder hand of mortals like themſelves; millions by the ſword and ſpear; and ten millions by the ſwifter and more unavoidable ſtroke of the arrow and bullet; whilſt not a few have received their death from the very elements which ſupported their life: An unruly fire has crumbled ſome into their firſt atoms, and mingled their aſhes with thoſe of their houſes and beds of repoſe; whilſt water, a contrary principle, has quenched the vital flame in others. There is but one way to enter into this life; but the gates of death, and the inviſible ſtate, are without number; and the greateſt monarch may as well fall by the prick of a thorn as by the edge of a ſword. Every time I ſwallow my meat, I remember the fate of him who was choaked

by a grain of pepper, and that of Anacreon the poet, who was ſtrangled by the ſtone of a raiſin.

Yet I am not ſolicitous in chooſing or avoiding particular deaths, knowing that no human counſel can prevent the decrees of deſtiny. It rather pleaſes me to think (ſuch is my ambition), that by whatſoever method I am ſent to the grave, there I ſhall be equal to the Alexanders, Cæſars, Timurlengs, and the greateſt mortals; for there is no diſtinction of noble and vulgar in that region of anarchy, where all ranks are levelled in the duſt; as Diogenes told Alexander the Great, when the monarch, beholding that philoſopher in a charnel-houſe, his eyes attentively fixed on the bones of the dead, which lay in heaps, aſked him, What he was doing? To whom Diogenes replied, "I am looking for thy father Philip's bones, but cannot diſtinguiſh them from thoſe of his ſlaves." Some ſuch thought as this might perhaps firſt occaſion the cuſtom of writing epitaphs on the ſepulchres of eminent perſons; among which I have read ſome made by the entombed themſelves, whilſt they were on this ſide the grave, and for their ſingular fancy were thought worthy to be recorded by hiſtorians. Such as this:

I SABBAS of MILAN, by blood a Caſtilian, friar and knight of Jeruſalem, wiſh a happy reſurrection to my aſhes. While I was alive among mortals, a little ſatisfied me: Now I am dead, and alone in my grave, I am content with leſs. I neither knew myſelf what I was, nor do thou inquire. Traveller, whoever thou art, if thou be pious, pray for me, and paſs on. Farewell, and live mindful of death. Living, I provided this epitaph, knowing I muſt die.

The birth and life of mortals are nothing but toil and death.

Such another was that of Heliodorus, a Moor, who

cauſed himſelf to be buried near to the Pillars of Hercules, with this inſcription on his tomb:

I HELIODORUS, a mad Carthaginian, have commanded, by my laſt will and teſtament, that I ſhould be interred here in this farthest angle of the world, to make experiment, whether any man more mad than myſelf, would travel thus far to viſit my ſepulchre.

But that which Semiramis cauſed to be inſcribed on her tomb, was a perfect ſatire on the living. It was this:

I SEMIRAMUS, whilſt living, never was in need of money; yet was always compaſſionate to the poor. Now I am dead, my grave is my treaſury. If any of royal race be in want, let him open this dormitory, and he ſhall find a ſupply.

When Darius conquered Babylon, and was told of this epitaph, ſtung with avarice, he cauſed the ſepulchre to be opened in his own preſence; but, inſtead of money, they only found a tablet of braſs, with theſe words engraven on it:

My epitaph is a riddle. This is the interpretation. I never was covetous; only ſuch as are poor, theſe I pity; and have therefore provided this leſſon, as a treaſure for the man who for lucre ſhall preſume to violate my tomb.

If thou wilt rob the living, forbear to plunder the dead, leſt they bring thee to ſhame, as I have done.

Thou telleſt me, that the emperor ſeems not to be much grieved for the death of his ſon, the Roman king. Perhaps his ſorrow is ſo great that it cannot find a vent. Violent and uncommon paſſions are apt to ſmother within the heart, whilſt only ſmaller griefs break forth in tears.

It was a memorable saying of a certain king of Egypt, who was overcome by Cambyses the Persian monarch, and taken captive, with all his children; when the cruel conqueror, to sport himself in the misery of his royal prisoners, and insult over the vanquished Egyptians, first caused the daughter of the captive king to be employed in the meanest offices with the common slaves before her father's face, then his son to be bridled, and curbed like a horse, with a vast burden tied on his back; at both which dismal spectacles, the poor Egyptian monarch shed not one tear: But when he saw one that had formerly been his servant reduced to great poverty, he wept bitterly. Cambyses asking him the reason why he seemed so insensible of his children's calamity, and yet was touched with so tender a grief for the misfortune of a stranger; he answered, "Son of Cyrus, the desolation of my family afflicts me with so profound a sorrow, that no tears can express it; but my compassion to this distressed servant being not so violent, easily breaks forth in tears."

Nathan, I wish thee neither extreme joy nor grief, for they are both hurtful to the heart.

Paris, 1st of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1654.

III.—*To* Mahummed, Hodgia, *Venerable Eremit of the Cave replete with Wonders.*

When I contemplate thy life, so full of innocence, and void of the very shadow of vice, I am like a serpent roused from his sleep by a breeze of cooler wind, or the noise of a traveller on the road; my soul starts, and unfolding all the drowsy curls of sensuality, stretches itself at full length; surprised and ashamed of its own lethargy, it swiftly retires into any dark corner to cover itself from

the light of its own faculties, and from the brighter reflections of thy ſpirit which penetrate like the beams of the ſun.

I do not preſently curſe myſelf, the hour of my nativity, my friends that have flattered me into an erroneous belief of my own virtue, or my enemies that have provoked me, and by various trains entangled me in the paths of vice; ſuch malediction only becomes the mouth of a Jew, or a libertine; for we arrive at perfection, not by curſing the evil, but by imitating the good.

I rather bleſs the hour of conjunction, the influence of my better ſtars, and the conſtellations of a more propitious horoſcope, the moment when I had the honour to touch the ſand before thy feet with my lips in that ſanctuary of holineſs. Oh, thou patron of good intentions, ſincere reformer of human errors, refulgent pattern of the pious, glory of the wiſe, moſt excellent of the excellent, phœnix of the age!

Praiſe be to God, the firſt and the laſt; peace to the angels who ſtand round his throne, and to the prophets who rejoice in his preſence; an univerſal jubilee to all the inhabitants of Paradiſe; an eternal felicity to the ſaint of the deſart on earth, whoſe ſoul is expanded wide as the firmament.

I am raviſhed, and full of ecſtaſies, becauſe there is not found thy equal on this ſide the clouds. When thou ſhalt be cropped from the earth, the mirror of mortals, the flower of human nature is gone; the trees of the wilderneſs will lament thy death, by whoſe preſence they flouriſhed, and brought forth their fruit in due ſeaſon; at thy departure, the graſs of the field will fade and wither, conſcious that thy merits drew down the rain and dew of heaven, to render Arabia fertile in herbage.

The beaſts will languiſh for want of paſture, and men

will bewail the dearth of the land, knowing, that the life of the juſt cauſes the ground to produce a plenteous harveſt.

But no mourning will be like that of Mahmut, who can boaſt of thy particular friendſhip, and in loſing thee will be as if he were deprived of the light of the ſun, or the morning air, or the benefit of fire and water; for ſo thy favours are refreſhing as the elements, without which we cannot live.

Therefore, as oft as I turn my face to the city, ſanctified by the birth of our holy Prophet, I ſend up my vows to Heaven for thy long life; beſeeching God, for the univerſal good of nature, to continue the man on earth, the veſtment of whoſe ſoul is compoſed of rays darted from all the fortunate ſtars.

Tell me, O thou holieſt of the holy ones in the Eaſt, favourite of the angels, ſecret friend of the Eternal, envoy extraordinary from the Omnipotent, agent incognito for the court of Heaven; tell me by what chart I ſhall ſteer my courſe through this life, uncertain as the ſea, and toſſed with as many tempeſts I find in myſelf manifeſt inclinations to virtue, and whatſoever is good; yet I ſtill miſtake the methods of attaining my end. I would fain be perfectly pious, juſt, and wiſe, but know not how to compaſs my deſign. One event or other ſtill fruſtrates my labour: Either a friend or any enemy, a relation or a ſtranger, caſualties without, or my paſſions within, ſtop me in the beginning, or the midſt of the glorious career, the race which cannot be run without noble agonies.

Then I take breath, and rouſing myſelf with freſh vigour, I cheerfully addreſs to the combat which crowns the victor with immortality: My courage is great, my reſolution fixed, at the firſt ſetting out; I gain ground at firſt; the wheels of my chariot are for a time

like thoſe of the ſun, whoſe momentary advances are not perceived by mortals; but before I get half way to the meridian, ſome unſkilful phaeton, an erroneous thought, or a giddy paſſion, overthrows me; either old habits, or new temptations, hinder me from gaining the prize in the Olympics of virtue.

Thus often foiled, I retire with ſhame and weakneſs; and, finding no redreſs within, I fly to thee, who art created a director of the world.

It will be an offence to make repetitions, and aſk counſel again; I will henceforth endeavour to follow thy example, which is certainly the moſt correct rule of a religious life. But than I cannot ſerve the Grand Seignior in this poſt. Reſolve my doubts. Is it lawful for me to abandon my duty, and retire into a deſart? If not, I will erect a ſolitude in the midſt of this populous city, and build an hermitage in my own heart. If I cannot arrive at the perfection I aim at, I will at leaſt endeavour to be as good as I can. There is a religious dexterity, by which a man may, in the midſt of worldly buſineſs, make to himſelf paths of innocence, and walk free from the general contagion of mortals. If I cannot perform any eminent good, I will take care to abſtain from enormous evils; neither will I commit the leaſt without a good intention, which, I am aſſured by the muſti, ſometimes ſanctifies a bad action. If I lie, or forſwear myſelf, it ſhall be to ſerve my great maſter; if I diſſemble my religion, and counterfeit a Chriſtian, I will propoſe to myſelf the greater advantage of the muſſulman faith: Thus ſome higher end ſhall always direct my intention and performances.

But if thou ſhalt tell me, after all, that this is not the way to paradiſe, I will forſake all worldly intereſt, wherein I find ſo many entanglements, and take up my reſi-

dence in ſome humble cave, or cleft of a rock, or hollow of a tree, where I will ſpend the reſt of my days in contemplating the Firſt Eſſence, and all that flows from it; I will bid a final adieu to this perfidious age, to the vain generation of mortals that live in it, to whoſe converſe I ſhall have reaſon to prefer that of the beaſts, who are far more innocent, and leſs debauched than men. Even lions and tigers, in the utmoſt fury of their hunger, abſtain from preying on thoſe of their own kind. Man is the only cannibal who devours his brother, and greedily ſwallows down the blood of him who bears the ſame image as himſelf.

I ſpeak not of the ancient Scythians, Maſſagetes, or Tartars, nor of the more modern ſavages in America, who ſtuffed their greedy paunches with human fleſh: Their barbariſm has crept, by tranſmigration, into the moſt civilized empires and ſtates; and is not the leſs cruel becauſe it has changed its form.

Nor do I tax the more excuſable epicuriſm of thoſe who ranſack all the elements for dainties; whoſe tables are loaded with the ſlaughtered carcaſes of birds, beaſts and fiſhes; their houſes polluted with an extravagant profuſion of the blood of thoſe creatures, which the Eternal Mind formed to live, and enjoy the fruits of the earth as well as ourſelves.

But I accuſe the oppreſſors of men, thoſe cannibals in diſguiſe, whoſe very bread is mingled with the marrow of the poor, and their greater delicacies are ragoos, compounded of the blood of widows and orphans; whilſt they ſtarve and ruin whole families to ſupport a needleſs grandeur, a momentary pomp, which vaniſhes almoſt as ſoon as it appears.

Yet theſe men think to pacify Heaven by building magnificent temples and oratories; by entailing their eſtates

to convents and hoſpitals; as if the Omnipotent were to be bribed, or took pleaſure in gifts, which are but the fruits of robbery and injuſtice. Can the ſacrifices of infidels be more acceptable, becauſe they are made on altars of gold? Or even the prayers of muſſulmans, in that they are breathed out in moſques built of the fineſt marble, cruſted over with precious ſtones, and adorned with carpets and hangings of the richeſt tiſſues and brocades? The ancient pagans can inſtruct us better.

Thou wilt not think me tedious if I relate a paſſage which juſt comes into my mind, of a certain great man in Aſia, who poſſeſſed vaſt herds of cattle, and was accuſtomed to make magnificent oblations to the gods. This grandee once made a pilgrimage to Delphos, famous in thoſe days for the oracle of Apollo. He carried with him an hundred bulls, whoſe horns were enchaſed in gold, being ſpurred on with extraordinary devotion, and deſigning to do a ſingular honour to the god. When he arrived at the place, puffed up with his coſtly preſents, and the flatteries of his attendants, he boldly approached the temple, thinking no man on earth more worthy of the god's friendſhip than himſelf; demanding of the Pythoneſs (for ſo they called the woman who performed the office of prieſthood there), who, among all mortals, made the moſt acceptable ſacrifices, and departed with the greateſt bleſſing from the oracle? (for he preſumed the pre-eminence would be granted to himſelf;) when ſhe anſwered, "That one Clerychus, of Methydrium, was the moſt devout and dear to the gods of all men."

Aſtoniſhed above meaſure at this unexpected reply, the vain bigot reſolved to find out this man, and learn of him what method he took to pleaſe the divinity. He haſtens therefore to Methydrium; and when he firſt came with-

in view of it, he deſpiſed the meanneſs of the place, judging it impoſſible that one man, or all the town, could be able to preſent the gods with more magnificent oblations than he. Having found out Clearchus, he aſked him, "What ſacrifices he uſed to make to Apollo?" To whom Clearchus replied, "I am a poor man, and when I go to Delphos, I carry neither ſilver nor gold, but only a baſket of fruits, the beſt that my farm affords, which I freely offer to the powers which govern all things, and from whom I receive whatſoever I enjoy. Moreover, I keep the appointed holy days, and my poorer neighbours go cheerful from my table. I never killed any thing; nor have I done to another that which I would not have done to myſelf. I pray to Jupiter every morning before the ſun ariſes, and at night when he goes down. I keep myſelf and my cottage clean. In all things elſe I live like the beaſts, that is, according to nature."

Thou wilt perceive by this, O pious Eremit, that ſimplicity and innocence are the moſt acceptable ſacrifices to the Supremely Merciful; and that the Moſt High God takes no pleaſure in the ſmoke of burnt offerings, or the pompous addreſſes of the great, but only in the pure flames of a devout heart, the integrity of a juſt man, void of deceit and guile.

Thou, illuſtrious Mahummed, art the perſon in whom theſe things are verified. May God ſhelter thee with his mercies to the hour of tranſmigration, and beyond the laſt flight of time.

Paris, 1ſt of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1654.

IV.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THERE are two actions which take up all the diſcourſe at preſent: One is the ſiege of Stenay, a ſtrong town in Flanders, before which the French army is newly laid down; the other is the inveſting of Arras by the Spaniards.

It is the preſence of many illuſtrious perſonages that renders both theſe ſieges conſiderable. In the French camp are preſent, the king, Cardinal Mazarini, and all the grandees of the court: In the Spaniſh are Archduke Leopold, the Prince of Conde, Francis Duke of Lorrain, with others of prime quality.

They are very vigorous on both ſides in preſſing and defending theſe two places, as if the fate of both kingdoms were now at ſtake. In my opinion, France runs the greateſt hazard; for, if the Spaniards ſhould prove ſucceſsful in what it is ſaid they have reſolved upon, that is the relief of Stenay; if they ſhould give battle, and get the victory, a way would be open for them to penetrate into the bowels of France; and it is thought many towns in this kingdom would open their gates to them, whilſt the Prince of Conde is at the head of their army, who does all things in the name of the French king: Even his rebellion itſelf is maſqued under the ſpecious title, "Of taking up arms to reſcue the captive king from the hands of Mazarini and his adherents:" A pretty way of ſeducing the people from their obedience. The Pariſians, and indeed all the French, are divided into cabals and parties, ſome eſpouſing the Prince of Conde's intereſt, whilſt others manifeſt an incorruptible loyalty to their ſovereign. I approve the morals of the latter, yet privately rejoice at the treaſons of the former, wiſhing

their inteſtine quarrels may continue till the day of the earthquake.

Eliachim the Jew follows the court, which rather ought now to be called the camp: His private affairs call him that way: from him I receive frequent advice of the moſt important matters in that theatre of war. He informs me, that the King of France's preſence in the ſiege of Stenay, inſpires his ſoldiers with more than ordinary vigour, and that he ſhows daily proofs of an extraordinary courage. He was one whole night on horſeback, giving orders, and directing his engineers; next morning he ſent a ſummons to the governor, who made a ſtout reply, being reſolved to hold out to the laſt extremity, and therefore ſallied out of the town with a party of reſolute men, who killed near four thouſand of the beſiegers.

But, alas, theſe infidels are only ſtout whilſt well fed; not knowing what it is to endure the rigours of famine, and other intolerable hardſhips. In all the weſtern hiſtories they cannot match the bravery of a garriſon in the impregnable fortreſs of Merdin, famous in our annals for ſuſtaining a ſeven years ſiege, where the mighty Timurleng lay before it with his invincible army. That ſcourge of Heaven, to terrify the beſieged, and give them an earneſt of his reſolution, cauſed all the old trees round about this place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater numbers; declaring, at the ſame time, "that he would not raiſe the ſiege till thoſe trees ſhould be mature enough to bear fruit." When that time came, he ſent a preſent of the fruits to the governor of the garriſon, as likewiſe of mutton, with this meſſage, "That he took pity on ſo brave a man, fearing leſt he ſhould ſtarve for want of neceſſaries."

As ſoon as the governor had received theſe preſents,

turning to the meſſenger, he ſaid, "Go tell thy maſter, I thank him for his preſent of fruits; but for the fleſh we ſhall have no occaſion, ſo long as our ewes afford us milk enough to ſuſtain the whole garriſon; and that thy maſter may be aſſured we are not in want of that, I will ſend him a preſent of cheeſes made of the ſame." Accordingly he commanded four cheeſes to be delivered to the meſſenger, which, when Timurleng ſaw, and had heard the words of the governor, he deſpaired of reducing that place, though he had lain before it ſeven years, wanting only two moons. But had he underſtood what ſort of cheeſes theſe were, he would no doubt have changed his reſolution; for it ſeems they were made of the milk of bitches, and were the very laſt ſuſtenance the garriſon had, except the fleſh itſelf of thoſe unclean animals.

Believe me, ſage miniſter, ſuch examples of patience and fortitude are very rare; and this was the more remarkable, in that it was the firſt place where that invincible general had met with a repulſe.

Paris, 1ſt of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1654.

V.—*To* Donet Ogloul.

THIS is the anniverſary day of my nativity, which I celebrate not, as others do on ſuch an occaſion, with mirth and revelling, with muſic and ſongs; my chamber is not perfumed with the incenſe of Arabia, nor with any extraordinary odours; neither is it adorned with flowers, laurel, or the branches of green trees: I am not at the expence of coſtly oils, to burn in a multitude of lamps, and make joyful illuminations, as at a feaſt. Such pompous vanity I leave to thoſe, who perhaps have more real

ſon to be merry in this life than the thoughtful and penſive Mahmut can find out.

On the other ſide, I ſpend not this day in extreme and fruitleſs mourning; but, retaining an indifference of mind, I conſecrate it to the ſervice of my reaſon and contemplation, which are the only things conſiderable in mortal man.

From the minute that I firſt awaked this morning, I have been pondering on myſelf and human nature: I ſuffered my anxious thoughts to ſtart back beyond the hour of my birth, reflecting on the impriſonment I ſuffered in my mother's womb, which yet I cannot in the leaſt remember. And this is the caſe of all men. We know not how we came into this open world of light from that region of darkneſs, nor that ever we were ſo ſhut up, but as we are told by our parents; and common experience confirms us, that this is the lot of all mortals. How then ſhall we be able to diſcover what ſtate we were in before our conception? Whether we were in the rank of things which have exiſtence, or whether we were not hid in the womb of nothing? I tell thee, this thought has filled me with great inquietudes: I am reſtleſs to know my own original; I would fain be informed, if that which they call the ſoul be a ſubſtance diſtinct from the body, or only the finer part of matter, a quinteſſence of the elements: If it be diſtinct, as I have reaſon to believe, it would be a ſingular happineſs to be ſatisfied where it was before united to this machine of fleſh and bones, and whether that union be voluntary or forced; for I muſt profeſs myſelf to be altogether in the dark as to theſe ſcrutinies: ſometimes I join with the Platoniſts, and conclude all human ſouls to be particles of the divine nature, beams of the eternal ſun; and that though our light be now obſcured and veiled under this cloud of

earthly matter, yet we have formerly ſhined with an undiminiſhed ſplendour, when only embodied in the clearer air, or more refined ſubſtance of the ſky. Perhaps, think I, for ſome errors committed in that ſuperior ſtate, we are ſent down into theſe bodies, as into priſons, for our puniſhment; then I am vexed at the fatal dulneſs of my memory, that retains no idea of my paſt condition.

At other times (for like all mortals I am ſubject to change) I embrace the doctrines of Pythagoras, which thou knoweſt are generally entertained all over the Eaſt; and believing the tranſmigration of ſouls from one living creature to another, I cannot be certain but that I have been an elephant, a camel, or a horſe, or perhaps ſome more contemptible animal; and, for ought I know, I have undergone all the various kinds of metamorphoſis that ever Ovid mentioned.

However, be it how it will, I ſee no grounds to make any extravagant ſolemnity on the account of my being born to what I am now, that is, a man; for I think we are the only ſpectacles of folly and miſery among all the creatures of God.

We boaſt of arts and ſciences, yet the wiſeſt of mortals are always moſt ſenſible, that they know nothing. One man builds a ſtately houſe, a place of repoſe and refuge for himſelf and his family; another comes and pulls it down, demoliſhing the only ſtanding monument of his brother's prudence, or rather of his folly, who perhaps conſumed the greateſt part of his eſtate in that coſtly fabric; whereas, among all his ſciences, had he but learned to KNOW HIMSELF, an humble convenient cottage would have ſerved his neceſſities during this ſhort life, and ſo he might have avoided the ſtroke of envy.

I tell thee, my friend, I cannot build altars to Fortune, nor adore the external pageantry of the rich and great.

I equally hate to be flattered myſelf, as thoſe are who invite their friends to ſolemnize their birth-day.

Yet, in thus contemning external honour, I do the greateſt reverence to myſelf, whilſt I preſerve my reaſon free from being violated or profaned by fooliſh cuſtoms.

Paris, 1ſt of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1654.

VI. *To the* Seliotar Aga, *or Sword-Bearer to the Grand Seignior.*

Sometimes we ſeem to be aſleep here in this city for want of news; but of late we have been roufed by poſt upon poſt, ſome bringing intelligence of the ſurrender of Stenay to the French king, others of the revolt of Barcelona from the Spaniards; But that which is of freſheſt date, and for which all the ſtreets of Paris are this night illuminated with bonefires, is the relief of Arras, where the French have obtained a glorious victory. The number of the dead is not yet known, but ſaid to be very great; and it is certain the victors have taken above ſeven thouſand priſoners, ſixty cannon, five thouſand waggons, an equal number of horſes, with all the plate and rich furniture of the Prince of Conde, Archduke Leopold, Francis of Lorrain, and the other grandees of the Spaniſh army. In fine, the French are maſters of the town, and of the field, and all Flanders appears now too little to hold them.

Theſe continual ſucceſſes redound much to the eſtabliſhment of Cardinal Mazarini, who now ſeems above the ſtroke of misfortune or malice. Yet no man can call himſelf happy till the hour of his death, which alone reſcues us from all human miſeries.

Some days ago, I received a letter from Nathan Ben Saddi, which informs me of the death of the Roman king, and of ſeveral prodigies which were ſeen before, and about the time of his departure.

When he was firſt taken ſick, there aroſe a violent tempeſt of wind, which blew down the croſs from one of their churches: After this followed a terrible earthquake, that ſhook the whole city, threatening to remove its foundations; Moreover, an old eagle, a domeſtic of the Imperial palace, and that had lived there many years, took wing the day before the king's ſickneſs, and flew quite away: Then the bells of the Imperial chapel rung thrice of their own accord in the ſpace of twelve hours. Thus far the Jew aſſures me is true. There are additional reports of ſtrange apparitions that were ſeen about Vienna during the ſickneſs of this prince; as of a funeral proceſſion after midnight, through the courts of the palace, and of a ſhower of warm blood that fell at noon-day in the ſtreets of that city. But theſe I have only from the mouth of common fame, which thou knoweſt does not always ſpeak truth.

I deſire thee, and all the miniſters, to make a diſtinction between thoſe paſſages which I aſcertain, and the doubtful relations of the multitude: In theſe caſes, men are prone to ſuperſtition, and love to be the authors of portentous news; but thou mayeſt believe what the Jew relates, for he never affects to be fabulous.

It would tempt one to aſk, What ſtrange hidden power produces thoſe unuſual ſigns? Whether we mortals are under the cuſtody of inviſible beings, who teach the elements and other creatures to utter the future events of fate; or whether all theſe things which appear ſo ſtrange and ſurpriſing be not mere caſualties, accidents of nature happening of courſe, and only made remarkable by the

timing? Who knows but that the voluntary ringing of bells might proceed from the motion of the tower where they hung during the earthquake? or, why need we wonder that a crofs or a crefcent fhould be blown down from the top of a high minaret by a violent tempeft of wind?

Thefe things appear to me as natural as for the rain to lodge all the corn in the fields, or for a ftorm to tear up trees by the roots, overturn houfes, and commit a thoufand other violences; neither do I perceive any thing worth admiration in the flight of the eagle; perhaps fome royal caprice fprung in the head of that king of birds, which he never felt before. There is nothing of prodigy in all this, but only becaufe it happened at fuch a critical juncture: Had it been at another time, nobody perhaps would have taken notice of it, any more than they do of earthquakes at Naples, which are common in that country, where the earth is very hollow, being made fo by veins of continual burning fulphur: They have felt feveral in that kingdom within thefe two months, as alfo at Rome; but no great hurt has been done.

Nathan informs me alfo, that the Venetian ambaffador at Vienna has diftributed great fums of money in token of his joy for the late victory that republic obtained againft the muffulmans. This appears to me a real prodigy, that the Ottomans, who are invincible by land, yet ftill come off with lofs at fea.

Queen Chriftina of Sweden is expected here ere long: She came to Antwerp in the habit of a man, which occafions variety of cenfures. The French call her the learned Amazon, fhe being well verfed in many languages and fciences; they extol her virtues and perfections, ftyling her the phœnix of this age. All the weftern Nazarenes are devout admirers of women; and one of their famous Mages, whom they call Henry Cornelius Agrippa, wrote

a ſelect treatiſe in praiſe of that ſex, wherein he endeavours to prove, that they are more excellent and noble creatures than men. But he would find few proſelytes in the Eaſt.

It is certain there have been very famous women in all ages, and it would be envy in men to deny them their due praiſe: Such was Dido Queen of Carthage, the Roman Lucretia, the Sybils, Theano, Pythagoras's wife, with his daughter Dama, Sappho the poeteſs; with innumerable others, both of Eaſt and Weſt, renowned for their virtue, learning, or valour in the wars: But it does not follow, that they therefore ſurpaſs men.

Let us keep the rank in which God and Nature have placed us, without being churliſh or effeminate; and this is the beſt way to get and retain the eſteem of that nice ſex, who hate a clown, and deſpiſe a dotard.

Paris, 30th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1654.

VII.—*To* PESTELI HALI, *his Brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms at Conſtantinople.*

THOU art he to whom I can unmaſk: With others I converſe (like our women in Turkey) under a veil. When I write to the grandees of the Porte, it is neceſſary for me to diſſemble many things, and to feign ſome that I may be credited in others, and not be ſuſpected in all. But with thee I uſe no artifice or diſguiſe; thou haſt a kind of natural right to my ſecret thoughts beyond the claim of a brother. I owe thee an entire confidence on the ſcore of friendſhip, and I ſeem to wrong myſelf when I conceal my ſentiments from thee; for, beſides the tie of blood, we were partners together in the adventures of youth, and the mutual good offices that paſt between us,

faſtened our affections with ſtronger bands than thoſe of our birth. Nor were we ſo unhappy as to ſuffer the little youthful emulations, which are common between ſons of the ſame mother, to ſtifle the more ſolid and generous efforts of real love: Our friendſhip grew up with our years, cemented by intereſt as well as affection, and I eſteem Peſteli but myſelf in another figure. If thou haſt the ſame regard to me, I am happy: Let us continue to cheriſh this noble paſſion: the leaſt coldneſs or reſerve now, would appear to me more hateful than a divorce, more terrible than death.

It is but reaſonable, that among the many ſervices our great maſter claims at our hands, we ſhould employ ſome of our time and care on ourſelves. We owe the ſultan much, but both he and we owe Nature more, without whoſe bounty and providence, we had never had the honour, nor he the profit of our being in his debt. He is more deeply engaged in Fortune's tally than we, but in the accounts of Nature we are all equal: ſhe is the univerſal creditor of mankind; we are indebted to her for all we have; yet, methinks, nothing ſo much enhances our ſcore as the ill-menage of Time, in that we ſtill run in arrears, whilſt the haſty minutes poſt forward, never to be revoked; and yet we neither lay hold on them in their flight, nor ſo much as imprint on any of them the leaſt tranſient mark of virtue or wiſdom. Thus our lives ſlide away without profit, till the laſt ſand tells us, "We are bankrupts; Nature will not truſt us with a moment longer."

It is time, therefore, dear brother, for thee and me to look about us; and ſince it is impoſſible for us to make a full payment, let us at leaſt compound with Nature, and, getting an acquittance for what is paſt and irrecoverable,

let us be ſure to cancel the remaining part of the ſcore by a wiſe improvement of every minute.

Think not that Mahmut is perſuading thee to turn derviſe, or to beſtow all thy time in prayers; ſuch rigorous devotion is not conſiſtent with the life of a man in thy ſtation. But permit me, dear Peſteli, to counſel thee not to build altars to Fortune, and conſecrate all thy vacant hours to her ſervice. I am told, thou art grown a great gameſter, not only at the polemic traverſes of cheſs, but alſo at plays of hazard: the former of the two is the moſt innocent, yet it is too intricate and puzzling, deſerves the name of buſineſs rather than of recreation; it commits a rape on the mind, whilſt it requires as much attention and abſtractedneſs of thought as would ſerve to trace out the conduct of a battle or a ſiege: but the latter have a far worſe influence on our paſſions, by exciting us to immoderate deſire, hope, joy, and grief, for mere trifles, the uncertain products of chance; therefore are they forbidden by our holy prophet; and it is not to be numbered among the commendations of a muſſulman, to be dexterous at managing the cards or dice.

When thou art diſpoſed to unbend thy mind, I would rather counſel thee to uſe ſome healthful exerciſe, ſuch as may ventilate thy melancholy blood. Our fathers were wont, at ſuch times, to divert themſelves with bows and arrows, hunting, wreſtling, and the like manly paſtimes; thus making their private recreations ſubſervient to the public, whilſt they ſported themſelves into the diſcipline of war, and inured their bodies to labour, even at thoſe hours when their minds ſought reſt.

What though Claudius Cæſar devoted himſelf to gaming with dice, and wrote a book in praiſe of his folly! What though Domitian the Emperor, and Theodorick, King of the Goths, ſpent whole nights and days in this

unprofitable play! Thou haſt not read or heard of ſuch examples among the renowned ſons of Ottoman. Our glorious ſultars were never learnt to theſe fooleries; and, if they had, their practice cannot juſtify a ſubject's imitation. Neither wouldſt thou be ſo in love with gaming; didſt thou conſider what unhappy deſtinies have commonly attended the votaries of Fortune; whole eſtates have been ſquandered away at dice in a night, families ruined, and the gameſter himſelf impriſoned in the morning; he that yeſterday was maſter of great poſſeſſions, and a companion for princes, by the effects of this accurſed vanity, has bereaved himſelf of all, and is to-day become the ſcorn of beggars.

The Chineſe are ſo bewitched with love of gaming, that when they have loſt all their ſtakes they will pawn themſelves, their wives and children; which, if the fortune of the dice run againſt them, become all bond-ſlaves to the winner. Here is a derviſe in this city, of the order of the Jeſuits, who lately came from China: Among other learned men, I ſometimes converſe with him: He relates many pretty paſſages of that people, but one is tragical, whereof he himſelf was an eye witneſs.

He ſays, that in the province of Quantong, a certain nobleman who had ſerved in the wars, and acquired great fame and honour, was envied by one of his neighbours, who likewiſe had been a captain, and much in favour at the court: Their emulations carried them to many ill offices, and at laſt to open defiance. The emperor being made ſenſible of the hatred that was between theſe two officers, and being unwilling their fury ſhould precipitate them to the ruin of each other, became himſelf an arbitrator of their quarrel; laying his commands on them to embrace and eat together, which is an aſſured token of reconciliation and friendſhip in that country. They

obeyed the will of their ſovereign; but ſitting up late one night at dice, it was the captain's ill fortune to loſe all he had to the nobleman: Mad at his unlucky chance, and in hopes to retrieve his loſs, he ſends for his wife and three young ſons, whom, with himſelf, he pawned to the nobleman for a conſiderable ſum of money, and falls afreſh to play: But Fate was his enemy; he loſt all;—whereupon, in deſpair, he ſtabs his wife and three children, and laſtly falls on his own ſword; glorying that he and his family ſhould thus eſcape a hated captivity to his old enemy.

Tell me, dear Peſteli, hadſt thou ſeen this tragedy, would it not have made thee reſolve againſt gaming during thy life? Aſſuredly, our holy prophet frowns from his paradiſe on thoſe who violate his laws: He knew our paſſions, and which were the moſt dangerous; therefore he prohibited ſuch things as are moſt likely to betray us to violence, and an incurable diſorder. If thou wilt acquit thyſelf a good muſſulman, thou muſt not leap over theſe prohibitions, accounting them ſmall and indifferent trifles. Remember the ſaying of the holy doctor, and leader of the muſſulman armies, the chaſte Oſman, "A little ſpark will ſet a whole city on fire." And the Roman ſatiriſt has obſerved, "That no man becomes wicked all at once." Think then with thyſelf, it is for this reaſon the meſſenger of God has forbid gaming to the true faithful, not as a thing in itſelf naturally evil, but only morally ſo, as it is a ſtep to the greateſt vices; for whilſt we captivate ourſelves to chance, we loſe our authority over our paſſions; we ſtand or fall at the uncertain caſt of the dice; we are ſlaves to the feebleſt wiſhes, which, if they ſucceed not, we grow furious, profligate, and impious; baniſhing all prudence, temperance, and juſtice, we become impudent, and fit for the blackeſt crimes.

Take not in ill part the wholeſome admonition of a brother, who manifeſts his love in thus reproving thee without flattery. Uſe the ſame freedom when thou heareſt I am guilty of any unneceſſary vice; for the public ſervice turns ſome vices into virtues,

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1654.

VIII.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

I believe thou haſt a mind to try my temper, to make an experiment upon me, and ſee whether I am proof againſt thy anger; elſe, why ſhould Kenan Baſſa's buſineſs be revived again, after it had been buried above theſe four years? I examine not what mighty intereſt thou haſt in that officer, that thou afreſh eſpouſeſt his old quarrel, as if it were thy own. Thy affairs are beſt known to thyſelf. But let me tell thee, it will not redound much to thy credit to be found partial. I honour thee with all the devoir that is due to a miniſter in thy ſtation, and with ſomething more; for the eſteem a man has for his friend, is ſingular, and beyond ceremonies; but ſtill he owes ſome regard to himſelf. Self-preſervation is rooted in the centre of our nature, and few will be knowingly complaiſant to their ruin. I am puzzled what to think, or how to write, thy laſt letter has put my mind into ſuch a hurly-burly: A thouſand imaginations, like whirlwinds, tear up my moſt ſolid thoughts by the roots: I am in as wild a condition as a man in an earthquake, leaping this way and that way, yet knows not where to fix his foot in ſafety.

If I perſevere in calling thee friend, perhaps thou wilt accuſe me of preſumption; if I change my ſtyle, and ſup-

poſe thee under another character, ingratitude will be laid to my charge; to vindicate my actions will be interpreted obſtinacy, and to own myſelf in the fault will be counted weakneſs; nay, all the world will call me fool, in condemning myſelf for things whereof I never was guilty. What ſhall I do in this caſe? I am naturally thoughtful and melancholy; the words that ſpring from reſentment cleave faſt to my mind, and breed a thouſand inferences; my buſy apprehenſion extracts menaces out of the moſt artificial expreſſions; I look on myſelf as marked out for a ſacrifice one time or other. The will of deſtiny be done, early or late; I will not go out of my road to avoid it; ſince it is but ill huſbandry of time, to borrow it from the ineffable joys of paradiſe, to multiply a few days or years of a miſerable life on earth.

As for the Treaſurer, and the reſt of my accuſers, let them know that I will perſevere in doing my duty to the grand Seignior, without warping to the right hand or to the left, for fear or favour.

But if my private agency in theſe parts meets with rubs and checks for want of money, let the blame reſt on thoſe whoſe charge it is to ſupply me with what is neceſſary for a man in my ſtation; for henceforward Mahmut will be reproached no more for demanding his penſion.

Think not it is an eaſy thing for a man to be always a counterfeit, and never to have his mind unbent; to act two contrary parts at the ſame time; to be true and falſe; a muſſulman and ſervant of the Grand Seignior in reality; a Chriſtian and ſubject of France in appearance. My ſoul is perpetually ſtretched upon the rack of watchful thoughts, and buſy invention, leſt by ſome improvident word or deed, my diſguiſe ſhould fall off, and I appear in my naked colours.

It is but reaſon, therefore, that whilſt this vaſt ſolicitude takes up all my faculties, the care of my ſubſiſtence ſhould reſt on thoſe who employ me. Let not the miniſters of the Benign Porte be peeviſh at me without a cauſe; for I imprecate, ſerene grandee, that God would ſplit my ſoul into ten thouſand immortal ſplinters, if ever I betray my truſt. But needleſs ſuſpicion would tempt a man to treachery.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1654.

IX.—*To the Venerable* Mufti.

The pope has been ſick for a conſiderable time, and it is now ſtrongly reported he is dead. They talk of an expreſs that is come to the chancellor of France, to certify him of it, and to conſult about the next election; but this is not credited here, being only looked upon as a Roman or Spaniſh artifice, to ſound the inclinations of this court before hand, that ſo they may be able to countermine the French intereſt, when the pope ſhall really die; and it is not expected he ſhould live long, being of a great age, and worn out with cares and ſickneſs.

It is certain he has made his will, wherein two millions of gold are given to the treaſury, founded by his predeceſſors, to ſerve the church in its extreme neceſſities: But it is a thouſand to one, if ſome future pontiff, ſucceeding in that chair, do not, in his unerring judgment, interpret his own perſonal occaſions, or thoſe of his nephews, to be the extreme neceſſities of the church; and then, all this huge maſs of wealth is infallibly gone.

He has likewiſe bequeathed large legacies to his ſiſter-in-law, whom they call Donna Olympia, and to others of his relations and creatures; and it is thought this lady

will more than doubly pay herſelf, having the management of all his affairs. Indeed, during his reign, it may be ſaid the whole Roman church was governed by a woman; for this prelate would never do any thing without her advice.

She was born of an obſcure family, but is of a high ſpirit, ambitious of rule, and a perſon of great abilities; extremely covetous and ſubtle, turning and winding all events to her own profit. All preferments were at her diſpoſal; ſhe ſold biſhopricks, abbeys, and other eccleſiaſtical dignities, at her own rates, and to whom ſhe pleaſed. In fine, whoſoever had any buſineſs with the pope, made their addreſſes to her; by which means ſhe has heaped together a prodigious treaſure, and is eſteemed the richeſt lady in Europe. It is thought, ſhe would have ſold even the Pope, and Rome itſelf, the capital ſeat of the Chriſtian empire, rather than refuſe a proportionate offer of gold, could ſhe have met with a chapman to her mind. This would have been a merchandiſe fit for the Grand Seignior, were it not reſerved as a prize for the victorious arms deſtined to conquer all things.

The French ſeem mightily concerned for the tragedies acted in Poland by the Muſcovites. It is affirmed, that they have taken the town of Vitebſko by ſtorm, putting men, women, and children to the ſword, with divers other cities, and places of ſtrength, and that they have laid in aſhes all the towns and villages round about Smolenſko; ſo that there is nothing to be ſeen but ruin and deſolation for above an hundred miles round that city, which alſo is now cloſely beſieged by the forces of the Czar. If theſe Northern infidels go on, and make ſuch bloody work wherever they come, they will in a ſhort time over-run and diſpeople all Europe. But it is to be hoped the Tartars, who are lately entered into a league with Poland,

will put a ſtop to the cruel victories of the Muſcovites, and chaſtiſe the treaſon of the Coſſacks, who join with them, contrary to their faith given to the King of Poland.

They ſay, four grandees of Tartary are arrived as hoſtages at Warſaw, and as many lords of Poland are ſent on the ſame errand to the court of the Cham; who, as a farther evidence of his integrity, has releaſed all the Poliſh captives in his dominions, and ſent the ambaſſadors of the Coſſacks home, without their noſes and ears, as a mark of his irreconcileable indignation at their infidelity.

In the mean while, I am extremely afflicted to hear of our continual loſſes by ſea: They ſay here, that above ſix thouſand muſſulmans were killed in the late fight in the Helleſpont, and that we have loſt ſixteen galleys, beſides ſhips of war. That element, one would conclude, is fatal to the Ottoman empire. Neither have we had much better ſucceſs by land this campaign; yet Chuſaein, the Vizier Azem, and general in Candia, has performed very heroic things. To ſpeak impartially, and give due honour to our enemies, the Malteſes, Venitians, and French, have not been wanting in any point of bravery; which alſo redounds to the greater honour of the muſſulmans, in that they draw their ſword againſt the flower of Chriſtendom, and not againſt owls and pigmies; ſuch are the Perſians, when we encounter them; for either they dare not endure the luſtre, and ſtand the brunt of our invincible arms, or if they do, they ſink under the firſt ſhock.

When I name thoſe heretics, I ſpit on the ground in deteſtation of their errors, for they are worſe than the Zindicks and Giaſers. I have more charity for a Chriſtian or a Jew than I have for thoſe vermin of the land. In fine, I wiſh they were extirpated from the earth; and that they may after this life be either meta morphoſed in-

to hogs, which creature thou knoweſt is an abomination to all good men and angels (and they already reſemble it in their uncleanneſs), or elſe that they may become the aſſes of the Jews in hell, to carry their burdens for a thouſand ages.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1654.

X.—*To* Pesteli-Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the Grand Seignior's Cuſtoms.*

The God of our fathers grant thee as much joy every minute of thy life, as I feel at this inſtant. Wilt thou know the occaſion of this unuſual tranſport? I can hardly believe myſelf, when I tell thee of an adventure the moſt ſurpriſing that ever happened to me ſince my arrival in this city; and perhaps thou wilt think I romance in relating it; but aſſure thyſelf, that of a truth Oucomiché, our mother, is at this time in Paris, with our couſin Iſouf.

May a thouſand ſoft paſſions thrill thy heart, when thou readeſt this news, as they did mine, when at my chamber door I firſt ſaw, and know the face of her that bare me, after I had given her over for dead long ago; for I had heard no tidings of her theſe eleven years. Good God! ſo ſtrange and unexpected a ſight had almoſt diſmantled my ſenſes, thoſe out-works of the ſoul: For a while I ſtood ſtill, aſtoniſhed and trembling with ecſtacy. I was not preſently ſatisfied, whether I beheld a mortal, or the ghoſt of one; for they ſay, theſe appear in the ſame forms as they bore when alive. Neither age nor travel, with all the other infirmities and croſſes of human life, had ſo altered her complexion, but that I eaſily diſcerned the manifeſt features, lineaments, and air of my

mother. I concluded therefore, it muſt be ſhe, or her apparition, if there be any ſuch things.

Theſe were my firſt thoughts, in that waking trance; but her voice and addreſs ſoon put me out of doubt, when impatient to ſee me ſtand like one thunderſtruck, ſhe ran to me with open arms, and tears of joy in her eyes, crying out, with a tone and affection peculiar to women, "Art thou alive, my ſon Mahmut? Do theſe eyes ſee thee, or am I in a dream?"

For my part, I was as much upon the rapture as ſhe, and hardly knew how to deport myſelf, or what to ſay or do; yet the fear I was in, leſt ſomebody in the houſe ſhould overhear us, and make ill conſequences of this paſſionate interview, taught me a leſſon of moderation and prudence; wherefore I beckoned to her to ſuppreſs her paſſion, and converſe by ſigns, as the cuſtom is at the Myſterious Porte. Thoſe ſilent expreſſions of our mutual love, joy, and admiration, were not leſs ſignificant, becauſe not clothed in words. Thou knoweſt there is eloquence enough in this mute language; and I was jealous of words, leſt ſome inquiſitive ſoul might underſtand us, though we converſed in Arabick.

After our firſt endearments and tenderneſſes were over, in which my couſin Iſouf alſo had his ſhare (for we were all reciprocally overjoyed to ſee one another in this neſt of infidels), I began to conſult the ſafety of us all three, in providing convenient lodgings for my mother and kinſman. In order to this, we made a viſit to Eliachim the Jew, who entertained us at a banquet, after the faſhion of the Eaſt. We adviſed with that honeſt Hebrew about our affairs, I having made frequent and ſufficient proof of his fidelity and friendſhip. In fine, he took them both into his own houſe, under the notion of Greeks, his acquaintance, judging this the ſecureſt way to prevent any

discovery, or even the least suspicion of our circumstances. They have continued there these five days, and their character has not been questioned by any. I visit them daily, and we pass away many hours in recounting the different adventures of our lives, in discoursing of our friends in Arabia, Greece, and other parts of the world, and in concerting the best methods to serve one another, till death shall divide us from ourselves, as well as from our friends, and rank us in the list of invisible beings, whose state and qualities we know not.

Well, but all this while I believe thou art impatient to know what motive of their own, or turn of fortune, drove them into so remote a region as France, a country inhabited by none but infidels. Shall I tell thee in a word? It was love on her part, and the desire of novelty on his.

Our kinsman Ismail, from his childhood, felt powerful inclinations to travel, which increased with his years, and were much heightened by his converse with Greeks, Armenians, Franks, and some mussulmans at Constantinople, who had seen many foreign countries both in the East and West.

The relations they made of the curiosities they had seen, and of their own adventures, fired his youthful blood, and he formed a resolution to depart with the first convenience from Constantinople, and visit all the regions in the world, if his life and health would hold out. I formerly acquainted thee, that he had surveyed the greatest part of Asia; since which he set forth again, and having finished his travels in that quarter of the world, he bent his course for Afric, where he visited Egypt, Barbary, the Empire of Morocco and Fez, with that of the Ethiopians, and many other regions under the Torrid Zone, too tedious for me at this time to mention particularly, because I write in haste. Hereafter I shall give thee a

more ample account of his obſervations, &c. wherein thou wilt find, that Iſouf has not altogether loſt his time.

At length, having ſatisfied himſelf with whatſoever he thought worthy to be ſeen and known in that ſouthern track, he parted from Fez, with a deſign to ſee Europe. Some bills of exchange cauſed him to take Grand Cairo in his way, where he encountered my mother: She perceiving that he would take ſhipping directly for France, reſolved to lay hold on ſo favourable an opportunity of ſeeing me once more before ſhe died; wherefore, imparting her deſign to him, Iſouf offered her his utmoſt ſervice; and, having ſettled her affairs at Cairo, and packed up her money, jewels, and other neceſſaries, they took the road of Scanderoon, where they ſoon arrived; and putting themſelves into the habit of Greeks, Iſouf alſo ſpeaking pretty well that language, and the Lingua Franca, they bargained with the maſter of a veſſel then lying in the harbour, and bound for Marſeilles. He took them on board, and under the protection and favour of Heaven, they arrived ſafe at Marſeilles, and are now in this city.

Yet amidſt all the pleaſure I conceive in the preſence of ſo near a relation as a mother, I am not without ſome qualms of fear, leſt ſome unfortunate occurrence ſhould diſcover her to be no Chriſtian; for then the iſſue might prove dangerous both to her and me.

As for Iſouf, he deſigns to tarry no longer in Paris, than to inform himſelf of what is moſt remarkable in this city, and to ſatisfy the other ends of a traveller. From hence, after he has viſited the chiefeſt cities in France, he talks of travelling into Flanders, Holland, Germany, Swedeland, and the other kingdoms of Europe; but for Spain or Portugal he has no thoughts, either out of fear of the Inquiſition, which is very ſevere in thoſe countries, or out of an averſion for the people, who expelled the

Moors, of which he relates very tragical ſtories, which they told him during his reſidence at Morocco and Fez. In a word, he gives this character of a Spaniard, "That he is a mongrel, between a man and a devil." He likes the company of the French, in regard they converſe with a natural and unreſerved freedom, which becomes them very well; but he has ſpoke with none but travellers yet, who have been otherways employed than in ſtudying the artificial diſguiſes of courtiers. If he ſojourns the ſpace of three moons in this kingdom, he will find ſome of the French as affected in their way as other people; he will encounter with a new ſort of Frenchmen in every province; for France is a mere gallimaufry, made up of the fragments and remnants of other nations. They differ alſo in their language, as well as in their manners, one from another; ſo that the inhabitants of Gaſcoigne and Bretagne can hardly be underſtood by thoſe of Paris and Blois, with the adjacent parts. Theſe Weſtern people are not curious in preſerving the dialect of their fathers, but every age introduces a change in their ſpeech; neither are they diligent in retaining their genealogies; whereas in the Eaſt, thou knoweſt, the languages remain uncorrupted, the ſame now as they were two thouſand years ago, or from the confuſion of Babel; the ſame care we Arabians have, of our tribes and families.

Son of my mother, when thou readeſt the two encloſed, and ſhalt ſee the very handwriting of the dear Ourcomiche, and of Iſouf our kinſman, let thy heart be like the valley of Admoim, fragrant as a grove of ſpices; for then thy eyes will convince thee that what I write is truth.

Paris, 22d of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1654.

XI.—*To* ADONAI, *a Jew, Priſoner in the Tower of Nona, at Rome.*

THIS comes to thee by the hand of a truſty friend: Give entire credence to his inſtructions. To ſay I am ſorry to hear of thy misfortune, would but faintly expreſs my paſſion: It is not eaſily deſcribed in words: I am as melancholy as an antelope, when the ſun is in conjunction with Saturn. This is a ſad ſort of a beaſt, that will neither eat, drink, nor ſleep, during that dull aſpect.

In God's name, how cameſt thou to be ſo free with thy tongue among the Romans? or what tempted thee to meddle with their religion and laws? Was it not enough, that thou and all the Jews in that city had liberty to frequent your ſynagogues, and there curſe the Chriſtians in antiquated Hebrew? Muſt you needs rail at them in plain Italian too, and that over your cups, when men ought to be good-natured to all the world? Of what import is it to you whether they be idolators or no, ſo long as they give you leave to adore one God, Creator of the world? Or what ſignifies it, if they are guilty of ten thouſand injuſtices and follies among themſelves, whilſt you live quietly under their protection and government? Adonai, I am aſhamed of the immorality of thoſe of thy nation; I bluſh for your ingratitude, pride, and malice. Surely, if the Nazarenes did really believe what they profeſs, they would ſacrifice you all to the ghoſt of their Meſſias, whom they ſay you crucified: they would not leave a Jew living in Chriſtendom, but do their utmoſt to exterminate you from the earth. I ſpeak not this as my wiſh, but only to upbraid your impertinence and vanity, in thus fooliſhly provoking thoſe, with whoſe permiſſion it is that you live and enjoy the elements.

The prophet Moſes, your lawgiver, left you another rule, a leſſon of civility, when he ſaid, "Ye ſhall not blaſpheme the gods of the people." Had thou and thy companions obeyed this precept, ye might have been at liberty; but, it is bad falling into the hands of the Inquiſition. However, I am glad to hear that you are not tranſported to the Caſtle of St. Angelo; that would have been a tragical remove at this juncture. But now, as I am informed, not one of you is in danger; for they ſay, that all the priſoners in Rome are by cuſtom releaſed upon the death of the pope, except thoſe who are in that fatal fortreſs; and it is generally ſuppoſed, the good old Caliph is no long-lived man; for they never uſed to remove the priſoners deſigned for death, till the phyſicians are paſt all hopes of the holy father's life.

However, in regard there is no certainty in human affairs, but a perpetual change and circulation of events, leſt ſome unhappy turn of fortune ſhould either now continue thy reſtraint, or hereafter bereave thee of thy liberty, I ſend thee here encloſed a receipt of a chymical liquor, which may be of ſome ſervice to thee in the ſtrongeſt priſon on earth. It was revealed to me by my mother, who learned it of an Egyptian artiſt at Cairo. Deſpiſe it not, becauſe it comes from a woman's hand; for I have made an experiment of it, and find it effectual. It will render iron as brittle as glaſs; it is more powerful than the water of the river Styx, which no veſſel could hold, but the hoof of a mule. After an hour's application, thou mayeſt make the thickeſt bars, chains, and bolts, fly in a thouſand pieces, as if they were made of porcelain.

Thou wilt not wonder at this, when thou conſidereſt the innumerable ſtrange inventions of men prying into the ſecrets of nature, and fortunate in their ſearches.

Above all, chymiſtry has brought to light the greateſt prodigies of art and knowledge. This myſterious ſcience was the peculiar boaſt of the primitive Egyptians, from whom all other nations learned it. And had not Moſes himſelf been inſtructed from his youth in all the learning of Egypt, perhaps he would have been at a loſs when he calcined the golden calf, and gave the duſt to the Iſraelites to be mixed in their drink, as the only expiation of their idolatry. Doubtleſs, this ſecret, among others, was tranſmitted down to thoſe times, from Philemon the good prieſt, who was in the number of them who eſcaped the flood in Noah's ark, and whoſe grandſon Maſar was the firſt king in Egypt after the deluge.

Philemon, the better to eſtabliſh the ſtate of his offſpring, revealed to them many hidden things; taught them the hieroglyphics of the Dgebel Pharan, or the pyramids, with all the myſteries of the taliſmans, and the chymical preparations of Moncatam, the forcible waters and eſſences, powders and other ingredients, by which they made marble as pliable as wax or clay. Theſe things he had learned of thoſe who periſhed in the flood: He retained the wiſdom of the ancients, his coevals and predeceſſors; leaving the rudiments of ſo profound a knowledge to his poſterity, as an invaluable treaſure, of which they could never be robbed. Thus ſcience became hereditary to the Coptites, who bear that name from Coptim, the ſon of Maſar, the firſt King of Egypt, ſince the rainbow appeared in the clouds; and it was from one of that race my mother learned that admirable ſecret.

Truſt not to words, but try the experiment. The receipt will give thee all neceſſary directions: Yet I counſel thee not to be big with it, like him, who, having found out the art of making glaſs malleable, or fit to be beat by the hammer into any ſhape or figure, as the ſilver-

ſmiths work their metal, muſt needs go and diſcover his ſecret to the prince, expecting a great reward, when, on the contrary, he loſt his head on the ſpot; the prince thinking it great injuſtice, that ſo many thouſand people as got their bread by making of common glaſſes, ſhould be all ruined, to promote one man's profit and advantage.

In fine, uſe this ſecret to ſerve thyſelf, or the cauſe thou art engaged in; but truſt it not to another, unleſs on the ſame equal terms as I commit it to thee, wherein the greater hazard is thine in divulging it.

Paris, 15th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1655.

XII.—*To* MEHEMET, *once an Eunuch Page in the Seraglio, but now an Exile in Egypt, at Grand Cairo.*

WHEN I firſt heard of thy baniſhment from the Imperial Palace and city, think not that I was ſad, or entertained the uſual ſentiments of a friend, on ſuch occaſions. No, I tell thee on the contrary, I rejoiced (yet not with the joy of an enemy) at that ſeeming misfortune, as knowing it has delivered thee from a real one, in which, according to my preſages, all the attendants of thy miſtreſs, the old queen, were ſoon after involved.

Thou art obliged to Bacchus for that fortunate calamity, which, though it for a while eclipſed thy honour, yet was the only means to ſave thy life.

When I formerly ſent thee an account of my impriſonment here, and how I was regaled by my keeper at a banquet of wine; when in that letter I played the advocate for the juice of the grape, I little thought that thou wouldeſt ever make an experiment of that bugbear liquor; though I know it is common, even in the ſeraglio, to drink wine privately, and chaſe away melancholy, the

conſtant familiar of reſtraint and ſervitude, with generous compotations.

I am no ſtranger to the counterfeit ſickneſs of thoſe, who, for the ſake of this ſtolen mirth, put themſelves into the infirmary, that they may there carouſe with freedom, and drink healths to the Grand Seignior without ſuſpicion.

Were it not for the convenient ſituation of that apartment, and the favour of the Boſtangis, no wine could find admittance into the ſeraglio, ſave what is for the Grand Seignior's uſe. But now his ſlaves drink it as merrily as he; and I am not ſorry that thou art one of the number. It is a groundleſs ſuperſtition to refuſe the gift of divine liberality, and deny ourſelves the uſe of that plant, which was made to cheer the hearts of mortals. Nay, our holy traditions themſelves, and all our doctors tacitly own, that the vine is allowable, in that it was ſaved among the reſt of the vegetables by Noah in the ark; and that holy prophet curſed the devil for ſtealing it away. Perhaps the ſtory will not be unpleaſant to thee.

When God commanded Noah with his companions, to deſcend out of the ark in peace, they built them houſes, and began to exerciſe huſbandry; they ſowed corn, and the ſeeds of other vegetables; they planted alſo all ſorts of trees; but when they came to look for the vine, it could not be found: Then it was told Noah by the angel, that the devil had ſtolen it away, as having ſome right to it; wherefore Noah cited the devil to appear before the angel, in the name of God, to anſwer his theft. The angel gave judgment, that the vine ſhould be divided between them into three parts, whereof the devil ſhould have two, and Noah one; to which both parties conſented; whereby it is evident, that man has ſome ſhare in the juice of the grape; for this was the deciſion of Gabriel,

that when two-thirds of the liquor of this fruit ſhould be evaporated away in boiling over the fire, the remainder ſhould be lawful for Noah and his poſterity to drink; and thou knoweſt, we muſſulmans generally obey this law in preparing our wine.

Let the devil, therefore, in the name of God, have his ſhare in this tempting fruit, and then there can be no injuſtice in enjoying our own part; for when that which inebriates, is ſeparated by fire from the reſt, this liquor becomes pure, holy, and bleſſed. This is the ſentence of the ancients, the immediate auditors of the meſſenger of God, as is to be ſeen in the manuſcrips they left behind them, which, though they are rare and difficult to be met with, yet ſuch as diligently ſeek wiſdom ſhall not loſe their labour. Abu Becre Eb'n Mahumet, has taken great pains to collect the memoirs of antiquity; he was a learned doctor among my countrymen of the houſe of Sulpha (may he reſt under the umbrellas of paradiſe); from him I had this relation.

But tell me, my dear Mehemet, if thou knoweſt, how cameſt thou to be the only man that had the good fortune to be ſentenced to this happy diſgrace? Or, if thou art ignorant, I will tell thee; for it ſeems the reſt of thy company in that night's revel were diſcovered as well as thou, yet eſcaped all cenſure. It looks as if they were deſignedly reſerved for victims, to a more inexorable revenge; and the event juſtifies this conjecture, ſince within the circuit of the moon, not only they, but all the ſurviving creatures of the Sultana Kioſem, were ſtrangled.

Therefore again I pronounce thee happy, and doubly bleſſed in being an exile, ſince thereby thou haſt eſcaped the hands of the executioner, and art now living in Egypt, the moſt fortunate region on earth. Aſcribe this to thy propitious deſtiny, and to the favour of Solyman Kyzlir

Aga, who, foreſeeing the ſlaughter that would be made of that old Queen's ſervants, took this opportunity to accuſe thee to the Grand Seignior, that ſo he might ſave thy life; for it was at his interceſſion thou wert baniſhed into this happy province, which is called the nurſe of all nations. Improve thy exile to the beſt advantage, and from this nurſe, ſuck the milk of ſcience with which ſhe has formerly nouriſhed the whole earth. Be grateful alſo to thy deliverer, for he is a truſty friend, and unchangeable where he once places his affection. He had a particular kindneſs for thee; from him I received the news of thy eſcape, for that is the proper name of thy baniſhment. Pour forth devout oriſons for his health and happineſs, ſince thou art in a land where the prayers of muſſulmans are as effectually heard, at ſome particular places, as if they were uttered at the tomb of the prophet.

I counſel thee to viſit the priſon of Joſeph, which is in the dungeon of the Caſtle of Cairo. This is a place of great devotion among the faithful, and has been ſo in all ages, ſince the death of that patriarch. Moſes the prophet, of whom it is ſaid, that he died in the embraces of God, made his prayers in this place; and ſo did Aaron his brother, when they performed thoſe miracles in Egypt. Jeſus the ſon of Mary viſited this place, both he and his mother, on whom are centered the ſmiles of the Creator; they there performed their devotions, when they fled from the perſecution of Herod. So did the prophets and apoſtles, as many as were in Egypt, with all true believers; nay, ſome of the infidels themſelves having heard of the renown of this ſanctuary, made their addreſſes to Heaven there, in time of great diſtreſs; for here prayers are infallibly heard, eſpecially if they be ſaid [illegible] the ſun has traverſed the meridian, when the wicked

dæmons are aſleep, who walk abroad till noon, doing all the miſchief they can.

My friend, when I think of the region where thou art, I can hardly forbear envying thee. It is a land of prodigies and miracles; it is the ſupport of men, and the granary of the world; Thoſe who inhabit it, are full of complacency and joy; and thoſe who abandon it, burn with a perpetual deſire to return. Its rivers are clear, and the waters ſweet and rich as wine; the eye of God is upon it, who cauſes the Nile to flow at its accuſtomed ſeaſon; whence the land is made fertile, beyond all the provinces on earth: This Nile is one of the rivers which God cauſed to deſcend from the ſprings of paradiſe, on the wings of Gabriel, and has hid the place of its deſcent among the inacceſſible heights of mountains.

There are many ſtrange things related of the land of Alphiom, and how it was firſt manured by Joſeph, being before his time but a fen or marſh. The ſtory alſo of Hagar, the mother of all the Iſmaelites, is not unpleaſant; thou wilt find it in the Chronicles of Egypt; for ſhe was an Egyptian, of the family of the Coptites, and was beſtowed on Sarah, the wife of our father Ibrahim, by Charoba, the King of Egypt's daughter. After ſhe was diſmiſſed from her lady, ſhe travelled to Mecca; from whence ſhe ſent a diſpatch to the King of Egypt, to acquaint him with her affairs, and with the birth of her ſon Iſmael, imploring his aſſiſtance, in regard ſhe was in a land barren of all things. Then the King of Egypt cauſed a canal to be cut from the Nile, at the foot of the Eaſtern mountains of Egypt, to the Red Sea, and ſent veſſels, laden with corn, fruits, and all manner of neceſſary proviſions, to Hagar.

If thou addreſſeſt to the feet of the doctors, the venerable prelates of Cairo, they will inform thee of more

ſtrange things than theſe. It is a noble exerciſe, to contemplate the kingdom of the heavens, and the earth, to ſearch into their wonders and prodigies, to trace the footſteps of ancient nations, and the traditions which know no origin.

Mehemet, I am an exile as well as thou: Let us continue our former friendſhip in this ſtate, and do one another all the good offices we can. As for the misfortunes of human life, let us bear them with an equal mind; for they will ſoon have an end, as well as we ourſelves.

May God, who in the time of Gog and Magog took up from the earth the great Alcoran, and the ſheets of ſcience, the black ſtone, and the ſhrine of Moſes, with the five rivers, have thee in his holy protection and cuſtody, at the hour of evil, and at all times.

Paris, 26th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1655.

XIII.—*To* Kerker Hassan, *Baſſa.*

Thou mayeſt report it to the Divan for a certain truth, that the chief mufti of the Chriſtians is dead, which puts all the courts in Europe upon new ſtrains of policy.

He was called Innocent X. after his aſſumption to the papacy; for his true name was Pamphilio; but ſome ſay it has been a cuſtom for the popes to change their names, ever ſince a certain prieſt was lifted to that dignity, who was called Bocca de Porco, or Hog's Face. He, aſhamed of this ignominious name, as ſoon as he ſat in the chair of Peter, aſſumed the name of Sergius. Yet all his ſucceſſors have not obſerved that rule.

Theſe popes have an authority greater than our principal mufti; for they are obeyed by kings and emperors; and being eſteemed little leſs than gods on earth, they

are solemnly adored on the day of their coronation, by all the cardinals, princes, prelates, and foreign ambassadors at that time in Rome; and for that end they are seated on the altar, which the Nazarenes call the tabernacle and habitation of their God.

If I mistake not in my observation, these Roman caliphs aspire at a sovereignty over all kings and princes: They would make that which they call the hierarchy, a superlative independent monarchy, to which all the governments in the world should pay homage, and be subject.

This puts me in mind of a certain preacher at Naples, who, some years ago, when Adonai the Jew was in that city, and happened to be present in the church, having made a very elaborate speech to persuade the people that the priests were superior to kings, at length he broke out into this passionate exclamation: "O ye Princes of Christendom, ye are Pharoahs, and we priests are your gods. O ye Pharoahs obey your gods. Ye can only command the creature, but we make the Creator himself come down on the altars at our pleasure." This relation I had from the Jew, in his travels through Italy; and it is asserted by some of their doctors, that the pope has not only power to excommunicate the greatest prince on earth, but also to pull a saint out of paradise, and send him to hell.

If they could persuade the Nazarene princes and people to believe they have such an exorbitant power, perhaps in time they might reduce them to as blind a superstition as the ancient kings of Egypt were guilty of, who were so besotted to their priests, that when he whom they call'd the cater, or master of the celestial influences, commanded the king to kill himself, for that it was the will of Heaven, the poor bigotted monarch durst not dispute

the orders he had received, but in ſimple obedience became his own murderer.

Thoſe Egyptian prieſts indeed were maſters of great ſcience, profound aſtrologers, excellent mathematicians, and perfectly ſkilled in the ſecrets of natural magic. They performed things tranſcending the more common and obvious works of nature, by which it was eaſy to ſtrike a terror into the hearts of ignorant mortals. But as for theſe Nazarene prieſts, all that they can boaſt of is, that they have read the hiſtories of former times, and are able to diſcourſe in philoſophy, and other ſciences, without having the power to work any prodigies; unleſs thou wilt count it one, to keep ſo many warlike nations in a ſervile awe of their authority, with the bare pretence of turning a piece of bread into a god.

Yet for all this, there are many poor prelates, and other eccleſiaſtics, who are inveſted with empty titles, having little or no revenues; among which the poverty of ſome is ſo remarkable as to become a proverb. Thus, it is common in the mouths of the Romans to ſay, "The Pope's mule fares better than the Biſhop of Orvietto."

Illuſtrious Baſſa, live thou in the faith of a muſſulman, and the favour of the Grand Seignior; for in that ſtate thou mayeſt deſpiſe the greateſt of theſe eccleſiaſtic infidels.

Paris, 13th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1655.

XIV.—*To the* Kaimacham.

I believe the ſecretary of the Nazarene affairs takes me to be a conjurer, and thinks that I can divine of all the changes and alterations that happen at the Porte; for that I have ſome magical glaſs, which repreſents to me

the continued ſeries of remote events, with all the tranſactions of the imperial court, camp, and city; or elſe he would not be ſo late in his diſpatches, and ſend me ſuch imperfect news. I am forced many times to addreſs my letters by gueſs, not knowing whether the perſon to whom I write be in the ſame ſtation he was a while ago, or whether he be among the living or the dead; whether I ſhould direct my diſpatches to Conſtantinople or to the Elyſian Shades.

My intelligence of the muſſulman affairs is many times more owing to the French merchants who trade in the Levant, or to the expreſſes which come from ambaſſadors reſiding at Conſtantinople, than to that ſecretary, whoſe care it ought to be, that I ſhould be timely informed of whatever happens in the Oſman empire.

Surely Kiſur Dramelee has ſome deſign upon me, in being always thus tardy and negligent. I ſcarce hear from him once in half-a-year; whereas he is commanded by his ſuperiors, as well as mine, to write to me every moon; and then he ſends me ſuch a lame account of things, ſuch fragments and ſcraps of news, that his letters need a comment to make them intelligible.

About four years ago I modeſtly taxed him with this neglect, when I had reaſon to do it in my own vindication to Minezim Aluph, Baſſa: But Kiſur heard of it, and was very angry. He ſent me a letter full of invectives, which I anſwered with a kind of indifference, mixing raillery with my juſter reſentments. How that worked on him I know not; but his reſervedneſs ever ſince makes me conclude he ſtudies revenge, and that he takes this method to accompliſh it, by keeping me as much in ignorance as he dares of the changes and other important occurrences at the myſterious Porte. He knows it would be a crime little leſs than capital, not to write to me at

all. Such a wilful contumacy would ſtraight proclaim him a traitor, ſince, among the other inſtructions which were given him with his commiſſion, this charge was none of the leaſt, that he ſhould ſend frequent intelligence to all the Grand Seignior's agents, whether public or private, in the courts of Nazarene Princes. He is ſenſible, that ſuch a manifeſt contempt of ſupreme authority would abſolutely ruin him; therefore he goes more ſubtilly to work, for he writes, indeed, but very ſeldom, and then, with cunning artifice, either quite conceals, or at leaſt diſguiſes the moſt conſiderable tranſactions, only filling up his letters with trifling ſtories, and impertinent relations, nothing to my purpoſe; thinking by this means to bring upon me the diſpleaſure of the grandees, through the miſtakes I may commit for want of better advertiſement.

Be it how it will, I am ſtrangely at a loſs ſometimes what to think, or how to write to my ſuperiors, or what ſort of conduct I ſhould uſe in this place, amidſt ſo many various reports as are continually ſpread abroad in Europe concerning the affairs of the Seraglio, the ſhining city, and other parts of the Ottoman empire; whilſt this Kiſur ſtill delays to aſcertain me of any thing.

I have been wholly a ſtranger, till within theſe few days, to the fate of the Captain Baſſa, who was ſtrangled about a year ago, for his cowardice and ill conduct againſt the Venetians; neither knew I any thing of the adventure and flight of his ſons. I was equally ignorant of the ſucceſſion of the Baſſa of Buda in this important command, and of many other changes both by ſea and land.

So at preſent here are a thouſand *rumours flirring* about one thing or other in the Eaſt. Some ſay, that Chuſein Baſſa is ſtrangled, and that the Captain Baſſa is made Vizier Azem in his ſtead; others report, that this firſt miniſter was only depoſed from that ſupreme digni-

ty, the ſeals being taken from him, but that, nevertheleſs, he ſtill continues to be general of the Sultan's forces in Candia; a third ſort affirm, that he intended to turn Chriſtian, holding a ſecret correſpondence with the Patriarch of Jeruſalem, by whoſe means, and a general revolt of the Greeks, Armenians, and other Chriſtians, under the Grand Seignior's juriſdiction, he ſought to betray the Ottoman blood, and exalt himſelf to the empire.

I am not willing to believe, that ſuch monſtrous perfidy could enter into the heart of that illuſtrious hero; yet know not how to contradict it, for want of true advice.

It is reported alſo, that Signior Capello, the Venetian Bailo, or reſident at the Happy Porte, has killed himſelf with a poniard, being driven to deſpair by his long confinement, and the cruel uſage he had received from the muſſulmans. God knows whether it be true or no. It would be much to my ſatisfaction to have a particular account of all theſe things, and of whatſoever elſe occurs worthy of notice; for how can I diſcharge my truſt, whilſt I am thus kept in the dark?

They talk here of a violent plague that rages in Muſcovy, and that above 200,000 people have died of it in the city of Moſcow only, beſides millions that have been ſwept away in the provinces of that vaſt empire. Thoſe that really know not themſelves, nor are acquainted with their own nature, will yet pretend to penetrate into the councils of the omnipotent, and pronounce this as a judgment on the Muſcovites, for the cruelties they have committed in Poland. Doubtleſs, the methods of fate are inſcrutable.

In the mean while, we are plagued here with a crew of vagabonds, whom they call Gypſies, or Egyptians; for they pretend to be deſcended from that place. They ſwarm up and down the country like caterpillars, devour-

ing the fruits of the earth. They boaſt of a profound ſkill in palmiſtry, phyſiognomy, and other ſciences, cheating people of their money, under the notion of telling them their fortunes. Nobody knows from whence they come, or whither they go, for they are as uncertain as the wind; a naſty generation, and the very burden of the land. If any creatures be obliged to them, it is the mice and rats, with whom they ſeem to be in league; for they kill and eat all the cats they ſeize on.

Illuſtrious miniſter, I pray Heaven defend thee from all ſorts of plagues and vermin, but eſpecially from monſters in human ſhape.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1655.

XV.—*To the ſame.*

As I am alive, theſe gypſies have enchanted me: I cannot put them out of my mind; and perhaps it will neither be impertinent nor troubleſome to give thee a farther information of them.

There are ſeveral opinions concerning the original of theſe vagrants, and they have been thought worthy to be inſerted into hiſtories. Some ſay, they came out of Tartary or Scythia, and that they firſt appeared in theſe parts about the year 1417, of the Chriſtians Hegira; at which time they entered into Saxony in troops, having the paſſport of Sigiſmund, King of Hungaria, and the ſon of Charles IV. They had alſo the recommendations of divers other princes, who looked upon them as holy perſons, or prophets; for they pretended that they were commanded by God to travel over the whole earth, and not to have either houſes or lands in their own poſſeſſion; and that this was enjoined them as a penance to expiate

the ſin of their anceſtors, who, inhabiting Egypt in the days of Jeſus the Son of Mary, the Chriſtians Meſſias, refuſed to entertain that holy prophet and his mother, when they fled from the perſecution of Herod.

Others are of opinion, that they came firſt out of Perſia, and are of the race of thoſe who adore the fire; being forced, once in ſeven years, to make decimations of their people, and ſend away many caravans, to ſeek their fortune in foreign countries, Perſia not being able to ſuſtain their numerous progeny.

A third ſort affirm, that they are the poſterity of the ten Jewiſh tribes that were carried away captives by Salmanaſſar King of Aſſyria. Nobody knows for certain what they are, or from whence. They are of ſwarthy complexions, wrapped up in mantles of cotton or wool; they ſpeak ſeven languages; profeſs three ſciences; obey one king or general, who always travels with them. The Indians call them Cingari, from a word in their language which ſignifies a kind of water-fowl, that hath no certain neſt, but is forced every night to ſeek a new lodging; for ſo theſe gypſies rove from place to place. The Germans call them Zingener, from the word Zindel, which is the conſtant appellative of the king of theſe ramblers; as Pharoah was of old among the Egyptians, and Cæſar among the Romans. In many things they reſemble the Torlakins and Faquirs of the Eaſt, boaſting of extraordinary illuminations, and a conſtant familiarity with God; though ſome learned men among the Nazarenes eſteem them no better than a crew of cheats and hypocrites, even as they do thoſe Oriental Santones, who, they ſay, under the maſk of an uncommon holineſs, commit a thouſand villanies.

God beſt knows what judgment is to be made either of the one or the other. But theſe Egyptians, as they

call them, whether they are really such or no, have no great marks of sanctity, in that they are very unclean: They seldom or never wash themselves, but, like the swine, wallow in all manner of filthiness, eating prohibited meats, and having their women in common, which are the two sources of all impurity.

As to the Faquirs of the East, they are strict observers of the law of abstinence and cleanness, whether they be mussulmans, or the gentiles of India; and if in other matters they may be found faulty, it is very rare; and then they exceed not the character of humanity, which thou knowest is by nature prone to error, and subject to a thousand frailties and oversights. We are all men, and God does not expect our conduct to be that of angels. His repose is in himself; and if he takes any complacency in the things of the world, it is in beholding every thing act according to its nature. The exquisite form and symmetry of a bee, a spider, or a pismire, with the inimitable architecture of the two former, and the admirable providence of the latter, may, for aught we know, afford him as much delight as the most celebrated beauty, strength, science, and performances of men; for his power and wisdom are equally manifest in all things. Every creature is perfect in its kind, only a wicked man is a blot in the universe.

Wouldst thou know what the Western Nazarenes are most busy about at this time? It is the election of a new pope. He is to be chosen by the College of Cardinals, who are princes of the Roman church. They are all shut up in a place which they call the Conclave. This is a certain gallery in the palace of the Vatican at Rome, where every cardinal has his cell, or apartment by himself, having only two servants to attend him. The conclave is surrounded by the Roman militia, to prevent all intercourse by

letters or otherwiſe, between thoſe without and thoſe within. The very diſhes which are ſerved up at the tables of the cardinals are narrowly ſearched, leſt any letters ſhould be conveyed in them. The laſt poſts from Rome aſſure us, that there were no leſs than ſixty-ſix cardinals thus ſhut up, when they left that city; and there they muſt remain night and day, without taking the freſh air, or ſeeing any body, till they have agreed in their election. There are two phyſicians, a ſurgeon, and an apothecary, ſhut up with them to ſerve them in caſe of ſickneſs.

One of the conclaviſts is the Cardinal de Retz, who eſcaped out of his priſon in this kingdom, and fled to Rome for protection, from whence he ſent a letter to the archbiſhops, and other prelates of France, which being pronounced a ſeditious libel againſt the king and the government, was, in the end of the laſt moon, burnt publicly by the king's order, and all copies of it prohibited.

The king has alſo ſent private inſtructions to the cardinals of his party at Rome, to keep a ſtrict watch on the conduct of de Retz, and to oppoſe him in all things. Here is nothing but caballing and intrigue among theſe infidels. They are good at a ſtratagem, and know better how to undermine one another, than to face their enemies in the open field; which is a character more ſuitable to women than men; whereas, thou knoweſt our heroes in the Eaſt know no other way to honour, victory, and empire, than by downright bravery and reſolution, ſubduing all things by the force of their arms. But God, when he divided the nations of the earth, and ſeparated the ſons of Noah, aſſigned to every one a different conſtellation, according to whoſe influence the genius of

each people is diſpoſed. They all obey the dictates of their particular ſtars, and the orders of eternal deſtiny!

Therefore, ſage miniſter, ſince Mars is the planet of the ſons of Iſmael, and the aſcendant of the Ottoman empire, there is no need that we ſhould turn apoſtates from the ſtar of our better fortune, to court the glances of Mercury, who is only the guardian of knaves and cheats.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1655.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.—*To* CARA HALI, *Phyſician to the Grand Seignior.*

FORMERLY I could have written to thee with as much freedom as I could to Egri Boinou, (on whom reſt the favours of God) or as I can now to Dgnet Oglou, to my brother Peſteli Hali, or to any of my familiar friends: But when I conſider the eminent ſtation thou poſſeſſeſt, in that the health and life of the mighty emperor is now committed to thy ſkill and care, I am many times at a ſtand how to addreſs myſelf. Methinks thou art tinctured with the majeſty of that perſonage, whoſe hand thou ſo often haſt the honour to touch, when required to diſcover, by the beating of his pulſe, the interior maladies which afflict his royal ſoul. Yet I know thou ſtill retaineſt thy humanity, and wilt not deſpiſe thoſe whom thou haſt once thought worthy of friendſhip.

Suffer me then to converſe with a philoſophic freedom, that is, in an addreſs void of formalities and reſerves.

I know it is of no import whether Mahmut be ſick or well, provided the Grand Seignior be ſerved. What

ſignify the languiſhing pains or more acute agonies of a ſlave, ſo long as he is able to carry on his maſter's intereſt? We are not born for ourſelves only, but, by the very condition of our nature, are obliged to conſecrate our lives to the ſervice of others. It is a reciprocal debt, from which no mortal is free. Every man owes ſomething to his relations, more to his friends, but moſt of all to the public.

Therefore I make no complaints of my lot, nor murmur at the will of deſtiny. I accuſe not the ſtars of my nativity, nor tax them with unkindly aſpects; but am contented with my fortune, be it good or bad, and reſigned to the pleaſure of Heaven.

As nature has framed my body infirm and weak, ſubject to a thouſand maladies, ſo is my mind alſo haraſſed with diſtempers which have no number. But, above all, I labour under a kind of intellectual fever, a perpetual thirſt of knowledge, which all the books and converſe in the world cannot ſatisfy. There is no end of my doubts and ſcruples; every thing appears to me as ambiguous as the anſwers of the Delphic Oracle; nay, I am a perfect riddle to myſelf.

Tell me, dear Hali, how I ſhould cure this dropſy of the mind, and I will not trouble thee with the inconſiderable diſeaſes of my body. I have a high opinion of you phyſicians, and ſhall put more confidence in thy advice than in the Teſta of the Mufti. Conceal not thy art from Mahmut, who admires thee with a reſpect equal to that which he pays to the memories of Avicen, Al' Razi, Helal, and the reſt of thoſe excellent phyſicians, mentioned in our Arabian hiſtories.

And now theſe ornaments of our nation are come into my mind, permit them to divert me from ſaying or thinking any more of myſelf at preſent; for it will be better

to turn the diſcourſe to ſuch illuſtrious themes. At worſt, it will be but an innocent digreſſion.

In peruſing the lives of thoſe famous men, I meet with ſome paſſages which are very delightful. Perhaps thou haſt ſeen the ſame; yet it will do thee no hurt to call them again to thy remembrance.

I have read in a certain manuſcript, penned by Ibrahim the ſon of Helah, a renowned phyſician at Bagdat, this memoir of his father: "On a certain day, ſays he, that my father had adminiſtered phyſic to the Emperor Tuzan, for which he was preſented with a royal veſt, rewarded with five thouſand piaſtres, and by the emperor's command was carried through the ſtreets in ſtate, I obſerved that he was penſive amidſt all thoſe honours, and troubled in mind, when I thought he had greateſt reaſon to rejoice: Therefore I ſaid to him, My father, how comes it to paſs, that you are thus dejected at a time when all the world expects to ſee you diſſolved in pleaſure? He anſwered, Son, he that has beſtowed theſe honours on me is a fool, and does things prepoſterouſly, without reaſon; and therefore I cannot rejoice at theſe untimely favours he has ſhowed me, being ſenſible they are not the effects of his judgment, but of his ignorance. I gave him a cathartic potion, which worked ſo ſtrongly with him, that it excoriated his bowels, and brought forth blood; ſo that I was forced to uſe a different method, both to remove his diſtemper, and ſtop the violent flux. In the mean while, he ignorantly believing that the voiding of ſo much blood procured him the preſent eaſe and health he feels, therefore ordered theſe honours to be done me which thou ſeeſt. Now that which ſaddens me, is my fear, leſt ſome time or other, he may through his ignorance commit as great an error on the contrary ſide, and

ſuſpect that I have done him an injury, when there is no ground for it, and ſo put me to death."

Tell me, my friend, had not this phyſician reaſon for his behaviour and words? He was a man of great abilities, accompliſhed with divers ſciences, and in high eſteem with the princes and nobles of Arabia.

It were worth thy pains to peruſe frequently the life of Avicen, written by himſelf, wherein thou wilt behold the methods he uſed to acquire a profound ſkill in the ſciences: How he was at firſt puzzled in the metaphyſics, and was almoſt driven to deſpair, till a dream unfolded to him whatſoever was difficult. When he was at a loſs in any diſquiſition, he uſed to frequent the moſques, and pour forth devout and frequent oriſons to the Source of intellectual light, till the thing was manifeſted to him. He ſat up late at nights, having a lamp perpetually burning in his chamber, applying himſelf attentively to books and contemplation. This was his courſe, till he was conſummate in all the liberal ſciences, which was in the eighteenth year of his age.

But of all the phyſicians whoſe names adorn our hiſtory, none ſeems comparable to Thabet Eb'n Abrahim, for his ſkill in exactly indicating the cauſes of a diſtemper, by the different meaſures of the pulſe. Abul Pharai, his contemporary and friend, writes thus of him: "On a certain day, (ſays he) when I was with Thabet Eb'n Abrahim of Harran, in the houſe of Abu Mohammed the Vizier, Abu Adalla Ebno'l Hejai the poet being there alſo, reached forth his hand to Thabet, deſiring him to feel his pulſe. To whom the phyſician forthwith replied, Thou haſt uſed a groſs diet, and been intemperate in eating ſour milk with veal.—The other anſwering, that it was true, and all the company admiring, Abu'l Abbas the aſtrologer alſo reached forth his hand. But when

Thabet had felt his pulſe, Thou, ſaid he, haſt committed an exceſs in taking too much of cold things; for, as I judge, thou haſt eat about eleven pomegranates. Immediately Abu'l Abbas cried out, This is a prophet certainly, and more than a phyſician, for he ſpeaks the truth to a tittle. Every body was aſtoniſhed at his wondrous knowledge, and I more than all the reſt: Wherefore, when I had him alone, I ſaid, My dear Thabet, the ſtudy of phyſic is common to us both; therefore hide nothing from me, but diſcover freely by what art you were able to tell, that the poet eat ſour milk with veal, and not as well with beef or mutton; and that the aſtrologer eat no more nor leſs than eleven pomegranates. He anſwered, My mind ſuggeſted this to me, and prompted my tongue to utter it. Then I deſired him to ſhow me the ſcheme of his nativity, which he did at his own houſe; and conſidering it attentively, I obſerved, that the planet Jupiter was lord of the horoſcope. Then I ſaid to him, It is this ſpeaks, my dear friend, not you, ſo often as you make theſe fortunate conjectures."—Thus far Abu'l Pharaj.

God knows whether the ſtars have any ſuch influence on men in their birth or no. I am not very credulous in this point; nor can the authority of the ancients, or the character of the Perſian and Chaldean Magi captivate my mind in an implicit faith of things ſo liable to doubt. Who knows what the ſtars are made of, or for what ends they are created? Yet I muſt own, that ſome men ſeem to be born with inherent faculties, which others can never acquire with all the art and induſtry in the world. One man is of a poetic conſtitution; another is genially inclined to phyſic; a third excels in mechanics; every man has his peculiar gift; and yet, perhaps, all this while, the ſtars have nothing to do in the matter. However, if

there be any truth in aſtrology, the Perſians, Chaldeans, Arabians, and Indians, ſeem to be the only men of all nations, conſtellated to underſtand this ſcience perfectly. One knows not what to think, amidſt ſo many appearances of truth and falſehood; nor can our thoughts be of any great import, be it how it will in theſe ſpeculative matters. At the day of judgment, we ſhall not be aſked, what proficiency we have made in logic, metaphyſics, aſtronomy, or any other ſcience; but, whether we have lived according to our nature, as men endowed with morality and reaſon. In that hour, it will more avail us, that we have thrown a handful of flour in charity to a neſt of contemptible piſmires, than that we could muſter all the hoſts of Heaven, and call every ſtar by its proper name. For then the conſtellations themſelves ſhall diſappear, the ſun and moon ſhall give no more light, and all the frame of nature ſhall vaniſh; but our good and bad works ſhall remain for ever recorded in the archives of eternity.

If from this manner of writing thou ſhalt conjecture I am melancholy, and wilt alſo reveal the cauſes and remedy of this diſtemper, thou ſhalt be more to me than a thouſand Avicens, Helals, Thabets, or all the phyſicians and aſtrologers of the Eaſt; for theſe kind of thoughts are mournful as the ſhadow of death.

Paris, 23d of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1655.

II.—*To* Aſis, *Baſſa.*

I know not whether thou wilt praiſe or condemn the ſentence which the Elector of Saxony pronounced not long ago on a poor fellow for killing a deer. Yet, becauſe there is ſomething very ſingular in it, I will relate

the whole paſſage, as I received it from Nathan Ben Saddi, the Jew at Vienna.

In the moon of Cheuval, a certain citizen of Wirtemberg was accuſed before the elector, for hunting in his foreſt, and killing one of his deer: The duke, in a rage, commanded him to be ſet upon a ſtag, his hands chained to the horns, and his feet under the belly of the beaſt; ordering that the ſtag, with this burden, ſhould be let looſe, to run whither he would. The poor frightened ſtag, not being accuſtomed to ſuch a load, and terrified with the rattling of the chains, ran away full ſpeed over hills and dales, through thickets of briars and thorns, never ſtopping till he had meaſured above three-and-thirty German leagues, and then tired with ſo vaſt a race, he fell down; at which inſtant, a caravan was coming by that place out of Sileſia.

The poor wretch on the back of the ſtag, almoſt dead with the pains he had undergone, in ſo continued and violent a motion, being alſo ſorely bruiſed, and his fleſh torn and mangled by the boughs of trees, as the ſtag ruſhed through thick woods, cried aloud to the caravan, begging that ſome of them would in mercy diſpatch him out of his torments; but they, either for fear of the duke's diſpleaſure, or for other reaſons, refuſed him this kindneſs; ſo that after the ſtag had reſted a while, and recovered new ſpirits, he began a freſh career, and never ceaſed running till he arrived at a certain monaſtery or convent of religious, where he beat againſt the gate with his horns, till ſome of the derviſes opened it, and let him in. They, aſtoniſhed to ſee a man thus pinioned to a ſtag, his face, arms, legs, and all his body covered with blood, and himſelf ready to expire, immediately brought him cordials and other refreſhments, whilſt ſome were employed in looſing his chains; but being informed by his own

mouth how he came into this condition, they began to think of turning him looſe again, for fear of the duke's anger. However, ſuffering themſelves to be overcome by the importunity of the miſerable man, and relying on their eccleſiaſtic privileges (for here in the Weſt the convents are generally allowed ſanctuaries for all ſorts of offenders), they took him into their protection; but he expired that night.

It is hard to determine, whether the duke or theſe derviſes were in the right or wrong: The French, who of late have by a faſhion learned to grow obdurate, juſtify the proceedings of this prince; ſaying, that pity is a paſſion fit only for women, children, and fools: They eſteem it a mark of a great ſpirit, a mind capable of empire, not to be moved with the ſighs or tears of the miſerable, but to frown or laugh at the misfortunes of others. This, they ſay, is the only method to harden men for war, conqueſt, and plunder, where the victors are to cut their way to honour and riches through the hearts of the vanquiſhed, to quench the ardent thirſt of glory with human blood, and to celebrate their triumphs only in the midſt of horrid maſſacres and funerals.

It is true, theſe principles and actions are allowable in men of the ſword, when they fight the battles of their king and country in heat of blood: But clemency and compaſſion are virtues becoming the greateſt prince, or moſt valiant general, when their enemies are reduced, by the fortune of war, to kiſs the duſt of their feet, and beg for mercy; or, when in time of peace, their ſubjects fall into a crime which may admit of indulgence. Certainly theſe Weſtern infidels have wrong notions of humanity, in aſſerting, that cruelty is either a ſign of a noble nature, or a ſtep to true happineſs; ſince the moſt hard-hearted tyrant, one time or other, will have need of compaſſion

himſelf; eſpecially in ſickneſs, and the agonies of death, which perhaps prove more tormenting to him, than to the merciful and generous. It is recorded of Al Hejai Eb'n Heſha'm, a famous Arabian captain, that when in a malignant fever, he called for water to drink, and it was denied him by the phyſicians who had the care of his health: "It is enough, (ſaid he) Rueno'ddaula, once my lieutenant, to whom I forgave three treaſons, and who died a natural death, has refreſhed me at this minute with a liquor unknown: ſure it is the wine of paradiſe." And from that moment he began to recover his health, after which he lived many years, often rehearſing this paſſage among his familiar friends to his laſt day.

But the infidels are either ignorant of theſe examples, or, if they know them, pride will not ſuffer them to learn morality and juſtice. They are deſtined, the greateſt part, to be incredulous to the day of judgment. How many prophets has God ſent into all nations, to teach them the right way, and not the way of ſuch with whom he is diſpleaſed! Yet they will not be converted: They look on the apoſtles and meſſengers of the Eternal, with the eyes of ſwine; they grunt under the burden of their ſenſuality, and like thoſe filthy animals return to their mire again. Yet that ſuperlatively Merciful winks at their frailties, and viſits them with his graces every morning; but they put their fingers in their ears, and turn away in diſdain, as from a beggar; they reject the King of all things, as a fugitive and vagabond on earth.

From that delectable Eſſence, the odour of whoſe ſweetneſs is diffuſed through the elements, and refreſhes the minds of the true faithful, let us, by continual devotion and virtue, attract divine tinctures, till our hearts be all transformed into incenſe, and in this aromatic pile, our

ſouls expire like the phœnix, to revive again in the joys of paradiſe, in amours which know no end.

Paris, 8th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1655.

III.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew, at Vienna.*

I WONDER at nothing, much leſs at the extravagant caprices of tyrants. Methinks there appears no novelty in modern tranſactions; they are but a repetition of ancient practices, under new forms. Of all the events of this age, not one has come to my knowledge which gives me a ſurpriſe: Yet I muſt confeſs, there is ſomething very ſingular in the puniſhment the Duke of Saxony inflicted, as thy letter tells me, on the poor deer-ſtealer. And if it be juſt to put a man to death on ſuch an account, as the Indians hold, the duke ſeems very ingenious and accurate in the choice he made of an executioner.

The ancient Romans had a law which they called Lex Talionis, which in all criminal caſes appointed the puniſhment to be in ſome circumſtances adequate to the fault; and thou knoweſt Moſes your lawgiver left much the ſame ſtatutes; requiring the loſs of the eye of him who had put another man's out, a tooth for a tooth, an arm for an arm, and ſo proportionably of other injuries. But this prince ſeems to have made a ſupplement, where theſe laws appeared ſhort; and has ſhowed a moſt exquiſite niceneſs of revenge in the deſtiny of the unfortunate huntſman, to cauſe a ſtag to be in ſo peculiar a manner the inſtrument of his death, who had villanouſly murdered one of the ſame ſpecies: Doubtleſs it was a princely freak of juſtice; and had it been done purely to avenge the blood of the ſlaughtered beaſt, and not in vindication of his own right, I could not forbear to pronounce it

a frolic worthy of a hero. But he himſelf is frequently guilty of the ſame kind of murder, as are moſt of the great men in Europe, whoſe tables are no other than the altars of gluttony, ſmoking with fleſh and blood, whilſt hecatombs of animals are there ſacrificed to voracious appetites, the idols of theſe Weſtern people.

Methinks, therefore, it had been more generous, and becoming a prince, to pardon the poor fellow a theft, which perhaps was the only method he had to preſerve himſelf and his family from ſtarving; and for aught I know, he had as much right, according to the law of nature, to kill a ſtag, as the owner has. But there is no talk to be made of right or wrong, where power overrulesall.

India is at preſent the only public theatre of juſtice towards all living creatures: There it is a capital crime to ſhed the blood of any animal, and puniſhed with death, no leſs than the murder of a man. The princes and nobles indeed incloſe deer, and other innocent creatures in parks, not with a deſign to prey upon them at their pleaſure, but to defend them from the violence of others; whilſt thoſe happy animals range and feed where they pleaſe within thoſe pales, free from peril, and never fearing any other death, ſave that they pay to nature, when they have ſpun out the accuſtomed term of their life. They alſo build hoſpitals for a like purpoſe; and are at a great charge every year to redeem a certain number of oxen and cows from ſlaughter; for they eſteem it a barbarous and inhuman cruelty to murder thoſe creatures which are the nurſes of our life.

The law of Moſes, if I miſtake not, obliges all of thy nation to certain ſpecific tenderneſſes toward the dumb animals. And Eeſa the prophet, a man of no obſcure extract, out of a noted race among the Hebrews, ſays,

"He that killeth an ox, is as if he ſlew a man; and he that ſacrificeth a lamb, as if he beheaded a dog." And in another place the ſame prophet ſays, in the perſon of God, "To what purpoſe is the multitude of your ſacrifices to me? I am offended with the ſmoke of your burnt-offerings, and nauſeated with the ſmell of broiled fat. I take no delight in the blood of bulls, lambs, or goats. Who hath required theſe things at your hands? Bring no more vain oblations, which my ſoul hateth."

By thoſe expreſſions, one would think the prophet brings in God, denying that ever he commanded any ſuch ſacrifices, or ſhedding of blood, and proteſting againſt it as an abomination. Where then is the reputation of theſe writings which go under the name of Moſes? for in them theſe bloody victims are expreſsly enjoined. God cannot be contradictory to himſelf. Doubtleſs, a great part of the true law which God gave to Moſes, was loſt in the former captivities of your nation, when your cities and provinces were quite diſpeopled, your fathers led away by the victorious monarchs of the Eaſt, and your choiceſt memoirs aboliſhed; ſo that what remains now is only a collection of fragments patched up by Eſdras and other induſtrious ſcribes, to which they gave the ſpecious title of the law of Moſes, that ſo they might faſten the wavering people in obedience to ſomething, though of their own deviſing.

Nathan, I do not go about to ſeduce thee. Examine all things; believe neither me nor thy own rabbis, but truſt only thy reaſon, which will ſtand by thee at the day of judgment, when all things elſe ſhall fail.

Paris, 8th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1655.

IV.—*To* Dgebe Nafir, *Baſſa.*

These Nazarenes, like the followers of the prophet, are divided into innumerable ſects; and ſo it is in all religions. Men cannot think alike; nature itſelf delights in variety. God has diverſified the faculties of our ſouls, as he has the conſtitutions of our bodies: The zealot is ſubject to choler, the bigot to melancholy; the libertine is of a ſanguine complexion; and as for the reſt, they are but ſo many walking ſpeaking lumps of phlegm. This is the phyſical diviſion of mortals; under which are comprehended the various tempers which reſult from the different mixture of theſe four radical principles; and for this we muſt thank Galen and Hippocrates.

But if we conſult the aſtrologers, they will aſſign as many different humours and complexions as there be ſtars in the heavens, at leaſt as there be conſtellations. They will tell you of the bull and the bear, and God knows what heavenly ſtories: The dragon ſhall ſpit venom on one man's nativity out of his mouth, and give another a poiſonous lick with his tail. If we believe all they ſay, there is not an herb in the field but has its particular ſtar, whoſe influence cauſes it to grow and proſper; though Moſes tells us that all the vegetables appeared on the earth even before the ſtars themſelves had their exiſtence in the heavens.

But whether there be any truth in aſtrology or no, this is certain, that men differ in their ſentiments of religion as they do in their faces. The phyſiognomy of faith is infinitely various; one man believes in Moſes, another in Jeſus the Son of Mary, a third in Mahomet our holy lawgiver. Then theſe are ſubdivided into innumerable parties; the Jews have ſeventy eminent religious factions; there are numbered ſeventy-and-one ſects of Chriſtians;

and ſeventy-two of muſſulmans. Theſe are all at odds about words and the exterior ceremonies; ſo zealous for charity and peace, that they are in perpetual wars for its ſake, murdering one another in the love of God; and ſuch ſtout champions for the truth, that they ſcruple not to tell ten thouſand lies in its defence.

The differences between the Greek and Armenian Nazarenes, the Neſtorians and Jacobites, with other ſects of the Eaſt, are not unknown to the miniſters of the Porte. But perhaps thou art a ſtranger to the newer ſchiſms of the Weſt.

The moſt eminent diviſion of Chriſtendom, at this time, is into catholics and proteſtants: The former obey the Roman mufti, and boaſt of an uninterrupted ſeries of caliphs from Peter the vicar of the Meſſias down to the preſent pope; the latter are the followers of Luther and Calvin, men who pretended to certain new lights, and claimed a right to reform the errors of their fathers in matters of faith and worſhip. God beſt knows who is in the right or wrong of theſe two parties; but they have always been at daggers-drawing in defence of their ſeveral tenets, perſecuting and maſſacring one another for conſcience ſake. Both ſides appeal to the written law, to apoſtolical traditions, to the teſtimony of the ancients, the decrees of councils, and the practice of thoſe whom they call the primitive church; yet neither part will allow the other a ſufficient judgment to interpret thoſe memoirs of antiquity, nor an authentic power to decide controverſies of this nature. Thus their diſputes are like to laſt till the final day of deciſion, when all human quarrels ſhall be determined before the grand tribunal.

In the mean time, they take all advantages to execute their ſpite and malice on each other, under the notion of juſtice and piety. We are daily alarmed here with tra

gical relations of horrid murders and butcheries committed on the proteſtants of Piedmont, and other parts under the Duke of Savoy; whilſt ſome ſay that all theſe reports are falſe, and the ſufferings of thoſe people are, according to law, the due puniſhment of their rebellious actions.

It is not in my power to adjuſt their differences; nor is it material to a muſſulman which of them has the law on their ſide. Yet if I were inclined to take any part, it ſhould be that of the oppreſſed. Cruelty I abhor, and our holy Prophet has forbid force to be uſed in matters of religion, ſince the conſcience is reſponſible to none but God.

May that God, from whoſe unity have ſprung all the different eſſences in the world, and all the variety in nature, give us grace to love the whole creation, and not to ſhed blood unleſs in the ſacred combat.

Paris, 13th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1655.

V.—*To* William Vospel, *a Recluſe of Auſtria.*

I had concluded thee dead, till thy letter certified me to the contrary. So long a ſilence between friends would put any man upon the ſame thoughts. Ten years have ſlipped away between my laſt to thee and thy anſwer. I hope thou doſt not meaſure time after the rate of the ſeven ſleepers. Perhaps thou haſt been enjoined a ten years ſilence, and abſtinence from all manner of converſation, by the ſuperior of thy convent: Such ſeverities are not uncommon in religious ſocieties, where the main buſineſs is to acquire perfection. The Armenian monaſteries are much more rigid, where, but for one extravagant word, I have known a man's tongue locked up for

the ſpace of two-and-twenty years, under pain of excommunication, and then releaſed only for the ſake of a moſt ſignificant jeſt put on the patriarch in mute ſigns. Wit will find a way to vent itſelf, though it be at the fingers ends; and for aught I know, thou haſt obliged thy abbot to take off thy cenſure by the like method. There was abundance of ſatire in the ſubſannation of the ancient Romans, and no leſs rhetoric in the ſhrug or grimace of the modern Italians; the mimics of Scaramouchi are a perfect lampoon, and Harlequin is burleſque all over.

Thou knoweſt I always entertain thee with one frivolous diſcourſe or other to divert thy melancholy, and thy own letters give me encouragement: They ſeem to be written in a pleaſant humour. But tell me, have I gueſſed right at the cauſe of ſo tedious a reſervedneſs or no? Haſt thou been forced all this while to ſpeak with thy hands, feet, noſe, and the emphatic motions of thy head and eyes? If it were ſo, I fancy thou wert excellent company among thy grave phlegmatic brethren, and in a fair way to underſtand the language of the beaſts, who by curvetting, creeping, leaping, friſking their tails, and other poſtures, expreſs their various paſſions, deſires, and neceſſities, as intelligibly to thoſe who are uſed to them, as we can do by the moſt elegant addreſſes in words.

But to be ſerious: If for the ſake of virtue this penance be impoſed on thee by him who preſides over thy convent, or thou haſt voluntarily undertaken ſo difficult a part of ſelf-denial, on the ſcore of philoſophy or religion, thou haſt approved thyſelf wiſe and brave in not flinching. A coward in religious matters is as deſpicable as in the engagements of the world: It is honourable to face temptations, and come off with victory.

As for what thou deſireſt to know concerning the ſe-

pulchre of King Childeric, it is eſteemed a piece of great antiquity, in regard he was the fourth monarch of France. He reigned over the Gauls or Franks in the year 458, Severus being emperor of Rome, Severinus and Degalaiphus conſuls. Yet in little more than three years he was depoſed, and baniſhed by his ſubjects, whilſt Ægidius, a Roman, was crowned in his ſtead. Neither did this man pleaſe the people ſo well, but that after ſome experience of his oppreſſion, avarice, and other vices, they expelled him alſo, and recalled their lawful ſovereign; for Ægidius had vexed them with unreaſonable taxes, fleecing them of many millions, which he privately ſent out of the kingdom, diſpoſing of this vaſt treaſure at Rome, and among his friends in other parts, as a ſupport againſt future contingencies; for he looked for ſome back-blows of fate. Childeric therefore being reſtored to his crown, enjoyed it till his death, which was in the year 484; after whom ſucceeded in the kingdom Clodoveus the Great, who was the firſt French king that embraced Chriſtianity.

The time when Childeric's tomb was firſt diſcovered was about two years ago, when the cathedral of Tournay wanted reparation; for, as the labourers were digging up the old charnel-houſe, they encountered a long ſtone, which giving them ſome fatigue, they broke in pieces, and found under it the entire ſkeleton of a man, lying at length, with abundance of Greek medals of gold, and ſome other curioſities of the ſame metal, among which was a ring with this motto:

SIGILLUM CHILDERICI REGIS.

All theſe relics were at firſt poſſeſſed by the canons of that church where they were found, of whom they were

begged by the Archduke of Auſtria, who has them in his cuſtody. Therefore thoſe who told thee they are in the King of France's hands were miſinformed themſelves, or deſigned to abuſe thee; for this cannot be ſuppoſed during the preſent wars between France and Spain, when they are more ready on both ſides to plunder one another, than to grant civilities of this obliging nature.

I perceive thou art grown a great antiquary; and therefore, in token of my eſteem, I have ſent thee a cabinet of ſuch old things as I have ſcraped together in my travels, and during my reſidence in this city.

The agates which you will find in the uppermoſt drawer may eaſily be dated by their figures, which are all after the faſhion of gentile Rome. As for the ſhells in the ſecond, I leave them to thy own judgment; only this I will ſay, that they are not common. The third contains a miſcellany of ſeveral antiques; the knives were uſed by the ancient Roman prieſts in their ſacrifices; the weights are at leaſt twelve hundred years old, by the parallels which I have ſeen in the king's library; the rings are alſo of the Parthian make; and the arrow to which they are faſtened retains its Oriental venom to this hour, as thou wilt find by trying it on any animal that deſerves it. But after all, the lowermoſt drawer contains nothing but counterfeits; for thoſe medals are the work of Parmezan, the fineſt engraver in the world. If thou knoweſt not his character, I will tell thee in a word: He was famous for imitating ſo exactly the moſt ancient medals, that the tranſcripts could not be diſcerned, even by the moſt ſkilful artiſts, from the originals.

Accept theſe with the ſame good will as I did when they were preſented to me, and tell me wherein elſe I can gratify thy wiſhes.

You monaſtics are infinitely happy in the advantages

of retirement and tranquillity; you are free from the cares which moleſt other mortals; the bell ſings you to prayers and to your repaſt; you have nothing elſe to regard but your contemplations and ſtudies. Many great lights have ſprung from your various orders, and I tell thee, Father William, the world will be diſappointed if thou ſhouldeſt prove a dark lantern, and only be wiſe for thyſelf.

Paris, 25th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1655.

VI.—*To the Moſt Illuſtrious and Invincible* Vizier Azem, *at the Porte.*

By the ſound which the ſun makes at his going down, I ſwear I was not miſtaken in the idea I had of thy generoſity; and the diſpatch with which thou haſt honoured the ſlave Mahmut, confirms me in a perfect ſecurity of thy favour and protection.

I ſhall with exquiſite diligence obey thy orders; but it cannot be attempted without vaſt ſums of money. And if I may be thought worthy to give advice to my ſuperiors, the moſt effectual way to accompliſh this will be, by ſending one of the principal miniſters to this court with a ſplendid embaſſy; for this young king expects very honourable addreſſes from all who ſeek his more intimate friendſhip; therefore a chiaus would be ſlighted on ſuch an occaſion, and mar all the deſign. I would counſel, that ſomebody be ſent who perfectly underſtands the genius of the French, and the particular aim of Cardinal Mazarini.

Under the protection of ſuch a one, I ſhould be able, without hazard of a diſcovery, to act all that is neceſſary to carry on this deſign with good ſucceſs. Here are a-

bundance of needy courtiers, on whom gold will have a powerful influence; but neither I in perſon, nor any one whom I ſhall depute, can make ſuch tenders, unleſs there were here ſome known public ambaſſador from the Grand Seignior to countenance the buſineſs; for otherwiſe it will preſently be whiſpered, that ſome private agent lurks here incognito; they will ſtart a thouſand chimeras of jealouſy, and ſo I may run the hazard of a ſecond impriſonment, when the cardinal ſhall call to mind the occaſion of my firſt. All that I can then ſay of my being a Moldavian, will find no credit; and it will be no leſs than a miracle, if they do not expoſe me to a ſcrutiny for the mark of circumciſion, which if it be found, all is betrayed and ruined.

I do not value the puniſhments they will inflict on me, nor the loſs of my life; but I dread the more important conſequences of ſuch a diſcovery; the unmaſking the ſecrets of the Grand Seignior to infidels.

Theſe are the chief reaſons I have to offer in behalf of an honourable embaſſy. As to the perſon whom thou ſhalt think fit to employ in ſo glorious a truſt, I will not preſume to add any thing to what I have ſaid already; that he be a man of experience in the French affairs, well verſed in the knowledge of Chriſtian policy, the different intereſts of the courts of Europe, and one that exactly knows what advantage to make of the new pope; for after long debates, the cardinals have at laſt elected one, who has aſſumed the name of Alexander VII.

It is hard to judge, at his firſt acceſſion to that ſovereign chair, what intereſt this prelate will embrace, whether that of France or Spain; or whether his conduct will be neutral, deporting himſelf with an equal indifference to all the Nazarene princes, whom he calls his ſons, endeavouring to compoſe their quarrels, and unite their

forces againſt the muſſulmans. I tell thee, nobody can be yet aſſured what the temper of the Roman mufti may prove; for it is uſual for the aſpiring cardinals to promiſe many things in hopes of the papacy, which they never perform when they have once obtained the uncontroulable command. Diſſimulation is ranked among the principal virtues in the court of Rome; and he that knows not how to diſguiſe his affections, is not thought worthy of any important truſt. Adonai the Jew has loſt his liberty in that city for being defective in this courtly accompliſhment. It ſeems, he and ſome others of his nation railed too paſſionately and openly at the idolatry of the Romans. Yet I expect daily to hear of his relief; for I underſtand by a letter from him, that he was excepted out of the number of thoſe whoſe condemnation is irrevocable.

I reproved him for his immorality, in reflecting on the eſtabliſhed religion of the country where he reſides: But this kind of arrogance is the peculiar vice of the Hebrews; they deſpiſe all other people in the world; whereas, thou knoweſt the impartial God reſpects not one nation more than another, for they are all equally the works of his hands; and for aught we know, he tolerates the variety of religions that are extant in the world, with the ſame indifference as he diſpenſes his common bleſſings to ſuch an infinite number of men of diverſe faces.

The multiplicity in the univerſe exalts the divine unity, which is the root of all; and if there be ten thouſand myriads of worlds, they all ſprang from One Cauſe, and there they end; for He is the firſt and laſt of every thing.

Paris, 2d of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1655.

VII.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

THE Egyptians have a proverb, "That he who thinks and ſpeaks of God only when he is melancholy, ſacrifices to the planet Pharovis, or Saturn, and not to the moſt high and exalted King of all things, who is the fountain of joy to men and angels."

I counſel thee not to liſt thyſelf in the number of thoſe who adore the ſtars, by cheriſhing ſad ideas of the ever-indulgent and merciful divinity; nor think thyſelf the leſs liable to this cenſure, becauſe it proceeds from a nation which was once at enmity with the ſons of Jacob. Deſpiſe not the wiſdom of that people, from whom even Moſes your lawgiver learned all his, and from whom all nations borrowed improvements of learning, if they are not indebted to them for its firſt rudiments.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt perceive that I conſult thy happineſs, and would have thee chaſe away vain fears and ſuperſtitious thoughts, the mere product of an ill-tempered ſpleen, which is the peculiar malady of thy nation. Let thy heart be always cheerful, for God loves every thing that he has made; the univerſe overflows with his bounty. Be not too religious, nor ſtrain the faculties he has given thee for thy ſupport, and not for thy bane.

I had rather hear from thee matter of news than theſe diſmal ſcruples about thy ſoul. If thou art not willing to embrace the muſſulman faith, in God's name continue to obſerve the law of Moſes, and proſecute thy affairs with alacrity.

Thou haſt been very ſlack of late in ſending me advice of what paſſes at Vienna, and other parts of Germany. We have flying reports here of the death of Eleanora the empreſs; and that on the ſame day whereon ſhe

died, Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus, the emperor's ſon, was elected King of the Romans. I know not how to write to the miniſters of the Porte, till thou haſt aſcertained me of theſe things. For God's ſake be ſpeedy in thy diſpatches, and inform me what is done at the diet of Frankfort. Rouſe up thyſelf, and baniſh ſuperfluous cares. Remember that as there is but one God, ſo there is but one law, but one thing neceſſary to men, that is, to live according to reaſon. This is engraven in every man's heart, and there needs no comment to explain it. Thou art a ſufficient lawgiver, rabbi, doctor, and interpreter to thyſelf; let not others amuſe thee with fables.

I will now acquaint thee with ſomething of certainty. The French have gained Landrecies, a ſtrong town in Flanders: It was ſurrendered to them on the 22d of this moon; and the next day all the garriſon marched out, conſiſting of fifteen hundred men, beſides three hundred wounded.

The king is gone, upon this good news, to view and take care of his new conqueſt; for this is not the only town the Spaniards have loſt: they talk of Maubeuge, Bovines, and Conde; all which, according to freſh report, are in the hands of the French. This young monarch is ſtrangely fortunate.

If thou canſt inform me of ſuch ſucceſsful campaigns among the people of the North, fail not to do it in ſeaſon, for we are not placed in theſe ſtations to whiſtle to ſheep.

Paris, 29th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1655.

VIII.—*To* MUSTAPHA LULU BEAMTILLA, *a Man of the Law.*

I WOULD willingly be admitted into Paradiſe, as well as other muſſulmans; neither would I think, ſpeak, or do any thing which might prejudiſe my title, and baulk my pretenſions to eternal happineſs. This deſire is natural to all men; and when I profeſs it, thou mayeſt believe me without an oath. Yet methinks I would not go hoodwinked to Heaven, but would fain enjoy the benefit of my ſenſe and reaſon in my advances to that region of bliſs.

I believe the Alcoran is the oracle of God, and it is ſo firmly imprinted in my memory, that I could repeat it verbatim from the beginning to the end without miſſing a verſicle. I give an entire credence to the doctrine of the reſurrection, being naturally deſirous of immortality; but I cannot entertain the groſs conceit which the greateſt part of muſſulmans have of the reſurrection; that is, that our very duſt ſhall be raiſed again, and organiſed into a body. The Nazarenes are of the ſame opinion: but methinks there is no need of ſtretching and ſtraining of nature; beſides, this opinion is inconſiſtent with other fundamental doctrines of the muſſulman law.

We are all taught to believe, that the ſouls of juſt men, ſaints, and martyrs, immediately on their departure from the body, aſcend to Paradiſe. If ſo, then they either live there in an unbodied eſtate, or they have new bodies aſſigned them by the ſame Providence which gave them their old. Be it which way it pleaſes God, it will appear a manifeſt botch in the works of the Omnipotent, and indecorum in nature, to make theſe ſouls either caſt off their new bodies at the day of judgment, for the ſake of their old rotten relics, after they have enjoyed all the

raviſhing delights of Eden for ſo many ages, or to ſtand in need of any bodies at all after they have lived ſo long in a ſeparate condition. There is no ſenſe in it. Doubtleſs, this opinion was firſt hatched by thoſe who believed the ſleep of the ſoul, and held that it was inſeparable from the body; for then they had no other way to comfort themſelves with any probable hopes of a ſurviving immortality, but by maintaining, that as the ſoul ſlept with the body in the grave, ſo both ſoul and body ſhould conjointly riſe again at the day of doom.

Or perhaps this figure of our reſurrection was inculcated to inſinuate the faith of an immortal ſtate into the duller minds of thoſe who were incapable of comprehending either the pre-exiſtence of ſouls, their ſelf-ſubſiſtence after death, or their tranſlation into other bodies.

It ſeems to me much more eaſy to believe, according to the moſt obvious works of nature, that after our diſſolution here, we ſhall either aſſume ſome body of air, fire, or other elemental ſupplement, or by magnetic tranſmigration ſhall be united to ſome vegetable or animal embryo, than to dream of re-collecting all our ſcattered aſhes together after ſo many thouſands of years wherein they have been diſperſed, perhaps, through all the ranges of the univerſe.

Surely our holy lawgiver, and all the other prophets, intended no other thing by the doctrine of the reſurrection, but only to convince the world that the ſoul was immortal, and that conſequently there would be a reward of good and bad works after this life. We ſhall live for ever, old Lawyer; and what ſignifies it whether we have the ſame bodies or others, ſo long as we are happy in any ſtate? And if we are metamorphoſed, we cannot fail of our ſpecific felicity, ſince every creature is happy in his

own eſſence. Then let us be apes, dromedaries, camels, or any thing but hogs, and we ſhall have bliſs enough. That creature is the very emblem of uncleanneſs; and therefore its life cannot be the object of a muſſulman's wiſh. Yet we know not the laws of our change or tranſmigration from this mortal life; for the ſoul, according to Pythagoras and the ancients, is capable of all forms.

If thou wondereſt what has put me upon this diſcourſe, it is the remembrance of what I have heard thee relate, of the apparition of dead men's bones in the cemetery of Grand Cairo in Egypt, at a certain ſeaſon of the year, when multitudes of people by cuſtom flock thither to behold this wonderful ſcene of a ſham reſurrection. I can give it no better title, ſince in all probability it is only the effect of ſome artifice uſed by the Chriſtians to procure money from the admiring crowd; and I am confirmed in this belief by a letter I received from Mehemet, the exiled eunuch, who now reſides at Cairo; and having been curious to obſerve this celebrated miracle, among the other rarities of this city, ſent me ſuch an account of this paſſage as convinces me there is ſome cheat in it.

He tells a great many other things of the ſuperſtition and ignorance of the Egyptians, as to the pyramids and the ſuppoſed ſpirits which guard them. In all, he laments the condition of mortals who have ſo far degenerated from themſelves, and ſuffered their reaſon to be ſo debauched with fables.

Sage Muſtapha, thou art of the race of thoſe who have preſerved ſcience and philoſophy. A halo of light inveſts thy ſoul; let no dark opinion of God and his works eclipſe thy intellects.

Paris, 20th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1655.

IX.—*To* Solyman Kyzbir Aga, *Prince of the Black Eunuchs.*

Thy diſpatch came in a happy hour; yet the contents of it ſurpriſed me. It is a ſtrange turn of fortune, that the baſſa of Aleppo, after ſo many rebellions, ſhould become the Sultan's favourite, and be inveſted in the higheſt dignity of the empire; yet who knows but this may be the only effectual courſe to reclaim him, and of an enemy to render him a friend; for ambition is a vice ſo nearly bordering on virtue, ſo refined and ſubtle in complexion, that when the paſſion which cheriſhes it is once gratified with its proper object, it ſoon becomes a virtue itſelf, and transforms a libertine to a hadgi, ranking a man to-day among the moſt deſerving heroes, who, but yeſterday was in the number of the ſeditious.

Therefore I cannot but highly applaud the counſel of thoſe who perſuaded the Grand Seignior to this uncommon choice of the Viſier Azem. The whole empire has languiſhed for want of a man of abilities in that ſupreme ſtation, ever ſince the ſeal was taken from the moſt illuſtrious Chuſaein Baſſa, through the malice of his enemies; and in this juncture, they could not have pitched on a man more capable of the charge than this bold baſſa, who, beſides his experience in the wars, both by ſea and land, is looked on as the ſtouteſt man in this age. As for his former crimes, they proceeded only from his diſcontent and thirſt of glory, which is now ſufficiently allayed by the bounty of our ſovereign. The cauſe, therefore, of his extravagancies being thus ſeaſonably removed, the effect will naturally ceaſe.

But ſuffer me to aſk thee, Do they not reſent, at the ſeraglio, his approaches to that ſanctuary of mortals with ſuch a formidable retinue? Thou telleſt me, he is at-

tended by forty thouſand men, an equipage fit for a ſovereign monarch. Perhaps it is only the effect of his martial genius, and that he is willing to appear like a ſoldier; or it may be, he really ſuſpected danger, and that he was deſigned for a ſacrifice, which made him come thus guarded to the feet of his maſter, that his ſon might revenge his death, by ſome deſperate attempt on Conſtantinople. Be it how it pleaſes God, it ſeems the ſultan winked at all, and received him with ſuch marks of his eſteem and affection, as are ſeldom vouchſafed to ſubjects. I hope the event will anſwer his expectation. Theſe new methods of clemency may prove more ſucceſsful than the ſevere conduct of former times. Men of great ſouls are ſooner ſubdued by favour, than force and cruelty.

I am extremely obliged to thee for thy inſtructions, which I ſhall exactly obſerve in writing to this ſupreme miniſter. Thou haſt matched my own thoughts in this advice; for knowing that baſſa's temper, it will be policy, as well as juſtice, frankly to own what I have written againſt him, and not ſtuff my letter with abject, fawning ſubmiſſions, or ſneaking excuſes: He is brave himſelf, and will be pleaſed to ſee a man reſolute in his duty.

However, let the conſequence be what it will, I muſt follow the meaſures of my own integrity. There is ſomething ſo ſatisfactory in truth, and an honeſt blunt carriage, as far ſurpaſſes the little faint pleaſures of artifice and diſſimulation; and I ſhould be weary of my life were I forced to preſerve it by ſuch effeminate tricks. Yet I muſt confeſs it is a vaſt encouragement to find thy ſentiments the ſame. What is this world, that we ſhould be ſo fond of it? or what is the life of mortals, that we need be ſo over-ſtudious of prolonging the reſpiration of that

breath, which may with as much eaſe be all breathed out at once, as by ſo many ſucceſſive millions of moments; for death properly poſſeſſes but an inſtant of time; no more does life; every gaſp renews the one, and the laſt commences and finiſhes the other. As to pleaſure and pain, we generally have an equal ſhare of them; and it appears to me an equal, if not a greater happineſs, at once to be freed for ever from the latter, than by ſuch an irkſome compoſition to protract the enjoyment of the former.

Brave Solyman, when I contemplate thy virtue, it inſpires me with courage againſt the vaſt miſts of fear, which the magic of opinion has raiſed before the eyes of mortals. I embrace thee with an extended ſoul, and wiſh thee the two extremes of happineſs, plenitude of joys in this life, and an immortal ſeries of felicity in paradiſe. Live for ever, thou generous ſon of Cham!

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1655.

X.—*To the Moſt Illuſtrious* VISIER AZEM *at the Porte.*

By the ſouls of all my progenitors, I was glad to hear the news of thy advance to this glorious height of power: Yet when thou wert baſſa of Aleppo, and held correſpondence with the Venetians, I accuſed thee to the divan, doing thereby no ſmall ſervice to the Ottoman empire; for which thou haſt now reaſon in honour to reward me, knowing that I prevented a great deal of confuſion and blood. It will not become the firſt miniſter to cheriſh private revenge, or harbour ill thoughts of a faithful ſlave. In diſcovering thy intrigues at that time, I did but perform my duty to the Grand Seignior, thy lord and mine; nay, for ought thou knoweſt, I was hap-

pily inſtrumental in ſaving thy life, which might have been loſt in the purſuit of thoſe hazardous projects thou were then engaged in. Be it how it will, thou art now living, and inſtalled in the moſt illuſtrious charge of the empire; and without flattery I ſpeak it, a braver man could not have aſcended to that dignity. May God long continue thee in it, to the joy and advantage of all the muſſulmans.

All the world extol thy valour and boldneſs; eſpecially the Nazarenes, among whom the baſſa of Aleppo is famous. They alſo highly commend thy juſtice; and thou wilt find in the regiſter, that when I acquainted my ſuperiors of thy revolt, I was not envious in concealing thy virtues.

Therefore I beg of thee not to be partial in thy reſentments, but conſider Mahmut as a faithful ſlave, who will never tranſgreſs the commands of the myſterious Bench, nor ſuffer any ſiniſter motives to bias him, though it were in favour of his own brother; for this is the ſevere conduct that is expected of me by my ſuperiors, and which thou thyſelf wilt require at my hands.

But I believe thou needeſt not theſe addreſſes to move thee to generoſity; thy own native juſtice will ſuggeſt to thee, that I rather merit a reward than a puniſhment for doing my duty, though it were in accuſing thyſelf.

Confiding, therefore, in thy goodneſs, and my own innocence, I ſhall not deſpair of that protection and favour from thee which all thy predeceſſors have afforded me, ſince my arrival at this place; nay, I think thy friendſhip and eſteem is rather due to me, than a thouſand ſycophants and flatterers.

I will in this confidence write freely to thee, as I have been commanded, and vent my thoughts without a ti-

morous reſerve; for thou art the juſt judge of the judges among the faithful.

There is no doubt but thou haſt heard of the Duke of Lorrain, a famous warrior in theſe weſtern parts, but now a priſoner of ſtate in Spain. I ſent intelligence laſt year to Muſtapha Berber Aga of the grounds and circumſtances of this prince's confinement, whereof thou canſt not be ignorant; for all my diſpatches are made public to the miniſters of the bleſſed Porte.

The brother of that duke immediately ſucceeded him, by the King of Spain's orders, in the command of the army in Flanders; they call him Duke Francis. Every body thought that he had conſented to the impriſonment of his brother, as being diſguſted at his incontinency, avarice, and other vices. It was ſuppoſed alſo, that his own ambition, and thirſt of honour, had corrupted the fidelity and love he owed to the ſon of his mother; as knowing, that by his fall he himſelf ſhould riſe to the dignity of general, which his brother enjoyed during his liberty.

But now it is evident that this Duke Francis did all along diſſemble his reſentments of his brother's calamity; for he is lately revolted from the King of Spain, and come over to the French, with five thouſand horſe and foot. He has openly declared, that he will never give reſt to his ſword till he has either procured his brother's releaſe, or deeply revenged the injuries which have been done him. He was received by the French king with all imaginable endearments and careſſes; the whole court are emulous in ſtriving to excel one another in the demonſtrations of their civility and reſpect to this prince: and the [illegible] culled out the beſt quarters for his ſoldiers. The nation is always hoſpitable to ſtrangers; more eſpe-

cially to ſuch as court their friendſhip after this extraordinary way, who enter into their intereſts, and engage in their quarrels. Yet neither France, nor all the kingdoms of Europe together, can match the bounty of the munificent Porte, which pardons and receives, with open embraces, her moſt implacable enemies, on their ſubmiſſions and repentance.

Commander of the muſſulman grandees, thou art but a man, and haſt not exceeded that character in the worſt of thy errors. Now thou art aſſumed to a charge which requires the fidelity and prudence of an angel. If thou ſhalt reform the ſtate, and reſtore the muſſulman affairs to their true luſtre, we ſhall have reaſon to contemplate thy life, in ſome meaſure, as a parallel to that of Craſſus, who was pardoned three treaſons by Cæſar, and afterwards became the moſt loyal and ſerviceable man in the Roman empire.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1655.

XI.—*To* MEHEMET, *an exiled Eunuch, at Cairo in Egypt.*

THOU telleſt me wonderful things of Egypt, ſuch as almoſt ſurpaſs credit; and I perceive thou thyſelf doſt not believe the ſtory of the annual reſurrection of bones, which is ſo much talked of by travellers. My couſin Iſouf ridiculed it with ſmart reaſon, and was almoſt in danger of his life among the bigotted Moors and Coptites.

But I could hardly imagine, there had ſtill remained in that region (which has undergone ſo many revolutions of government) any footſteps of the primitive Egyptians: Yet, it ſeems, the prieſts of thoſe early ages were particularly careful to tranſmit to poſterity an exact hiſ-

tory of their kings, with memoirs of their actions; the building of the pyramids; the place of the ſtatues; the magical mirror; the city of the black eagle; the caſtle of demons, ſeated on the brow of the mountain of the moon; the palace of adamant; with innumerable other rarities.

I tell thee, my dear Mehemet, I know not how to believe all theſe romantic ſtories. It cramps my reaſon to hear of a brazen tree, with iron branches and verſatile hooks, to catch liars and cheats, and there detain them till they ſhould do right to thoſe whom they had injured. Altogether as improbable is the ſtory of Gabdafarouis, the ſtatue ſet up by King Gariac.

Who can read of that monarch's being carried in the air by eagles, but may as well believe the romantic voyage of Domingo Gonſales to the moon. If thou knoweſt not that ſtory, I will tell thee in ſhort, that this was a certain Spaniard, who, in a paſſage to the Indies, being by ſhipwreck caſt on ſhore on the iſland of St. Helena, with a negro, his ſlave, they were put to their ſhifts ſo far as to divide that unpeopled and deſolate iſland between them, out of pure neceſſity, that they might both find proviſion enough to keep them from ſtarving; for it ſeems there was great ſcarcity of every thing that ſerved the uſes of life.

In this condition, Neceſſity, the mother of cunning devices, taught them to hold correſpondence with one another, though living at oppoſite angles of the iſle, by the help of certain wild ſwans, which they took out of their neſts very young, and brought them up, as they do pigeons at Babylon and Aleppo, to be letter-carriers.

Afterwards, as the ſtory goes, Domingo trying ſeveral experiments on his birds, and finding all ſucceſsful, till having got four-and-twenty of them together, and

having brought them up to his lure, he ventured his carcase with them in the air, fastening them together with ropes and other materials; but the extravagant animals one day took wing, and carried their master to the moon, where he resided a considerable time, saw and conversed with divers inhabitants of that neighbouring globe, visited the courts of several lunar princes, and was kindly received by them all, even at the seraglio of the chief emperor, or Grand Seignior himself: And having been presented with three stones of matchless virtue, and other rich gifts, he had his audience of congè, and came down to the earth again, where he published a journal of his travels, out of which I have extracted this short epitome; not thinking it worth the while to trouble thee with the entire relation of his ingenious whimsies.

Doubtless, there is nothing so easy, as to invent new and unheard-of fables, to amuse the credulous world, and captivate their understandings. And I have told thee this as a parallel to those monstrous figments of Egypt; such as that of King Gancam's being carried in a pavilion on the shoulders of spirits, his magical tables, and the rest of his glorious whim-whams; and that of the Queen Borsu, who sat on a fiery throne, and lived in an enchanted castle, whose walls were full of pipes, which conveyed to her the addresses of all sorts of plaintiffs, and her decree and decision of controversies back again to them. Such another is that of Bardesir's silver tower, and his sitting before his people in the clouds of heaven; and Bedoura's sending an angel, who made such a horrible roaring, that it caused an earthquake.

Who can, without laughing, read the story of the Idol of the Test, which distinguished between harlots and virgins by the touch of their hand? or of the spirits which guard the pyramids, one like a naked woman,

walking about in the open air at noon, and making men run mad for love of her; another in the form of an old man, with a baſket on his head, and a cenſer in his hand; a third, of a black woman, with a monſtrous child in her arms? There is no end of ſuch fables; neither can any man of reaſon ſtoop to ſo much eaſineſs as to regard them; and it is a pleaſure to me, when I conſider thee as a man actually ſatirical upon opinions and traditions repugnant to ſenſe.

Mehemet, whilſt thou art in Egypt, remember that thou wert born in Arabia, where ſcience has flouriſhed for theſe thouſand years.

Paris, 28th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1655.

XII.—*To* Zornesan Mustapha, *Baſſa of the Sea.*

I will not pretend to divination, nor flatter thee with preſages of better fortune againſt the Venetians, during thy command of the navy, than thy predeceſſors have had; yet I believe thou haſt more honeſty and valour than ſome of them; and I congratulate thy riſe to this dignity.

If my intelligence be true, a more glorious fleet has not ſailed out of the Ottoman harbours, than appears now at ſea under thy command. May thy ſucceſs anſwer the expectation of the muſſulmans. But I tell thee, thou haſt need to look about thee, for thou wilt encounter a valiant and ſubtle enemy.

Theſe Venetians are not like the reſt of the Nazarenes, ſuperſtitiouſly devoted to the ſentiments of their prieſts: That kind of bigotry chains up men's ſpirits, and renders [illegible] effeminate; it blinds them, and robs them of their [illegible] native vigour: But theſe are bold, reſolute peo-

ple, fearing neither man nor the devil; they are alſo well verſed in ſtratagems, being as cunning as ſerpents: In fine, Veniçe is a commonwealth made up of ſoldiers and ſtateſmen: and thou canſt not expect, that the ſea makes them degenerate; therefore look for hot entertainment whenever thou engageſt thoſe aboriginal tarpawlins. I ſpeak not this to diſcourage thee, but to arm thee with due caution. Thou knoweſt, the ſame God who made them made thee, and all the men in thy fleet; thou haſt alſo the happineſs to ſerve the moſt victorious empire in the world: Fear nothing, therefore; but when thou looſeſt from the Helleſpont, with the invincible fleet, adorned with enſigns of high renown, the proſperous ſtreamers of Mahomet; when thou hearеſt the all-cheering clarions and timbrels, breathing the lofty menaces, the vital airs of war; then let thy noble heart flouriſh with brave thoughts, and briſk reſolutions. Yet let not a falſe aſſurance of victory make thee raſh, and bereave thee of that conduct which is as neceſſary a qualification in a general as courage. Conſider that the fortune of battles is uncertain; therefore do all things with great precaution. Truſt not to the force of thy commiſſion, in that thou fighteſt for the law and honour of the prophet; but remember the proverb of the ancients, which ſays, "The devil often carries the ſtandard of the living God." There may be thoſe in thy fleet who are treacherous, and at the devotion of the Nazarenes; for I hear that both ſpahis and janizaries were very unwilling to embark themſelves; and God knows how far the Venetian gold may work on ſome of the officers. Though their reſentments ſeemed to be appeaſed by the bounty of our glorious ſovereign, yet the ſmalleſt occaſion may renew their old diſcontent again, and put them on more dangerous tumults at ſea than thoſe they were guilty of

ſhore; or at leaſt they will become more remiſs and cold in the ſervice of the Grand Seignior.

Be it how it will, if the navy have not good ſucceſs, the blame of all will be laid on thee. Pardon therefore the freedom I take in adviſing thee, ſince it is an argument of my affection and concern for thy honour and ſafety; and no man can with reaſon be offended at another for warning him of dangers. In a word, I wiſh thee the good fortune of the Engliſh, who have lately taken an iſland in the Weſt Indies from the Spaniards: They call it Jamaica.

It ſeems the King of Spain had poſſeſſed this iſle from the time of the firſt conqueſts in America, where his ſubjects had committed horrid cruelties on the natives; for which they are now puniſhed by that new commonwealth, who boaſt that they are eſtabliſhed by God to reform or overturn all the kingdoms of Europe.

Thou haſt heard, I ſuppoſe, of Oliver, the ſovereign of that nation: He appears like another Jingiz Chan, ſetting up for a prophet and founder of a new empire. He has refuſed the title of King, which was offered him by the Engliſh ſtates, with all the enſigns of royalty; but he aims at a more ſublime character, laying the foundation of his hopes in a pretended modeſty, aſſuming only the ſtyle of Protector. They ſay he talks of leading an army to the gates of Rome, and, when he has ſubdued the pope, that he will march or ſail to Conſtantinople, and drive the Grand Seignior out of his ſeraglio.

I tell thee, theſe are not things to be contemned or laughed at; for this Oliver has the fame of a great and invincible general; and I can aſſure thee, all the neighbouring kings and ſtates court his friendſhip. In fine, he

makes the moſt formidable figure at preſent of any prince in theſe weſtern parts.

If it will divert thee at ſea, to hear of the tranſactions by land, know, that Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus, ſon of the German emperor, is elected King of the Romans in the room of his deceaſed brother. There is alſo a diet aſſembled at Frankfort, where they have too many diſcords and quarrels of their own, to have leiſure to plot any miſchief againſt the empire of true believers. Theſe infidels, in their public councils, are like women ſcolding away the time that ſhould be employed in action.

There arrives daily a great deal of news out of Sweden, Muſcovy, and Poland. One poſt informs us of a plague raging at Moſcow, and other cities of that northern track: Another alarms us with intelligence of ſieges and plundering of towns, diſpeopling of provinces, and a deluge of blood and ſlaughter; for the Swedes, eſpouſing the quarrel of the Muſcovites, endeavour to make their own game in Poland; many princes and great men, with their towns, villages and vaſſals, revolting daily from the unfortunate Caſimir, and ſubmitting to the Swediſh monarch.

And here in France, thoſe that go not to the wars make private campaigns at home: Here is nothing but duelling and murder among men of the ſword; whilſt the eccleſiaſtics are combating one another with their pens, and the lawyers with their tongues.

In Switzerland they are mad about religion. At Dantzic two eagles were ſeen combating in the air [illegible], as if all Nature were in a ferment, the winds have been at variance in the bowels of the earth, which has occaſioned frequent earthquakes in the parts of Germany. The King of Poland's brother is dead, and the Queen-mother of Sweden.

We muſt all die at the determined hour; and there is no other terror in death but what is created by our own opinion, nor any greater pain than attending our birth; for at our diſſolution every element of which we were compounded takes its proper ſhare, and that which is divine in us, returns to that which is divine in the univerſe.

Paris, 28th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1655.

XIII.—*To* Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the Cuſtoms at Conſtantinople.*

Our kinſman Iſouf is now gone for Muſcovy, having viſited the moſt remarkable places in this kingdom. I received a letter from him, dated at Dieppe, a ſea-town over againſt the Engliſh coaſt. He was juſt going aboard, as he tells me, when he delivered his diſpatch to the poſt. God grant him a proſperous voyage to that region, and whitherſoever his genius or fortune carries him.

I am extremely pleaſed with his converſation. Whilſt he was in Paris, I was never ſenſible of melancholy, unleſs it were in the evenings, which forced us to part company. He has an excellent memory, and recounts all the adventures of his life with a great deal of eaſe, both to himſelf and his hearers. He never was at a loſs for matter, or confounded one circumſtance with another, but, ranking every thing in its due time and place, delivered all with a clearneſs and grace which affected me with ſingular delight.

Beſides, he has a ready wit, lively fancy, and judgment enough for one of his years. I tell thee, the relations he has made of his travels, with his regular deportment here in Paris, of which I have been a witneſs, have

imprinted in me ſuch an opinion of his abilities, that I have truſted him with ſome particular inſtructions, in order to a ſettled correſpondence between us, in whatſoever court he reſides: for, in a word, I find him mature enough for buſineſs of moment; and it is pity his parts ſhould be buried, without ever appearing in action.

If he ſucceeds in what I have put him upon, when he arrives at Archangel, a ſea-port of Ruſſia, and a place of great commerce and traffic, I ſhall have good reaſon to hope for more important matters when he comes to Moſcow, the chief city of the men who worſhip the eyes of their emperor: And then it will be time to give a due character of him to the miniſters of the Porte, wherein thou wilt have many opportunities to perform the office of a kinſman and friend. Thoſe of the ſame blood ought thus to ſerve one another with integrity and affection; for in ſo doing, we help ourſelves, ſtrengthen the intereſt of our family, and ſhall find returns in time of need. As thou haſt received favour from Kerker Haſſan Baſſa, on the ſcore of being his countryman, ſo there is greater reaſon that thou ſhouldeſt ſhow kindneſs to Iſouf, who partakes of our blood.

There ariſes a vaſt complacency from doing good offices, though to a ſtranger, or even to an enemy. Man is naturally generous; and he has debauched his ſoul who acts contrary to this principle. Yet the greateſt part of men are degenerated; they purſue lions, tygers, bears, and ſuch like ravenous beaſts, with inexorable hatred and revenge; they bear ſecret antipathies againſt ſpiders, toads, ſerpents, and other venomous creatures; and yet they are all theſe things, or worſe, themſelves. Ever ſince Aſtræa abandoned the earth, there has been a ſtrange metamorphoſis in our race; men have, for the moſt part, forſaken their humanity, and changed natur

with the ſavages; nay, we tranſcend them in whatſoever is cruel and vicious; as if our reaſon were given us only to teach us the moſt refined methods of impiety, and to be a more exquiſite ſpur to vice.

Iſouf has preſented me with ſolid obſervations of this kind in his travels, eſpecially in Afric: He ſays, that region is not more prolific of ſtrange and horrible beaſts, than it is of monſtrous men, brutes, and devils in human ſhape. And though he relates ſome fair things of the Indians, and other people in Aſia, yet they are intermixed with tragical reports and mournful memoirs, ſuch as ſtain the hiſtory of our race, and make it evident that it is hard to meet with one good man among ten thouſand. The whole world is over-run with oppreſſion, cruelty, avarice, perfidy and luſt.

He relates ſtrange things of the antiquities of Egypt: He calls it the only ſcene of wonders and miracles on earth. Indeed this country was ever famous among all nations for the wiſdom and learning of her prieſts, who, in the firſt ages of the world, underſtood all the ſecrets of the elements, the virtue of plants and minerals, and were perfectly verſed in the ſcience of the ſtars and ſpirits, and in all manner of myſterious knowledge; they were ſaid to make ſtatues and images that could ſpeak, walk, run, and counterfeit all human actions; they were alſo exquiſite in making miraculous taliſmans and mirrors, with any kind of magical work, whereby they kept the people, and even the princes, in profound awe and veneration of their prodigious knowledge and power, and likewiſe defended their country againſt all invaders; for no ſooner did an enemy appear with his armies on the frontiers of Egypt, but theſe prieſts had preſent intimation of it by their ſecret art, even in their chambers, perhaps at an hundred leagues diſtance; then, by their

enchantments, they either caused fire to consume them in their camps, or turned their swords against each other, or sent an army of winged serpents to destroy them; so that for many ages no king ever prospered that fought against the Egyptians.

But let not thou and I, dear brother, suffer our reason to degenerate, by giving credit to fictions and romances, though vouched by some of our countrymen, such as Morat Alzeman, Eb'n Abdalhokm, and others.

He also tells many remarkable passages of the pyramids of Cairo, the overflowing of the Nile, the mummies, and other things, which I have not now time to rehearse; but in another letter I will gratify thee with a more ample account of his observations.

In the mean time, live thou to enjoy the fruits of thy own travels in the East, which, if it matches not the South in prodigies and stupendous inventions, yet it surpasses both it and all the rest of the world in justice and morality.

Paris, 17th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1655.

XIV.—*To* Ismael Kaïdar, Cheik, *a Man of the Law.*

Thou hast the character and fame of a great historian, a man of intelligence both in the records of past times, and the transactions of the present; therefore the name of Christina, late Queen of Sweden, cannot be strange to thee. I doubt not but thou hast heard of this princess, so celebrated throughout the earth for her learning and other noble accomplishments, and how she voluntarily resigned the crown to one of her kinsmen; but, perhaps, thou knowest not the true motives which induced her to

this royal caprice, for it deſerves no better name, as thou wilt underſtand by the ſequel.

Her father, who, for his ſucceſsful wars and perpetual victories, was called the Great Guſtave, dying, left her in the entire poſſeſſion of his kingdom and new conqueſts in Germany; but during the time of her reign, Piementelli, the Spaniſh ambaſſador at Stockholm, by daily converſing with this great queen, uſed ſuch plauſible inſinuations, as to prevail on her to have a more favourable opinion of the pope, and his religion, than ſhe had before entertained; for all the Swedes are educated in an averſion for thoſe of the Roman faith. I need not explain to thee theſe diſtinctions of belief among the Nazarenes; thou art verſed in their hiſtory as well as in our own; ſuffice it to ſay, that this ambaſſador poſſeſſed Chriſtina with ſo fair an idea of the Catholic religion, that ſhe abandoned her crown, and has ever ſince been a queen-errant, a royal rambler through Europe, being reſolved to make experiment of the generoſity of Catholic princes, whoſe virtues Piementelli had ſo highly extolled.

It would be a work of ſeven moons, for the moſt induſtrious ſcribe to relate all the particular magnificences with which ſhe has been entertained in her travels through Germany, Flanders, Alſace, Inſpruck, Italy, and Rome, where ſhe now reſides. Every prince of the Roman church, through whoſe territories ſhe paſſed, was ambitious to appear prodigal of his favours and civilities to their illuſtrious ſtranger; perhaps, to evade the laſhes of her wit, which, they ſay, is very ſatirical; or it may be for other reaſons more forcible and poignant. Be it how it will, the Roman wits have not ſpared her, as thou wilt perceive by the following verſes, which, on the firſt day of the moon of January, were found in the hand of Paſ-

quin, and on the portal of the palace Ferneſe, where ſhe reſides:

Pazza, Gobba, et Zoppa viene dal Norte,
Del Monarcha Invitto l' indegna Figlia,
Mentre Pologna Gente et ſi Scompiglia,
A vane Pompe Roma apre le Porte;
Contra queſti Applauſi l' ungrida ſorte,
Et in baſſe Note l' altro bis Biglia,
Corre la Sciocca Genti, alza le ciglia,
Ride Paſquin del Papa, et della Corte.
Su ſu venite voi Ruffiani Snelli,
Et portate a Chriſtina 'ſtravagante,
Di venere il Scettro ne i Pazzarelli:
Vuol parar dotta, et è rozza Pedante,
E in Braccio a mangiator di Ravanelli
Vuol parer caſta, et è Putana Errante.

I ſend thee theſe verſes in the original, knowing thou art a critic in the Italian language; beſides they will not ſound ſo well in Arabic. Thou that haſt been in Rome, knoweſt what Paſquin is, and art no ſtranger to the humours of that city.

Let not lampoons of moroſe Italians abate thy charity for this renowned princeſs, but let her extravagancies be an argument of the greatneſs of her ſoul; and remember the old Roman proverb, which ſays, "There is no ſurpaſſing genius, without ſome mixture of madneſs."

Paris, 30th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1656.

XV.—*To the ſame.*

HAVING the ſpace of an hour before the poſt goes, I could not forbear to inform thee of a new ſtar which lately appeared in theſe parts, moving in a direct line

from eaſt to north. The aſtronomers have made accurate obſervations of it, and yet are at a loſs what to conclude. Some ſay it is below the moon; others place it in the ſphere of the fixed ſtars; one will have it a meteor; a ſecond affirms it to be a planet; whilſt the Jews report every where, that it is the ſtar of Jacob, and a ſign that their Meſſias is at hand.

Nathan Ben Saddi, one of that nation at Vienna, ſends me ſtrange ſtories concerning the prodigies which ſhall go before, and accompany the appearance of the deliverer of Iſrael, as he calls him.

He ſays, there ſhall ſpeedily come a ſort of people from the uttermoſt parts of the earth, of a black and horrible aſpect, ſo that whoever ſhall but caſt an eye on any of them ſhall immediately die, as by the glance of a baſiliſk; for every one of them ſhall have two heads and ſeven eyes, glowing and ſending forth ſparks of fire as poiſonous as the flaſhes of the wind El-Samiql in Arabia. They ſhall alſo be ſwift as ſtags. And about the ſame time, an extraordinary heat ſhall flow from the ſun, which being diſperſed through the elements, ſhall corrupt the air, earth, and waters, and infect all this lower world with ſuch peſtilential qualities, that a million of Gentiles (for ſo the Jews call all that are not of their own nation) ſhall die every day; and men ſhall be in ſo great conſternation, that they ſhall run up and down the ſtreets, crying, "Wo, wo to us and our children!" They ſhall dig their own graves, and go down into them of their own accord, expecting death; but that all this time, the Jews ſhall be in ſafety and in health.

This Hebrew adds, that the light of the ſun ſhall be totally extinguiſhed for the ſpace of thirty days; during which horrible darkneſs, the Chriſtians and Mahometans ſhall acknowledge their errors, and many of them ſhall

embrace the law of Moſes; for which God, being moved to mercy, will reſtore that planet again to its former brightneſs.

But what he ſays next is an unhappy preſage to the Romans, whoſe empire, according to this tradition, ſhall be extended over all the regions of the earth for the ſpace of nine moons; after which term, God ſhall ſend the firſt Meſſias, the ſon of Joſeph, who ſhall gather the diſperſed tribes of Iſrael, and conduct them to Jeruſalem; from whence he ſhall iſſue forth, with a victorious army, and lay waſte the Roman empire, ſack Rome itſelf, and carry away the immenſe riches of the Chriſtians to Jeruſalem; and the very fear of him ſhall reduce all nations to his obedience: He ſhall fight with Armillai Haraſcha, the antichriſt of the Chriſtians, and ſhall deſtroy two hundred thouſand of Armillai's followers, but in the end ſhall be ſlain himſelf, and the good angels ſhall tranſport his body to the apartment of the fathers.

The Jews hold, that this Armillai ſhall ſpring out of an image of the Virgin Mary in Rome, made of marble, with which the moſt wicked and profligate among men ſhall be enamoured, and commit the moſt execrable uncleanneſs that can be named. The reſult of theſe adulterous congreſſes ſhall be, that the ſtatue, by a ſupernatural power, ſhall prove impregnate; and cleaving aſunder, ſhall be delivered of this young antichriſt, who is to vex and perſecute the Jews, and afflict them with greater calamities than either they or their fathers felt ſince the beginning of the world: They ſhall be forced to flee into the deſerts, and hide themſelves in the dens and caves of the earth, living only on the graſs and herbage, with the leaves of trees, till the great Michael, the archangel, ſhall thrice wind his horn; then ſhall the ſecond Meſſias, the ſon of David, with Elias the prophet, appear, who

ſhall reſcue them out of all their troubles, and lead them triumphant to paradiſe.

This is the ſum of what Nathan and all the Jews believe concerning the laſt times, which they ſay are now approaching, as is evident by the riſing of this new ſtar, accompanied with terrible thunders and lightnings. And the chief patriarch, or prince of the Jews, is come from Jeruſalem to Vienna, to prepare thoſe of his nation in theſe weſtern parts, for the grand revolutions which they believe are ready to fall out in the world. All the Jews in that city went out a league to meet him, with great pomp and ſolemnity.

In the mean while, I hear that the ſon of the late Viſier Azem makes a confuſion among you at Conſtantinople, and the parts adjacent, being at the head of fifty thouſand men, on pretence to revenge the death of his father, but really to recover his raviſhed miſtreſs, the fair Sultana Zamiouvre, who was forced from his ſeraglio by the Grand Seignior's command. Women and wine, according to the proverb of the Franks, make all the diſturbance in the world; and without calling to remembrance the Trojan wars, the unhappy effects of Helena's perfidy, we may conclude, that women are the occaſions of many quarrels among us.

There is a peace lately concluded between the French and the new Engliſh commonwealth; by which means the exiled king of the Scots was forced to depart from this realm, which has been his ſanctuary for many years. He went away at the beginning of the treaty, and has wandered up and down Germany ever ſince, ſometimes keeping a court like a king, at other times living incognito, and very privately, with only two or three attendants. That poor prince is very unfortunate; yet they ſay he bears his calamity with ſingular moderation, and a

certain royal ſtiffneſs of mind, which will rather break than bend.

This pope is a great peace-maker, and has ſent nuncios with letters to all the princes of Chriſtendom within the pale of the Roman church, earneſtly perſuading them to unity and friendſhip, that ſo their arms may be turned againſt the muſſulmans. His predeceſſor was of another ſentiment, and would not intermeddle in the quarrels of any. One day, as he was looking out of a window of his palace with ſome cardinals, they eſpied two men fighting in the ſtreet, whereupon they deſired the holy father to interpoſe his authority, and command peace; but he refuſed, ſaying, "Let them fight it out, and then they will be good friends of courſe." And turning to the Spaniſh ambaſſador, he ſaid, "So will it fare with your maſter and the King of France; when they have ſufficiently wearied out one another with wars, they will gladly embrace the propoſals of peace."

Here is great rejoicing for the reconciliation newly made between the king and his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, who have been eſtranged a long time, the latter having eſpouſed the Prince of Conde's cauſe; but now he has abandoned it, and is come to the court.

Theſe infidels are as inconſtant as the winds, which vary to all the points of the compaſs.

Paris, 30th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1656.

XVI.—*To* SOLYMAN, *his Couſin, at Scutari.*

I SEE thou art given over to a ſpirit of diſcontent: Nothing can pleaſe thee: Thou murmureſt at Providence, and caſteſt obloquies on the ways of God, as if the order

of all things, and the eſtabliſhed economy of the univerſe, muſt be changed to gratify thy humour.

Formerly thou wert troubled with dull, melancholy thoughts about religion; now thou art angry with thy trade, and pineſt that thou wert not educated in the academy. A mechanic life, thou ſayeſt, is tedious and irkſome, beſides that it is beneath one of thy blood to be always employed in making of turbans; thou wiſheſt rather to have been a courtier, ſoldier, or any thing ſave what thou art.

Couſin, let not pride and ambition corrupt thy manners. Doſt thou not conſider that all true believers are obliged to exerciſe ſome manual occupation, and that the Sultan himſelf is not exempted from this duty? Did not the Prophet himſelf practiſe it, and enjoin it to all his followers? Haſt thou not heard of his words, when he ſaid, "No man can eat any thing ſweeter in this world than what is acquired by his own labour." Doubtleſs all the prophets and holy men have gained their bread by their lawful employments: Adam was a gardener, Abel a ſhepherd, Seth a weaver, Enoch a tailor, Noah a ſhipwright, Moſes, Saguib, and Mahomet, were ſhepherds; Jeſus the ſon of Mary, a carpenter, Abubecre, Omar, Othman, Gali, and Gabdomachaman, were merchants.

Doſt thou eſteem thyſelf of better blood than Adam, from whom thou receivedſt thine? For ſhame! prefer not thyſelf to Noah, the reſtorer of mankind, to Jeſus the Meſſias, to Mahomet our holy lawgiver, and to the reſt of thoſe excellent perſons, who thought it no contempt to work at their ſeveral trades, and eat the bread of their own labour.

Beſides, doſt thou conſider the dangerous intrigues of a prince's court? Art thou ſufficiently armed with wit

and dexterity to ſecure thy ſtation againſt the wily trains of deſigning men? I do not reproach thy abilities; yet I think thou wilt do better in the poſt allotted thee by deſtiny, that is, in thy proper calling, than in the perilous condition of thoſe who ſtand or fall at the pleaſure of others; whereas thou art now thy own man, and needeſt fear no tempeſts of ſtate, or frowns of thy prince, ſo long as thou purſueſt none but thy private affairs. Many ſovereign monarchs have envied ſuch as thee, when they have ſeen how cheerfully and quietly they paſs away their time under the umbrella of an obſcure and private life; whereas, at the court there is nothing but intriguing, plotting, and treachery, one undermining another to make way for their own advance. The court is a perfect theatre of fraud, diſſimulation, envy, malice, and a thouſand vices, which there act their various parts under the habit and diſguiſe of ſeeming virtues. There a man muſt flatter the great, and ſpeak againſt his own ſenſe and the truth, to procure the favour of ſome dignified fool, than which nothing is more ignoble and baſe.

This puts me in mind of a pleaſant repartee which Diogenes the philoſopher gave to a courtier: The ſpark, paſſing by Diogenes as he ſat in a tub eating of turnips, put this ſcoff upon him; "Diogenes, (ſaid he) if thou wouldſt but learn the art of flattery, thou needeſt not ſit here in a tub ſcranching of roots." To whom the philoſopher replied, "And thou vain-glorious man, if thou wouldſt but learn to live contented with my homely fare, needeſt not condeſcend to the fawning of a ſpaniel."

But, couſin, let not this paſſage cauſe thee to emulate the philoſopher's manner of life, for he had his vices as well as other men. If he was no flatterer, yet he was proud and opiniative; he laid trains for the applauſe of

men in all his actions, and ſo taught others to become flatterers, though he was none himſelf. All his pretended humility, mortification, and rigour, were but ſo many decoys for fame. Of this Plato was ſenſible, who was a far more excellent philoſopher than he. As this ſage was one day walking with ſome of his friends in the fields, they ſhowed him Diogenes ſtanding up to the chin in water, whoſe ſuperficies was frozen over, ſave one hole that Diogenes had made for himſelf: "Puh, (ſays Plato) do not regard him, and he will ſoon be out; for had he not ſeen us coming this way, he would not have put himſelf to this pain." Another time this philoſopher came to Plato's houſe, and as he walked on the rich carpets, with which the floor of the hall was covered; "See (ſaid Diogenes) how I trample on Plato's pride." "Yes, (ſaid Plato) but with greater pride."

Certainly the greateſt philoſophers, doctors, and even ſaints themſelves, have their errors and failings. Do not therefore affect to change thy calling for the life of a ſtudent or a contemplative man; for the ſame diſcontent will ſtill haunt thee in that ſtate which makes thee ſo uneaſy now. Thou art a perfect ſtranger to the intolerable anguiſh of mind which afflicts thinking men, and ſuch as apply themſelves to the ſtudy of the ſciences. They labour under a perpetual thirſt of knowledge, and the more they learn, the greater and more ardent is their deſire of farther diſcoveries; ſo that the moſt accompliſhed ſages are no more ſatisfied with their own acquiſitions than he who has never meddled with books.

Then, as to their bodies, they are always vexed with one malady or other, proceeding from the violent agitation of their ſpirits, the intenſeneſs of their thoughts, perpetual poring upon books, and their ſedentary life.

In all that I have ſaid I do not diſſuade thee from ſeek-

ing after knowledge; I rather counſel thee to read books, and I gave thee the ſame advice in a former letter; but do it with moderation; let not thy ſtudies intrench on the affairs of thy calling; read hiſtories or other tracts, according to thy fancy, when thou haſt nothing elſe to do; but do not follow it ſo cloſe as if thou aſpiredſt to the character of a complete hiſtorian or philoſopher: Still remember that thou art a turban-maker, and that by the decrees of fate thou art born for this buſineſs. Follow it with alacrity and mirth. When thou art at thy work, it will be pleaſant meditating on what thou haſt read at thy ſpare hours. Thou wilt find thyſelf much more happy in thus mixing ſtudies with the neceſſary offices of thy trade, than in abandoning thyſelf wholly to a contemplative life: And in the midſt of thy diſguſts thou mayeſt comfort thyſelf with this reflection, that thou art of none of the moſt deſpicable callings which ſerve the neceſſities of man's body. Had thy employment been only to make papouches or ſandals which cover the feet, it might have been an argument of diſcontent to thee, in regard the foot is the moſt contemptible member of the body; but now thou paſſeſt thy time in making ornaments for the head, which is the nobleſt part, and commander of all the reſt, thou haſt no reaſon to repine.

If after all thou reſolveſt to change thy courſe of life, I adviſe thee to turn ſoldier, for then thou muſt be contented and patient perforce.

Paris, 13th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1656.

XVII.—*To* MELEC AMET.

THE Nazarenes boaſt much of the new converts they have made from the Muſſulman law to the faith of Jeſus the Son of Mary. On the 23d of the laſt moon, a Moor of Tripoli was baptized in a church of this city, and the next day he was anointed with their chriſm, or holy oil, (as they call it) which they ſay has a virtue to confirm and ſtrengthen him in his new religion. On the 25th he was clothed all in white linen, and walked in proceſſion through the ſtreets, with muſic playing before them, whilſt the ground was ſtrowed with flowers. When he arrived at the great moſque of this city, a prieſt gave him that which they eſteem the body of the Meſſias, but, in reality, is only a wafer, with the figure of a man crucified on it. Theſe wafers are made and ſold to the prieſts by the common bakers of the town, and yet they make the poor ignorant people believe with four words they can change them into an immortal God.

The renegado Moor appears very zealous and devout, frequenting the temples, and viſiting all holy places. He walks along the ſtreets with beads in his hands, which the people interpret as an argument of his piety to the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jeſus; for when they pray to her, it is the cuſtom to number their oriſons on beads. But all this while they conſider not that he may be an hypocrite as to their religion, and, inſtead of addreſſing his prayers to her, may direct them to God alone, as all the true faithful do who uſe beads in rehearſing the divine ejaculations, as well as the Chriſtians in repeating their Ave Maria, which they ſay was the ſalutation that Gabriel gave the Virgin when he entered her oratory.

Be it how it will, he gets abundance of money by his devotion; for the Franks are really very charitable, and

give plentiful alms to the poor; but eſpecially to one under his circumſtances they are extremely liberal, that ſo they may imprint in him a more fervent affection, and profound reverence for their religion.

But he is not the only convert they brag of; many captives they either wheedle or force to turn Chriſtians. Thus, he that was taken at ſea by the ſhips of Malta twelve years ago, when it was reported through Chriſtendom that he was the Grand Seignior's ſon, is of late turned Chriſtian and friar, having ſolemnly, and in public, abjured the muſſulman law, curſed our holy Prophet, and all thoſe of his race, with the believers of the Alcoran. He is like to come to great preferment in the Roman church: They call him the Ottoman Father; and boaſt, that the true heir of the Turkiſh empire is a Chriſtian, and in their cuſtody.

Yet, after all, the proſelyte of greateſt fame is Don Philippo, the ſon of the Dey of Tunis, of whom I made mention in one of my former letters. This prince is now at Valentia, under the King of Spain's juriſdiction, who allows him a conſiderable penſion, and has given him leave to marry a princeſs of that country, very beautiful and ingenious, but of a poor fortune: He has one ſon by her; and it is ſaid the King of Spain deſigns to ſet forth a mighty fleet of ſhips, and, having furniſhed this prince with all things neceſſary for a warlike expedition, will ſend him thus equipped to claim the government of Tunis; or, in caſe of denial, to make a deſcent in that kingdom, and fight for it. But I believe this will only prove a Spaniſh rhodomantade, that monarch having work enough cut out for him in Europe and America by the French and Engliſh, to divert him from any ſuch wild enterpriſe on Afric. However it be, this Don Philippo is much talked of in Chriſtendom,

and the Spaniards flatter themſelves with the hopes of conquering a great part of Barbary by his means, he having many friends and a conſiderable intereſt in thoſe parts.

Thou mayeſt acquaint the divan, that Oſman the dwarf is ſtill living, and ſerves the Porte with a ſecret and untainted zeal. Two days ago he diſcovered a cunning practice of Cardinal Mazarini, whoſe motions and intrigues he watches very narrowly. He aſſures me that this miniſter has diſpatched away two agents to the King of Sweden and Elector of Brandenburgh, with a letter to each of theſe princes from the King of France, alſo with blank papers and the king's ſeal, giving them inſtructions to fill up thoſe blanks, and ſeal them with the king's ſignet, according as they found the treaty go forward between thoſe princes. The main deſign of this trick being to hinder them from entering into a league againſt the King of Poland, by all the artifice theſe agents could uſe, in exactly timing and ſuiting their counterfeit letters to the difficulties and miſunderſtandings that always happen in ſuch treaties, that ſo they may exaſperate each party againſt the other as occaſion offered, without being obliged to ſend to France for freſh letters, which would breed too much delay, and ſpoil their deſign.

By this thou mayeſt perceive that Cardinal Mazarini comes not ſhort of his predeceſſor Richlieu in managing the affairs of foreign courts. He is the very ſoul of all the grand buſineſs in Chriſtendom.

A general heart-burning has poſſeſſed the French, eſpecially the inhabitants of Paris, ever ſince the concluſion of the laſt year, when the king iſſued out certain orders, commanding that all the gold and ſilver money in the kingdom ſhould be brought into his mint to be new-

coined. The merchants firſt complained of this edict, and then it was murmured at by all the trading people; at length the parliament of Paris took it into their conſideration, and oppoſed the king's pleaſure; upon which he baniſhed eight of their members, and has ſeveral times prohibited them to aſſemble; yet they perſiſted to meet till he baniſhed more of them, which, inſtead of awing them into the expected compliance, has but incenſed them more; and the diſcontented clergy blow up the coals, as do likewiſe the friends of the Prince of Conde. The parliament are very bold and peremptory in their proceedings, having expreſsly forbid the citizens of Paris to obey the king's order, and decreed that nothing ſhall be done in their aſſembly till the baniſhed ſenators be recalled.

Things being at this paſs, we expect nothing but inſurrections, maſſacres, and other effects of popular fury. The rich are laying in vaſt quantities of corn and other proviſions, as if they expected a ſiege; and the poor fare the better for it, whilſt great largeſſes are given among them by the grandees of the parliament, to engage them in the faction. Beſides, thou knoweſt, the multitude always delight in novelty and ſtate tempeſts, hoping for plunder, and to enrich themſelves by the ruin of others.

I know not what conduct is fitteſt for me to uſe in this caſe; whether it will be beſt for me to abide in this city, or follow the court, which is now at La Fere in Picardy; or whether I ſhould retire to ſome other place leſs liable to civil diſturbances. I wiſh the miniſters of the Porte would ſend me full inſtructions what I ought to do in theſe emergencies.

From Rome we hear that the pope and cardinals are in great conſternation, on ſome intelligence they have re-

ceived, that the Engliſh intend to make a deſcent on the territories of the church. That nation is now become the great bugbear of all Europe, ſince they have moulded themſelves into a commonwealth.

Every kingdom and empire has a time to riſe and another to fall. But who can determine the period wherein the Ottoman glory will decline, which is not yet advanced to its zenith?

Paris, 27th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1656.

XVIII.—*To* Sedree Al' Giraw'n, *Chief Treaſurer to the Grand Seignior.*

Thy virtues have at length raiſed thee to a glorious truſt, the charge of immenſe wealth. Thou haſt in thy cuſtody the riches which cannot be matched in the univerſe. God inſpire thee with graces ſuitable to a dignity ſo full of temptations. I hope thou wilt not be affronted at my prayer, as was thy predeceſſor Kienan Baſſa at ſome counſels of like nature, which I gave him in a letter. Some men are ſtrangely choleric, and look on thoſe as enemies who give them good advice. I only warned him of the ordinary cheats that are practiſed at certain times in the treaſury, which thou knoweſt to be true as well as I; and I tell thee farther, he himſelf was ſuſpected by many in the ſeraglio not to have been altogether exempt from guilt.

Whether he were or not, I performed but my duty in giving him neceſſary cautions; for ſuch is the will of my ſuperiors that I ſhould not be afraid to unravel the ſecrets of thoſe who are falſe to the Grand Seignior. I did not charge him with ſuch a crime, and therefore he [illegible] reaſon to be angry; but ſome men will pick a

quarrel with their own ſhadows. In a word, this grandee forgot himſelf.

In ſaying ſo, I do not reflect on his original, or that he was found ſleeping on a dunghill in Ruſſia, a poor ragged infant, when the Tartars took him captive, among many thouſands of others, in the plunder of Tſinarow, and ſold him to the Capa Agaſi for thirteen piaſtres, by reaſon of his beauty. I do not call to mind the circumſtances of his youth, ſince it is common for the meaneſt ſlaves to arrive at an extraordinary grandeur by their merits, or at leaſt through the favour of the Sultan.

But what I aim at is, that in his being diſguſted at the remonſtrances I made of ſome private and ſiniſter practices in the treaſury, he forgot that he himſelf is ſtill a ſlave to the Grand Seignior as well as I, and therefore not above inſtruction.

Well, it ſeems he is now made captain baſſa, and thou ſucceedeſt him in the office of treaſurer. To him I wiſh all imaginable ſucceſs and victories at ſea, for the ſake of our great maſter and the muſſulman empire; to thee, for thy own ſake, and for my brother's, whom I know thou wilt ever reſpect as a friend, I wiſh increaſe of riches and honours, even as thy merits and ſervices augment in the eſteem of the Sultan, and of all the world.

And I tell thee, I have far livelier hopes to ſee this latter wiſh take effect than the former; for what reaſon have we to expect better luck from the courage or conduct of this Ouroos Kienan, than from the brave Zornefan Muſtapha who commanded the fleet laſt year?

This unhappy thought has put me into as melancholy a humour as Æneas was in, when the Queen of Carthage required an account of the Trojan wars; for I have heard that Cara Muſtapha Baſſa ſucceeded Zornefan in the command of the fleet, and in the revolution of a

moon, was made manſoul again for the ſake of Kiehan Baſſa, or rather for the ſake of the licentious ſoldiers, who, it ſeems, command all things. I have been informed alſo of all the other tragedies acted at the ſeraglio ſince the ſecond moon of this year; neither are the cauſes and origin of ſo much ſlaughter and bloodſhed hid from me. It is too apparent that there is an univerſal diſorder and corruption in the diſcipline of the janizaries.

I formerly wrote to the Kiaya Bey on this account; but it ſeems avarice, the root of all evil, has rendered him inſenſible and obdurate.

Is it not a ſhame that the pay of thoſe who ſerve the Grand Seignior in the wars ſhould be detained not three or four moons, but five or ſix years, by their corrupt officers? They ſit at home enjoying their eaſe, revelling in taverns, and committing a thouſand riots; whilſt the others undergo numberleſs fatigues abroad, and are reduced to the extremeſt neceſſities, not having ſo much as the veſts allowed them by the Sultan to cover their nakedneſs! And if they complain of their ſufferings, inſtead of redreſs, they meet with nothing but taunts and reproaches, as if they were not worthy to eat the Sultan's bread and ſalt, though they freely hazard their lives for him. It is no wonder the janizaries are ſo unbridled in their rage after ſo many provocations.

Yet I cannot but lament the fate of thoſe unfortunate men who were ſacrificed to the fury of that inſolent militia; eſpecially I condole the loſs of the brave Solyman Kyzlir Aga. The janizaries had an old grudge againſt him ever ſince his hot diſpute with the Boſtangi Baſſa, and now they were reſolved to execute their revenge.

As for the Kiaya Bey, it ſeems to be a ſtroke of divine juſtice, that he, who had been the cauſe of all this

mutiny, ſhould in remorſe ſtrangle himſelf, and ſo go to hell as an expiation for the many lives he had caſt away.

And there is little leſs to be ſaid in reſpect of the mufti, who was the chief of thoſe who betrayed their maſter, Sultan Ibrahim. To tell thee my true reſentments, I am heartily ſorry for all the reſt; but to thoſe who were concerned in that treaſon there ſeems no pity due; and the mufti may thank God and his good ſtars, that his life went not with the others. They report here, he is fled into Egypt.

But what was that Gelep Aſſan who headed this rabble of mutineers? I have heard nothing of him before the intelligence I received of his ſudden riſe, and equally precipitate fall, during this tumult. He was, I ſuppoſe, ſome paſſionate fool, of an ill-contrived midriff, which uſed to make a quarrel between his heart and his ſpleen; and from this inteſtine broil he habitually learned the way to ſet people together by the ears; a popular man, an incendiary, and one that knew how to wheedle the vulgar to his own ruin. Who can give an account of theſe things? or who can unravel the web of deſtiny? Though there is nothing ſtrange in his particular caſe, yet in the general it is prodigious, that ſuch little inſtruments ſhould be able to give ſo terrible a ſhock to the frame of an ancient and mighty government.

He was a man of no fame or character, and yet for the ſpace of two moons he may be ſaid to command the greateſt ſovereign in the world, ſole proprietor of fame and honour; and had he pulhed on his intereſt, it is not improbable but that he might have exalted himſelf above his maſter, and ſecured his poſt againſt all after-claps; for, according to my intelligence, he had, during the ſedition, heaped together prodigious ſums of money, the preſents of baſſas, and other miniſters of the Porte, who

all adored this new-riſing comet, and fought his protection and favour againſt the barbarous rabble. But it ſeems he was infatuated with too much glory, and conſidered not that every body watched all opportunities and occaſions to ruin him; and that his very followers would be the firſt to betray him as ſoon as the hurry of their inſurrection was over. This generally happens to all ringleaders of parties; when once the ſpirits of a faction are ſpent, the lees (which conſiſt of regret and confuſion) are diſcharged on thoſe who firſt fermented them, mixed with the revenge of the ſtate.

There are abundance of great and brave men gone; but the old Negidher was of their council, and he brought them to ruin, as he did the Coreis of Mecca, when they conſpired againſt the life of the Prophet. This devil entered the temple, where they were aſſembled, in the ſhape of an ancient man, decrepid, and leaning on a crutch; and when he was commanded to withdraw, he told them, "He was a ſenior, who had ſeen all ages, and remarked the occurrences of times; that he was expert in unfolding ſecrets, and rendering difficult things eaſy." In a word, he uſed ſo many plauſible inſinuations, that they admitted him into their aſſembly: But none of their counſels proſpered.

That malicious demon is often preſent in the cabals of ſeditious men; and though they ſee him not, yet he ſecretly undermines their plots, and brings them to ſhame and puniſhment: For he is the ſpirit of envy; and though he be himſelf a rebel, and the ringleader of a faction in the kingdom of the air, yet ſuch is his ſpiteful nature, that he ſeldom ſuffers any rebellion to thrive on earth; not for any love that he bears to government, but becauſe he delights to be active in miſchief, be it

where it will; and the guardian ſpirits will not ſuffer him to mix with the eſtabliſhed divans of an empire.

The all-good God preſerve thee from the malice of wicked demons that always hover about treaſures of gold and ſilver.

Paris, 22d of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1656.

XIX.—*To the ſame.*

THE troubles of the Sublime Porte touched me ſo nearly, and embarked my ſoul in ſuch a tempeſt of ſolicitous thoughts and anxieties for the honour and ſafety of the Oſman empire, that I had no leiſure to think of my own particular hazards whilſt I was writing the other letter; yet I have been engulphed in abundance of vexatious circumſtances and perilous accidents.

It generally happens, that when one misfortune befals a man, it brings a train along with it; ſo that at ſome ſeaſons we ſeem to be beſieged with evils, or at leaſt ſo cloſely blocked up by an army of calamities, that there is no paſſage left open either for relief or intelligence.

So has it fared with me of late, and with thouſands of others, I doubt not, in this populous city. The rebellion of the Prince of Conde is the occaſion of all this; for the king having ſome reaſons to apprehend a ſecret conſpiracy of the prince's friends and well-wiſhers in Paris, and other places, has cauſed a very ſevere ſcrutiny to be made of all ſtrangers and ſojourners. The ſoubaſhis, or officers, go to every houſe within their precinct, taking down the names of all the inhabitants in writing, and ſeizing the perſons of thoſe whom they ſuſpect: The priſons are filled with people of all ranks, and the nobles are ſent to the Caſtle of the Wood of Vincennes. It is

ſaid the king has a liſt of many thouſands of Conde's party in Paris, who deſigned, on a prefixed day, to take up arms for that prince, and that their example would have been followed all over the kingdom.

God knows what is in the hearts of theſe infidels: I am ſure Mahmut is wholly a ſtranger to their plots: Though laſt year I received certain inſtructions from the Viſier Azem, commanding me to act ſecretly in the Prince of Conde's behalf to abet the faction; and uſe all the endeavours and art I could to raiſe a new party for him among the courtiers: But I waved ſo dangerous an employment, by propoſing to him the vaſt expences it would require, and the neceſſity of ſending ſome extraordinary embaſſy to this court to countenance the buſineſs. To tell thee the truth, I eſteemed it a thing impracticable, and a mere caprice of that active baſſa, who had a natural kindneſs for rebels, and delighted to have a hand in difficult undertakings, whether there was any likelihood of ſucceſs or not.

But he is dead; and let that atone for all his rebellions when he had the command of Aleppo. I love not to load the departed ſouls with accuſations; what I have to ſay is in my own vindication, who could not approve his politic chimera. In regard had it ſucceeded, no profit or advantage would from thence ariſe to the Ottoman empire; and had it been diſcovered, not only I and all the ſecrets of my commiſſion would have been laid open to the infidels, but alſo it would have been an eternal diſhonour and blemiſh to the high reſplendent Porte, to be found guilty of violating, in ſo notorious a manner, the faith it had given to the moſt ancient and puiſſant monarchy among the Nazarenes.

Beſides, I know not but this miniſter had a private grudge againſt me for accuſing him formerly to the di-

van, when he held correſpondence with the Venetians; and that he ſtudied this way to be revenged, by employing me in an affair which muſt needs be my ruin. However, I think I had reaſon to be cautious and apprehenſive of the worſt: This made me diſpatch to him a letter, full of ſpecious umbrages, ſeeming to approve his deſign, but entangling it with ſuch difficulties as would divert him from farther thoughts of it.

Yet, after all, I have been really brought into danger, on the bare ſuſpicion of being concerned on the Prince of Condé's ſide; by which thou mayeſt gueſs at the conſequence had I hearkened to the viſier's advice.

One morning early, the officers appointed for this purpoſe entered my chamber; and having demanded my name, buſineſs, and quality, I anſwered, "My name was Titus Durlach Nieſki; but that for ſhortneſs, and to denote my country, I was commonly called Titus the Moldavian; and that by this name I was well known to Cardinal Mazarini, as I had been to his predeceſſor Richlieu, and other courtiers of great quality. I told them likewiſe that I was a clerk, who underſtood ſome foreign languages, and therefore had been often employed by thoſe cardinals in tranſlating books out of Greek and Arabic into Latin and French; for which reaſon, being recommended by Cardinal Richlieu, I had been introduced into the acquaintance of ſeveral nobles, whoſe children I taught thoſe languages; and that ſome of them had promiſed to make me curate of St. Stephen's church as ſoon as it was vacant."

They ſeemed to be very well ſatisfied with what I ſaid, but told me moreover, they had a commiſſion to ſearch my lodgings for arms and treaſonable papers.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the horror I was in when I ſaw them go roundly to work, prying into every corner,

and ſearching my trunks, coffers, and even my bed itſelf. Not that I had any guilt upon me of concealing either arms or papers relating to this conſpiracy, but my concern was for my box of letters to the miniſters of the Porte. As for arms, they found no other but an old ſword, which I told them I travelled with out of my own country, and a brace of piſtols for the ſame uſe, to defend me from robbers, aſſaſſins, and other injuries.

Theſe fellows ſeemed mightily pleaſed with the curious workmanſhip of my weapons, ſurveyed them all over, and having drawn my ſword out of the ſcabbard, and made a paſs or two with it againſt the wall, after the French mode of fencing, they put it up again, telling me, "They had no authority to take theſe arms from me, ſince they were neceſſary for my defence." But when they came to my box of letters, and ſaw them written in ſtrange characters, which none of them could read, they began to look on one another, and change their countenances, as if there were ſome dangerous matter contained in theſe papers, and therefore written in cyphers.

They went aſide to one end of the chamber, whiſpering together, and nodding their heads, with all the ſymptoms of jealouſy. At length, I, interrupting them, ſaid, "You need not, gentlemen, be concerned about theſe papers; they were left with me by a merchant Jew of my acquaintance, and they are letters of correſpondence between him and ſome of his brethren at Rome, Venice, Amſterdam, and other places in Europe. It is therefore they are written in a character which to you appears ſtrange, it being Hebrew, the national language of the Jews. They contain only matters of traffic, being letters of mart and exchange; for you know the Jews are the greateſt merchants, brokers, and bankers in the world."

These words, with some gold which I gave them, dispersed all their suspicions, cleared up their cloudy brows, and turned their frowns into smiles and complimental addresses. They told me, "I was a very honest man, and they would do me what service they could." So bid me adieu.

By this thou mayest see the mighty power of that charming metal which commands all things, for whatever I could have said without that had been insignificant. But these idolators melted into an indifference at the first sight of the glittering pistoles; and when I had once rendered them thus ductile, it was easier to frame them to the most devout appearance of respect and friendship. They promised and swore no hurt should be done me.

But I knew the fickleness of human fidelity better than to repose any great confidence in these mens words. As soon as they were gone, I conveyed my letters to Eliachim, who could easily conceal them in any private corner of his house, desiring him to furnish me with some letters of indifferent concerns written in Hebrew, that if these searchers should come again, and demand a second view of my box, perhaps with design to carry it to some minister of state, I might have those Hebrew dispatches ready to show, which being put in the same box, would not be known from the other by such ignorant fellows, to whom Hebrew, Arabic, and Chinese, were all alike, and so I should be acquitted from all future trouble of this nature.

And the event answered my expectation; for within three days the same men came again, with others in their company, pretending they had fresh warrants, and were sworn to be impartial. Wherefore I was forced to attend them, whilst they carried both me and my box before a cadi, or judge, who having examined me very

ſtrictly concerning my name, country, religion, and other matters, and ſeeming well ſatisfied with all my anſwers, at laſt ſent for a prieſt well verſed in the Hebrew tongue, ordering him to peruſe the letters; which when he had done, he aſſured the cadi that there was not a word in any of them relating to the ſtate, being purely matters of private contracts and bargains between merchant-correſpondents, with bills of lading, &c. So I had my box of ſham letters reſtored to me again, and was honourably diſmiſſed.

Yet though this ſtorm was ſoon blown over, I was very near running on rocks and ſands, through the perſecution of my predeceſſor Kienan Baſſa, and Kiſur Dramelec, with many others in the ſeraglio: The firſt keeping from me the penſion allowed by the Grand Seignior; the ſecond either ſending me no intelligence, or elſe baffling me with trifling news, nothing to the purpoſe; the reſt aſperſing me to the miniſters of the divan.

I deſire thee to ſend me the arrears that are behind for the ſpace of nineteen moons, as thou wilt find in the regiſter of the Haſna. Had it not been for Eliachim, that honeſt Jew, I ſhould have been ruined in this place for want of money.

I need not ſay more to thee, who knoweſt that gold is the grand taliſman which works all the miracles in the world.

Paris, 22d of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1656.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.—*To* DORET OOLOU.

WHO can penetrate into the myſterious conduct of deſtiny? whether God governs this world by the influence of the ſtars, or by the miniſtry of ſpirits, or by his own immediate power? or whether all things did not proceed from chance, and are ſtill ruled by the ſame? Be it how it will, there remains ſomething adorable. Even that chance itſelf, ſuppoſing Epicurus's opinion true, is worthy of ſupreme honours and ſacrifices, which has, with ſuch exquiſite luck, performed all the parts of infinite wiſdom and foreca ſt, in forming and preſerving the univerſe. Were I a diſciple of that philoſopher, every morning when I beheld the riſing ſun, and at mid-day when I ſaw him climb the meridian, and in the evening when he takes his conge of this upper world, to viſit our Antipodes, would I, with profoundeſt veneration, cry out, "O eternal Chance! O omnipotent Caſualty! O incomprehenſible Blindneſs! I adore thee, I burn incenſe to thee, and do all things which the duller ſort of mortals think are only due to an all-wiſe, all-good, and an all-mighty God!" Thus would I addreſs to that infinite pell-mell of atoms, could I believe with Epicurus, that from ſuch an inconceivable hurly-burly proceeded all this admirable beauty and order which we behold.

Thou wilt perceive by this that I am religiouſly diſpoſed, and rather than not adore ſome ſupreme being, I would make a deity of that which to others is the fountain of atheiſm. And I think there is reaſon on my ſide; for, let this world be produced how it will, whether by the caſual concourſe of atoms, or by the deli-

berate act of an eternal mind; whether it be eternally ſelf-exiſtent, according to the Stoics, or be the genuine reſult of the divine ideas, as the Platoniſts ſay; it is but juſt that we ſhould pay the moſt devout and grateful acknowledgments to the ſource of ſo many immenſe prodigies and wonders.

But, then, what ſhall we ſay for all the evil that appears in the world? That there is ſuch a thing as evil ſcattered up and down through all the ranks of beings, and, as it were, blended and riveted in their very eſſences, is manifeſt at firſt view; and every man has his ſhare of this epidemical contagion. But whence it proceeds, who can inform me? I am not the firſt that have aſked the queſtion. Many ages ago the inquiſitive world was buſy in ſearching out the root of evil, and there were almoſt as many opinions about it as there were nations on earth.

Some aſſerted, that all evil came out of the north; others derive it from the ſouth; as if the two poles were the centres and native ſeats of this malady of the world. But theſe ſeem to be men of ſhort diſcourſe and ſhallow reaſon, ſupinely credulous, and willing to take up with any thing rather than be at the pains of attentive contemplation.

Yet this opinion has ſo far prevailed in theſe weſtern parts, that the Nazarene prieſts, when they celebrate their maſs, ſtand on the north ſide of the altar at the reading of the goſpel, turning their backs to that quarter of the world; and the reaſon they give for this ceremony is, becauſe in the written law it is ſaid, "Out of the north comes all evil." I have heard them ſeriouſly maintain this argument; but God knows whether there be any ſuch place in the written law or no, or if there be, whether it muſt be taken in this ſenſe. Yet I muſt confeſs the Romans have ſome reaſon to believe it, having

experimentally felt a great deal of evil from the northern Goths and Vandals, who, in former ages, rushed out of their frozen regions, and came down like a torrent upon Italy and other parts of Europe, making havoc of all things civil and sacred. And if this be the ground of their ceremony, they have greater reason now to change their station, and turn their backs to the south-east, having been much more fatally handled by the victorious mussulmans.

The ancient Persians held, that there were two principles, or sources of all things, viz. good and evil, and that there has been an eternal quarrel between them; but in the end, they say, the good shall get the victory, and exterminate the evil. This opinion was embraced by a sect of Christians, whom they called Manichees. The founder of that sect was a Persian by birth: His name was Manes, a very learned man, as the records of the East testify; yet the Christians rank him among the most pernicious heretics. He taught that wine was the blood of devils, and therefore forbade it to his followers; he also prohibited the flesh of animals; this he learned from the priests of Egypt, where he resided a considerable time.

But to return to the sentiments of men concerning the origin of evil: There are some who affirm God is the author of it, which is not far from blasphemy; others say, that when the devils were exterminated from the earth, they, in revenge, sowed the seeds of evil in the universe: But that of the stoics seems the most plausible to me; for they asserted that nothing is evil of itself, but that the contrariety which we behold in the world is very good, and conduces to establish the order and economy of all things.

My dear Dgnot, do not esteem me an athiest because

of the liberty I take in diſcourſing of theſe myſterious things. There are a ſort of people here in the Weſt whom they call Deiſts, that is, men profeſſing the belief of a God, creator of the world, but ſceptics in all things elſe. They have no implicit faith in hiſtorical religion, but think it the part of men, as they are endowed with reaſon, to call in queſtion the writings of mortals like themſelves, though they had the character of the greateſt prophets. Thus they think it no ſin to canvaſs the books of Moſes and the Hebrew prophets, the goſpel of Jeſus the Son of Mary, and the alcoran of Mahomet, our holy lawgiver; chooſing what is agreeable to reaſon, and rejecting the reſt as fabulous, inſerted either by the craft of men or the interloping of the devil.

I proteſt there appears to me no reaſon to call theſe men atheiſts or infidels; they rather ſeem to deſerve the title of philoſophers, or lovers of wiſdom and truth; and it is from them I have learned this unwillingneſs to be impoſed on in matters of religion. I find them in all things men of great morality and goodneſs, far exceeding the zealots of the age in true virtue and pious actions; but they make no noiſe of what they do; and whilſt only their human frailties are conſpicuous to all, their perfections lie concealed under the veil of an unparalleled modeſty.

Such of old were the aſſociates of Zeid Eb'n Raphaa, my countryman. This was a perſon of an ardent ſpirit and prodigious underſtanding, educated in the muſſulman law; but when he came to thoſe years wherein men uſually examine the grounds of their religion, he ſought out the moſt learned men, and ſuch as were verſed in all ſciences. After he had converſed ſome time with them, and found them to be perſons of integrity, as well as men of ſenſe, he propoſed to them the convenience of

frequent clubs among themſelves, where they might, with an unreſtrained freedom, diſcourſe of all things, and, being united in an inviolable friendſhip, might improve one another in knowledge and virtue, without regarding the legends and harangues of the mollahs. This ſociety compoſed fifty books of ſo many ſeveral kinds of ſcience, and they called them Echwanoſſopha, or the Writings of the Sincere Fraternity, concealing their names. They treated of human and divine matters without reſerve or caution, aſſerting, that the muſſulman religion was corrupted and alienated from its firſt inſtitution, having imbibed many errors; and that there was no way to reſtore it to its primitive purity, but by joining to it the philoſophy of the ancients. In a word, they endeavoured to reform whatever was amiſs in the doctrines and manners of the faithful, by reducing both to the ſtandard of reaſon.

I know not whether thou wilt approve or diſlike their enterpriſe; but I am ſure thou art ſenſible, as well as I, that there are bigots among the followers of the prophet, and that thoſe deſerve correction. The devil will ſet his foot in the temple of God, but do not thou follow his ſteps; if thou do, he that made the devil fetch thee back again.

Paris, 30th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1656.

II.—*To the* NAZIM ESCHREF, *or Prince of the Emirs, at the Porte.*

THE Chriſtians ſay, it is an argument of God's love when he chaſtiſes them; therefore they have no reaſon to be peeviſh, or call it an effect of his anger, that a diſmal plague is broke out in the territories of the pope,

the kingdom of Naples, and other parts of Italy. This contagion rages so vehemently in Rome, the capital city of the western Nazarenes, that above an hundred thousand persons of several ranks have forsaken that place. The pope's palace is shut up, and no access granted to any, not even to foreign ambassadors, without great precaution, and then none of their retinue are admitted with them.

It is said seventeen hundred die daily in that city, and six thousand a-day in Naples; nay, in some places, the living are scarce sufficient to bury the dead. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, to prevent the spreading of the infection in his territories, has forbid all intercourse between his subjects and those of the pope, neither will he permit so much as a nuncio to pass through his dominions.

This mortality has frighted Queen Christina from Rome: She has sent to desire passes of the Duke of Savoy, and other princes, designing for France. She is already on her voyage, having been presented by the pope with ten thousand crowns to defray the expences of her travels. Here are great preparations making for her reception; the king having sent orders to all the governors of towns and provinces through which she must pass, to receive and entertain her with a magnificence due to her sovereign dignity, and worthy of the French grandeur and hospitality.

In the mean time, this court is in a sullen humour by reason of a late great loss they have suffered at Valenciennes in Flanders. This place was besieged by the French at the beginning of the campaign, but was relieved by the Spaniards this month, who killed above a thousand men on the spot, took five thousand prisoners, with all their cannon and baggage! Among the captives of note is the Mare'chal de Ferte Senecterre, general of the French

army; the names of the others are wanting. Mareſchal de Turenne himſelf very narrowly eſcaped, by timely withdrawing his brigade from the fight, for which ſome ſtigmatize him with cowardice and treachery, whilſt others affirm he acted the part of a prudent captain, in thus retreating, ſince it was impoſſible to reſtore the battle with any ſucceſs.

From Sweden, we hear that the Elector of Brandenburgh has entered into a league with the King of Sweden, by which both their armies are united againſt the King of Poland; and it is ſaid their firſt deſign will be upon Dantzig. That country is in a horrid confuſion, the nobles, gentry, and boors, being all in arms, ſome deſerting their ſovereign, others adhering to his intereſt. King Caſimir has inveſted Warſaw with an army of forty thouſand men. In the mean time, the Hollanders have ſent a great fleet of ſhips of war into the Baltic ſea, but to what end is not known, nor what part they will take, whether the Swedes or Poles; yet the latter hope for great aſſiſtance from them, there having been lately ſome miſunderſtanding between the Dutch and the Swedes. The Muſcovites alſo have entered Poland with a numerous army, and the Tartars are coming with another to the aid of King Caſimir.

Thus is Poland become the ſtage of a moſt terrible war; and which ſide ſoever gets the victory, that unhappy country will be near ruined.

Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna, and a private agent for the Grand Seignior, ſends me word, that the Emperor of Germany hath an army of thirty thouſand foot, and twelve thouſand horſe in Sileſia, who are to join with the Muſcovites, and do ſome conſiderable action againſt the Swedes, whoſe continual victories, and growing greatneſs, gives jealouſy to theſe puiſſant monarchs

He informs me farther, that the emperor has diſpatched a courier to the Prince of Tranſylvania, with inſtructions and letters to engage him to a neutrality.

But the young Ragotſki is as wild as his father, and hates to be led by the noſe.

Thou mayeſt inform the miniſters of the divan, that Adonai, the Jew, is dead of the plague in Rome, having firſt taken care to tranſmit to me all the papers which concern the myſterious Porte.

This court at preſent is at a place called La Fere in Picardy, a province bordering on Flanders, from whence there may be a more frequent intercourſe between the king and his camp.

Prince of the holy line, I have ſent thee all the news that is ſtirring at this juncture, ſaving ſome trivial matters, which are not worth a muſſulman's knowledge, much leſs thine, who art diſtinguiſhed from the crowd of true believers, by wearing the ſacred colour of the prophet."

Paris, 30th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1656.

III.—To Melec Amet.

Here has been a ſtrange accident lately, not many leagues from Paris, which has occaſioned various diſcourſes, and put the philoſophers upon a new ſcrutiny. One morning, a certain peaſant or farmer, walking over his lands, as his cuſtom is, to number his ſheep and other cattle, miſſed a barn, or ſtore-houſe, which ſtood in a field at ſome diſtance from his habitation. Surpriſed at this, he haſtened towards the place where he ſaw it but the night before, when, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, he perceived, that not only the barn, but a great part of the field wherein it was built, was ſunk into the earth,

He immediately ran and called ſome of his next neighbours to behold this ſtrange ſpectacle, and the fame of it ſpread all over the country. Divers learned and ingenious perſons have been there, to make obſervations of this accident; but none dares venture near enough to the chaſm, to look down into it, becauſe the earth continues breaking and falling in, which makes a noiſe like the ſalvos of the janizaries, when the Grand Seignior viſits the arſenal.

One would conclude by theſe uncommon ſymptoms, that the earth grows ancient and weak, that her inward ſtrength and vigour decays, and that we are every where in danger of being ſwallowed up. I have not time to write more, it being midnight, and the poſt ready to go.

The Almighty and All-good God have thee in his holy protection.

Paris, 30th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1656.

IV.—*To* ZORNEZAN MUSTAPHA, *Beglerbeg of Erz'ram.*

I WILL ſtill congratulate thy happineſs, even in this laſt change of thy fortune, which, though it be a kind of deſcent from the more lofty ſtations thou haſt poſſeſſed in the Oſman empire, yet it is attended with honourable circumſtances, and an inviolable ſecurity. Thou art not out of the ſultan's favour, baniſhed to Egypt, and confined to a narrow penſion during thy life, as has been the fate of ſeveral grandees; but thou art withdrawn from the intrigues of ſtate, the toils of war, and the plots of a courtier's life, to the ſweet retirements of the country, the peaceable poſſeſſion of a rich and fertile province,

where thou mayeſt paſs thy days in uncontroulable eaſe and felicity.

I am not ſurpriſed at the fall of ſo many great men at the Porte, nor do I much regret the death of thoſe who were known enemies to the government; yet it troubles me to think how the brave and the loyal had their innocent blood mingled with that of traitors and villains. But theſe things are unavoidable in popular inſurrections, when the ſovereign is compelled to ſacrifice to the multitude whomſoever they require. Thus fell the illuſtrious Solyman, among the criminal eunuchs, though he himſelf was free from ſtain; but he was a negro, and that was his ruin; for the malcontents could not diſcern the fair qualities of his ſoul.

Curſe on that fool, Chaban Kalfa, and double curſes on his rampant wife, Mulkly Kadin, who gave the firſt occaſion to all this diſorder and ſpoil of noble blood. I remember the honeſt Solyman gave me once a hint of the feminine debaucheries practiſed in the queen-mother's apartments; but he ſpoke of it with ſo much modeſty and reſerve, that it hardly made any impreſſion on me at that time, otherwiſe I ſhould have imparted it to the Vizier Azem, or ſome other miniſter of the divan; for ſo am I commanded in caſes that touch the honour and ſafety of the Grand Seignior. And I tell thee, this was none of the leaſt importance; for, as it appears, the women were undermining the moſt ſacred and firmly eſtabliſhed government in the world; they were not contented to wallow in their own impious and unnatural delights, but would have ſet themſelves as a pattern to others, and by degrees have infected the whole muſſulman empire with a new ſpecies of debauchery, which, as it began, and was carried on, by embezzling the royal treaſures, ſelling of places to men of no merit, buffoons,

pimps, and aſſes, ſo it would have ended in enervating our militia, corrupting all the faithful, and laying the empire naked to infidels.

How many viſiers, kaimachams, captain baſſas, and other officers, have we had killed this fatal year! Among the reſt, I cannot but reflect on the poiſoning of the chiaus baſſa, after he was made Viſier Azem, as a ſtroke of divine juſtice, for having imbrued his hands in ſo much noble blood, when he enjoyed that dignity once before. God purſues the cruel with invincible ſcourges.

But what was that Achmet baſſa, who took advantage of the ſultan's domeſtic troubles and foreign wars to diſturb his government in Aſia, and raiſe a rebellion, which threatened even the imperial city itſelf? By the courſe of his fortune, it looks as if he were not contented with his command in Aſia, and therefore took this new celebrated method to obtain a higher dignity, viz. by rebelling againſt his maſter; elſe why was he made baſſa of the ſea in the room of Ouroos Kiehan? The baſſa of Aleppo firſt brought into faſhion this daring way of growing great; and if it be thus countenanced by the Grand Seignior, in all probability he will have reaſon to make peace with the Chriſtians, that he may have reſpite and forces to employ againſt his own ſubjects.

Amidſt all theſe things, nothing afflicts me ſo much as the horrible loſs our fleet has ſuſtained at ſea. We have various reports of this combat; but in general they agree that the muſſulmans have loſt ſeventy-two ſhips and galleys, with an infinite number of men; that the Venetians have taken the iſles of Tenedos and Lemnos, and that they are advancing to beſiege Conſtantinople. This news is a great while coming to us; ſo that if it be true, and the Venetians purſued their victory, for aught I

know, by this time the imperial city, the refuge of the world, may be laid in aſhes.

I have often propoſed the neceſſity of platforms along the Helleſpont, to guard that important avenue of the ſacred Porte. Had they put in practice Mahmut's advice, perhaps the Nazarenes would have had no occaſion for their preſent triumphs; but now they banquet in the open ſtreets; all Chriſtendom rings with the news of our diſgrace; the drunkards of Europe inſult over the profeſſors of ſobriety; amidſt their bowls of wine they blaſpheme our prophet, and ſing in the praiſe of Bacchus their god; they menace the conqueſt of Aſia, and threaten to exterminate the muſſulmans from the earth.

Enraged at theſe profane boaſts, I ſtop my ears, and, turning round in a divine phrenzy, I pray that God would baffle the infidels.

Paris, 6th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1656.

V.—*To the Moſt Renowned and Moſt Illuſtrious* MAHOMET, *Viſier Azem, at the Porte.*

THAT incomprehenſible Majeſty, which has no reſemblance, at whoſe pleaſure all things are diſpoſed and ordered in heaven and earth, by whoſe particular providence, for the good of the Oſman empire, thou art exalted to this glorious truſt, to be vicar of the vicar of God; augment thy graces and virtues, and bleſs thee with ſuperlative wiſdom and perfect tranquillity.

I revere thy accompliſhed ſoul, conſummate in all moral and political ſcience. Thou art the moſt experienced man in the empire: And I ceaſe to condole the late tumults and riots at Conſtantinople, though their effects [illegible] fatal to ſome brave men, ſince thou art choſen to

this dignity, from whom the whole empire may expect, not only a ſerener ſtate of affairs during thy adminiſtration, but alſo a rooting up of the cauſes of theſe public diſtempers, and of all other evils which infeſt the monarchy deſigned for the conqueſt and reformation of the whole world.

According to the cuſtom of the Eaſt, I approach thee not without ſome preſent: But pardon the ſlave Mahmut, who can ſend thee none worthy of thy grandeur. I have incloſed in a box the true effigies of the preſent King of France, with that of his uncle the Duke of Orleans, his brother the Duke of Anjou, and his couſin the Prince of Conde; as alſo that of Cardinal Mazarini, and Queen Chriſtina of Sweden, who is now at the French court. Accept alſo from an exile, a little cabinet, containing twelve watches, of ſo many different contrivances, according to the circular variation of the moon in the ſpace of thirty-four years: They are the work of my own hands, therefore I ſhall not commend them. Each is wrapped up in a piece of ſilk, wherein is wrought in Arabic letters the method of uſing it. Perhaps thou wilt find ſome diverſion in trying the experiments mentioned in thoſe tables. However, deſpiſe not this mean teſtimony of Mahmut's reſpect; but conſider, that if I come ſhort of the curious artiſts in Europe, yet my labour is paſſable enough for a muſſulman, among whom there is ſcarce another watchmaker to be found in the world.

If thou wouldeſt know the occaſion of Queen Chriſtina's being at the French court; ſhe came thither from Rome, when the laſt moon was in its wane. Her paſſage was by ſea to Marſeilles, having touched at Genoa, and received magnificent gifts from the republic; but they would not permit her to land, for fear of the plague,

which then raged in Rome, and was the cauſe of her leaving that city.

However, the French ſhowed no ſuch timorous ſqueamiſhneſs, but received her and her train with open arms. She landed at Marſeilles on the 29th of the 7th moon; and when ſhe made her public entry, the conſuls of that city, with all the nobles, met her in coaches, the great guns were diſcharged to welcome her, and ſhe was careſſed with all the demonſtrations of honour that are ſhowed to the Queen of France herſelf in her progreſſes.

The ſame entertainment ſhe received at Aix, Avignon, Lyons, and, in fine, all along the road to Paris, the keys of the towns being ſurrendered to her (for ſuch was the king's pleaſure), and a canopy of ſtate borne over her head when ſhe entered any town, and received the addreſſes and compliments of governors, prelates, and other great men in authority. She was likewiſe magnificently treated by princes and the chief dukes of the realm; and on the 8th of the laſt moon, made her entry into this city on horſeback, apparelled like a man; where having ſtaid ſome time, ſhe departed for Compeigne to viſit the court, which reſides there now.

It is not ſuppoſed ſhe will tarry long in France, but as ſoon as ſhe hears the plague is abated in Rome and the adjacent parts, ſhe will return thither to paſs away the reſidue of her life, in that neſt of princes and prelates of the *Nazarene belief*.

A little before ſhe left Rome, the Spaniards there had conſpired to ſeize on her perſon, as alſo on the pope, to have murdered the Portugal ambaſſador, and ſet the city on fire: But the plot was diſcovered, and conſpirators put in priſon; for the ſentence of death is never paſſed in criminal caſes among the Nazarenes without a formal

Here is a rumour as if a great fire had ſome moons ago broke out in Conſtantinople, and conſumed much of that city. I wonder none of my friends, nor any other reſiding there, have ſent me an account of any ſuch thing, which fills me with hopes that this report is falſe.

From all hands we are aſſured, that the Swedes and Brandenburghers have obtained a great victory over the Poles and Tartars at Warſaw; the vanquiſhed having loſt above ſix thouſand men on the ſpot, with all their ammunition and baggage; and unfortunate King Caſimir was forced to fly with a ſmall retinue towards Hungary.

It was the general expectation of Europe, that the Muſcovites and Germans would have done ſomething extraordinary for the Poles, and by ſome ſurpriſing action put a check to the Swediſh ſucceſſes and triumphs; for when the Muſcovite ambaſſador was at Koningſberg, endeavouring to withdraw the Duke of Brandenburgh from the Swediſh intereſts, he vomited forth terrible menaces in caſe they complied not with his maſter's propoſals; and one day, in a furious zeal, he took a large goblet of wine in the elector's preſence, and having drank it off to the czar's health, the barbarian ſaid aloud, "Thus ſhall the great Emperor of the Muſcovites devour all that oppoſe him." But now it ſeems theſe were only empty bravadoes, and the Muſcovites were reſolved to ſtand by and ſee who got the better of it. The ſame may be ſaid of the emperor and Prince of Tranſylvania, ſo of the Danes and Hollanders, who now all declare for the ſtrongeſt party.

Magnanimous Viſier, if the preſent engagements and wars in Dalmatia and Candy, beſides the domeſtic troubles of the Ottoman empire, did not wholly employ the

arms of the muſſulmans, doubtleſs it would be an undertaking no leſs profitable than glorious to ſuccour the diſtreſſed Caſimir, turn the tide of the Gothic conqueſts, and oblige the Poles to an eternal fidelity and gratitude to the Grand Seignior.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1656.

VI.—*To* ABRAHAM ELI ZEID, HOGIA, *Preacher to the Seraglio.*

I HAVE frequent acceſs to the king's library, which favour was firſt granted me by Cardinal Richlieu, who often employed me in tranſlating ſome curious treatiſes out of Arabic into French or Latin. The French ſeem very fond of Eaſtern manuſcripts wherever they can meet with them; and they have no leſs regard for men who are ſkilled in thoſe languages. That miniſter, eſpecially, was very inquiſitive into the wiſdom and learning of Aſia: He monopolized Perſian, Syrian, and Arabic books, and was a profeſſed patron of linguiſts; he coveted the acquaintance of ſtrangers and travellers, that he might, by their means, inform himſelf of the different laws, cuſtoms, and religions of foreign countries, and of whatſoever was rare and worthy of obſervation in any part of the world.

Hence it was that I received evident marks of his eſteem, as ſoon as he knew that I underſtood the Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, Turkiſh, and Sclavonian languages. He often made uſe of me, as I have ſaid, and gave me free acceſs to his own and the king's library; and although his ſucceſſor Cardinal Mazarini is not ſo much addicted to ſtudies of this nature, as to the affairs of

ſtate, yet he has continued to me the privilege of viſiting this treaſury of learned books, where I paſs many hours.

One day I caſt my eyes on a manuſcript written in Arabic, and indorſed with this title,

The Original Covenant of Mahomet, the Prophet of the Arabians, with the Profeſſors of the Faith of Jeſus.

And underneath was a Latin inſcription, ſignifying, that this manuſcript was found in the convent of Chriſtian Friars on Mount Carmel. I have tranſcribed the contents of this parchment, and ſend it incloſed to thee, that thou mayeſt judge whether it be real or only counterfeit; for the Nazarenes aſſert it to be the true agreement of the meſſenger of God, and therefore reproach all the muſſulmans with diſobedience to our lawgiver, and breaking the league ſigned and ſealed by him whom we call the Seal of the Prophets, and witneſſed by the four principal doctors, Abu Becre, Oſman, Omar, and Hali.

If thou wilt peruſe the incloſed paper, it will be eaſy to diſcern whether we are guilty of this violation of faith or they; for though (ſuppoſing this to be the real teſtament of the prophet, as is pretended) that favourite of Heaven grants many articles of peace, aſſiſtance, and friendſhip to the followers of Jeſus, with immunity from taxes and impoſitions, liberty of conſcience, freedom of marriages, &c.; yet it is evident, that he promiſed not theſe things but on certain conditions to be obſerved on the part of the Chriſtians; as, that none of them ſhould harbour, or hold correſpondence with the enemies of the true believers, or privately accommodate them with arms, horſes, money, or any other neceſſaries of war; but, on the contrary, ſhould hoſpitably receive the muſſulmans into their houſes for three days, and protect them from

their enemies. If, therefore, the Chriſtians ſhould fail in any of theſe points, the prophet declares his covenant to be void, and that they ſhall not enjoy the indulgencies granted therein. All this, thou wilt ſee, is recommended ſolemnly to both parties, to be religiouſly performed till the final conſummation.

Now all the diſpute is, Whether we have firſt tranſgreſſed theſe articles or the Nazarenes? For if it can be proved that they are the firſt aggreſſors, then they have no reaſon to complain of their misfortunes, or accuſe the true faithful of oppreſſion and tyranny, as they commonly do; ſince it is manifeſt that they have drawn theſe evils on themſelves, by their breach of faith and infidelity, diſannulling the covenant of God and his prophet, and forfeiting the benefits they might have claimed by virtue of it. Be it how it will, the prophet is free from blame; let the guilt reſt on the perſons that were criminal.

I know not how it comes to paſs that the Chriſtians of this age think and ſpeak more reproachfully of our holy lawgiver than did their fathers, who lived in his time, or immediately after it, and who by conſequence could better inform themſelves of the circumſtances of his birth, life, and renowned actions. Some ancient writers among the Nazarenes make honourable mention of him and his family; they conceal not the early ſigns of his heroic virtue, and the grandeur to which he was deſtined. I have read in a certain Chriſtian author, that when the prophet was but nine years old, under the tuition of his uncle Abu Taleb, who carried his glorious charge along with him to Damaſcus, and that whilſt they were at Boz'r, a learned monk, whoſe name was Bohira, came out of the convent to meet them; and taking Mahomet by the hand, in the preſence of many Chriſtians, he ſaid aloud, "This youth is born to accompliſh great things;

his fame ſhall be ſpread from eaſt to weſt; for as he drew near to this place, I ſaw a bright cloud deſcend and cover him." Sultan David alſo propheſied of him, in that which the Chriſtians reckon the 50th Pſalm, and the 2d verſicle; where that divine poet thus ſings, "From Sion God hath proclaimed the empire of Mahomet." But the Chriſtians have interpreted this in another ſenſe, though the original remains a ſtanding witneſs againſt them. So Moſes, in the Pentateuch, uttered a myſtery, when he ſaid, "God came from Sinai, he roſe up from Seir, and was manifeſted from Mount Paran;" intimating hereby the deſcent of the written law to Moſes, of the goſpel to Jeſus the Son of Mary, and of the alcoran to Mahomet. The Meſſias alſo ſaid to his diſciples, "If I go not away, the called of God will not come to you." But the Chriſtian interpreters wilfully hide theſe things from the vulgar, leſt their eyes ſhould be opened. There appears an obſtinate malice and ignorance in all their actions.

Who will not laugh at the fooliſh ſpite of the Spaniards, who, in a certain town, had a cuſtom, as oft as they entered into the church, or came out, to ſpit on a black image of a man ſitting on an aſs near the gate? But a muſſulman ambaſſador coming thither from the Emperor of Morocco, and obſerving this vain ceremony of the people, aſked the king, "What perſon that ſtatue repreſented?" He made anſwer, "That it was the image of Mahomet, the Arabian prophet."—"That cannot be, (replied the ambaſſador) ſince our prophet never rode but on camels: It is rather the figure of the Meſſias, who indeed is recorded to have rode on an aſs." The king, troubled at this anſwer, conſulted the prieſts and learned men, who all concluded that the ambaſſador had ſpoke the truth; and therefore, inſtead of offering

any more indignities to this image, they fell into another extreme, and built a chapel for it, burning incenſe to the ſenſeleſs ſtock, and paying it divine honours. Thus they prayed to that which but a little before they had curſed, and turned into a god that which they had eſteemed almoſt as bad as the devil. God's curſe be on the devil and all his adorers; but on the holy prophet and his followers, may bleſſings ſhower down, and reſt till the knot of the ſpheres be diſſolved.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1656.

VII.—*To* Murat, *Baſſa.*

Know for certain that Don Juan de Braganza, late king of Portugal, is dead: He left this world on the 6th of the laſt moon, after he had been tormented ten days with the ſtone. His queen has the ſupreme power in her hands during her ſon's minority, whoſe name is Don Alphonſo. This young prince was crowned within a few days after his father's deceaſe, to prevent the plots of the Spaniards, who ſupport a powerful faction in the kingdom of Portugal, and are not without hopes to reduce it again to the King of Spain's obedience. The world is always buſy either in recovering old loſt intereſt, or ſeeking of new.

The Mareſchal de la Ferte, who was taken priſoner by the Prince of Conde in the battle of Valenciennes, and having a price ſet for his ranſom, had liberty to go whither he would on his parole, either to bring the ſaid ſum, or ſurrender his perſon by a certain day; finding himſelf ſlighted at the French court, is reſolved to perform his promiſe at the prefixed time, and go over to the Prince

of Conde's intereſt, who will not fail to beſtow a very honourable command on a general of ſuch merits.

In the mean time, the Count of Harcourt plays tricks with his maſter, and holds private correſpondence with the German emperor: He is a ſerviceable or a dangerous man, according as he is pleaſed or diſguſted, and therefore they court him on both ſides. He is now at Briſac in Alſace. I cannot admire a man that is thus induſtriouſly troubleſome to his prince, without any thing of merit or bravery to boaſt of, ſave his former ſervices in Catalonia, which have been ſufficiently repaid with royal condeſcenſions and favours. And thoſe who make a parallel between his caſe and that of the Mareſchal de la Ferte Seneterre, conſider not that the laſt fell into his enemies hands only by the chance of war; whereas the other is a wilful apoſtate, if he embraces the emperor's propoſals, when no neceſſity conſtrains him, and honour flies in his face.

From the North we are informed, that Count Coningſmark, generaliſſimo of the Swediſh forces in Pruſſia, as he was ſailing from Wiſmar, was taken captive by the Poles, and impriſoned in the Caſtle of Weyſſel-munden near Dantzig; and the inhabitants of that city miſſed very narrowly of taking the Queen of Sweden herſelf. It is certain they have got a vaſt booty from the Swedes, conſiſting of eighteen cheſts full of gold, with coffers of the king's jewels, and other rich things.

Theſe King Caſimir demands for himſelf, with a million of rixdollars, to be paid him by the Dantzigers; requiring alſo that they ſhould furniſh his army with all ſorts of ammunition and proviſions; which, though it be a heavy burden, yet thoſe loyal citizens think nothing too much for their king.

The Muſcovites, in the 9th moon, beſieged Riga, a

city belonging to the crown of Sweden, but have newly raiſed the ſiege, after they had loſt above ten thouſand men before the place.

This is all the news I can ſend thee, ſave that the French have taken Valencia, a city in Italy.

I wiſh I may hear as proſperous intelligence as this laſt from Candia, after ſuch immenſe charges and ſlaughter; but victory is in the diſpoſal of the angel of time.

Paris, 2d of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1656.

VIII.—*To* Hebatolla Mir Argun, *Superior of the Convent of Derviſes, at Cogni in Natolia.*

It is difficult to define the particular temper of my ſoul when I firſt received the news of thy predeceſſor's death, that renowned and venerable Bedredin, who, as thy diſpatch informs me, is gone to paradiſe. I was neither in paſſion, nor yet inſenſible, but wholly reſigned to the will of Heaven: I conſidered his immenſe virtues, and the courſe of nature; his wonderful age, and more admirable actions, a life equally meaſured by hours and prodigies of piety; for he was not in the number of thoſe who let whole days paſs away without the leaſt good work, or without leaving any impreſs on the track of time. I expreſs myſelf according to the vulgar ſaying, Time paſſes away; whereas in my opinion time ſtands ſtill, and only we paſs away, with all things ſubject to motion and change. It is like the miſtake of thoſe, who, ſailing on the water, think the trees and mountains move, whilſt only they themſelves are driven before the wind; or, like the philoſophy of thoſe, who, truſting to their groſſer ſenſe, maintain the ſun whirls round our world, though, according to reaſon and better philoſophy, that globe of

light ſtands ſtill, whilſt ours turns round its axletree, and ſo deceives our eyes. Thus, whilſt we mortals glide over the uncertain waves of human life, and paſs by the viſible and fixed land-marks of time, day and night, we imagine thoſe land-marks move, and not we ourſelves; whereas day and night remain for ever ſtedfaſt and invariable in their ſucceſſive intervals, and only the elements and bodies compounded of them are ſubject to change.

Minutes, hours, days, and years, are not properly the meaſures of time, but of the motion and duration of all corruptible beings; for time is infinite, and beyond all dimenſions. In a word, it is no otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed from eternity than barely by a name.

All that I have ſaid on this ſubject is comprehended in the Arabian proverb, which ſays, "To-morrow is never." Doubtleſs there is no paradox or hereſy in ſaying, It is always to-day; or that this hour, this minute, is eternal. And from this truth ſprung the contemplation of thoſe who place eternity in a point or inſtant.

But to return to Bedredin; that faithful of the faithful, may his ſoul repoſe in the mercies of God, and his memory be bleſſed! May Gabriel, the friend of the prophet, pray for him; then Michael, Iſraphiel, and the meſſenger of death, with all the angels who made oriſons for the divine favourite, after his tranſlation from this earthly ſtate! And when thou, and the religious fraternity under thy care, have performed the accuſtomed prayers and expiations for the illuſtrious prelate deceaſed, there is no queſtion but that he ſhall be in a condition to intercede for you and for the whole muſſulman empire; for he was a perfect ſaint, and the beloved of God.

O ſage and reverend ſucceſſor of that holy man, ſuffer me to tell thee, thy name Hebatolla, [the gift of God] fills me with glorious preſages of thy life and adminiſtra-

tion, in that renowned college where the incomparable Bedredin ſhined ſo many years. Now he is gone to God, and to the gardens of eternal retirement, having left his ſeat on earth to thee, repleniſhed with the ſacred odour of virtue.

He was a religious imitator of the prophets, and of all holy men in general; a devout admirer of the Meſſias, and a faithful diſciple of the ſent of God. Now he is gone to ſit down with them in the chioſes of Eden, on the banks of immortal ſtreams, and rivers of wine, milk, and honey, which glide along the alleys of paradiſe. This is the recompence of heroic virtue, the crown of good works, the bliſs prepared for chaſte and purified ſouls, who in their tranſmigration from this earth carry no ſtains of vice along with them; for nothing impure can find admittance into that world of glittering eſſence.

O Hebatolla, what is there on this obſcure globe that deſerves to be compared with thoſe ſerener joys above, thoſe unſullied pleaſures, that untarniſhed bliſs? And yet ſometimes we taſte ſtrange felicities here on earth; but it is only when the gates and caſements of paradiſe are open, when a celeſtial wind tranſports hither the leaves of the trees of Eden, and perfumes the air and ſkies with the tranſcendent odours of that happy region, wafting alſo imperfect ſounds, muſic in ſoft fragments, and echos from the choirs of the bleſſed. Then it is the hearts of mortals feel a ſecret and inexpreſſible joy ſpringing up from the root; this lower world (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) is all intrenched with pleaſure; this happens not every day, but only at the ſeaſons of divine indulgence, on the feſtivals of ſome particular ſaints, and in the time of the immortal jubilee, when God exhilarates the univerſe with uncommon favours, and an infinite largeſs.

As for the reſt of our enjoyments, they are mitigations indeed of the pains and inſeparable miſeries of this mortal life; they prevail on us to wait the appointed hour of fate, and not hurry ourſelves out of the world before our time; but they deſerve not to be placed in the rank of true felicities.

However, our patience under this fatigue of life, our indifference to pleaſure and pain, poverty or riches, ſickneſs or health, honour or diſgrace, with all the other objects of human paſſion, will prove a ſingular argument of merit, a prevailing recommendation to the life to come, and an effectual paſſport to paradiſe: For he that is thus inſenſibly, yet willingly weaned from the fulſome joys of earth, by the very courſe of nature and decree of deſtiny muſt unavoidably aſcend to a purer region, to a place capable of ſatisfying his aſpiring ſoul; for nature created no appetite to baulk it.

This is the life ſo recommended by Jeſus the Son of Mary, whoſe character thou haſt in the library of thy convent. Here I ſend thee in a box that which by all the Nazarenes is eſteemed his true effigies. I remember I once ſaw another of the ſame lineaments in the treaſury of the Grand Seignior. Theſe pieces are very rare, becauſe not copied by the hands of common painters, but by the moſt celebrated maſters in Europe. And the original draught, they ſay, was made by the Meſſias himſelf on a handkerchief, which he clapped to his face, and ſo left his lively portraiture.

I cannot aſcertain the truth of this tradition; but in regard this is one of thoſe copies which is cloſeted by the greateſt monarchs in Chriſtendom, I ſend it to thee, as a worthy ornament of thy cell, without either the peril or ſcandal of idolatry.

The pious Bedredin was covetous of any memoirs of

the Meſſias, whether written in hieroglyphics, or in the more uſual characters of ſpeech. He would have made no more exception at a picture than at a poem in praiſe of that holy prophet; and I queſtion not but thou equalleſt him in the ſame indifference.

I could not ſo eaſily procure the true picture of John, ſurnamed the Waſher; but here I will give thee a ſhort hiſtory of his life. This was a famous prophet, who lived in the days of the Meſſias, and was of the race of the prieſts: His habitation was altogether in the deſart, for he was an eremite, and lived in a cave on one of the mountains of Judea: Some of the Jews took him for Elias, others for the Meſſias, and a third ſort ſaid he was Mahomet, whoſe coming was foretold in the book of their law, and in the writings of their prophets.

But John denied that he was any of theſe, calling himſelf in modeſty, A Voice, or Echo. His life was very abſtemious, for he fed only on the tops of plants and wild honey, drinking nothing but water of the fountain which ran by the ſide of his cave; and his body was only covered with a veſt of camel's hair, uſing a leathern thong for a girdle.

To that ſolitary reſidence of his, there was great reſort of people from Jeruſalem and the cities round about; for the fame of his ſanctity had ſpread through all Paleſtine and Syria.

He waſhed his diſciples with his own hands in the waters of Jordan, from whence he was called the Baptiſt, or Waſher. He daily preached repentance and good works to the incredulous Jews, and openly declared that Jeſus the Son of Mary was the Meſſias. That holy prophet, it ſeems, was one of John's diſciples, and had been waſhed by him in the river Jordan.

In fine, after many years of heroic virtue and piety,

John had his head cut off by the order of Herod the governor of Judea, becauſe he had reproved the tyrant for marrying his brother's wife.

Behold theſe memoirs are the beſt preſents the poor exiled Mahmut can ſend thee, when he congratulates thy acceſſion to that holy chair; yet ſuch as theſe were more welcome to thy predeceſſor than gifts of ſilver, gold, or precious ſtones; for he was a diligent collector of choice antiquities, and ſelect fragments of hiſtory; he was a liberal patron and encourager of philoſophy and all ſorts of learning. Follow thou his example, and the true faithful will be eternally obliged to thee. Thou haſt a fair opportunity, there being, as I am informed, the beſt library in thy convent of any throughout the muſſulman empire; and the derviſes under thy government are men addicted to the ſtudy of the ſciences. It is pity ſuch inclinations ſhould want encouragement, whilſt the infidels are every where buſy in founding new academies and augmenting the old. There is one lately erected in the dukedom of Cleve, by the Elector of Brandenburgh, where the Oriental languages and ſciences are profeſſed. If the Nazarenes are thus curious to pry into our learning, why ſhould we be remiſs in attaining the knowledge of their languages and hiſtories, ſince thereby we ſhall be in a condition to know their greateſt ſecrets?

Sage Hebatolla, let not the infidels have any longer occaſion to term us barbarous and ignorant; but remember, that in promoting literature, thou wilt perform a meritorious ſervice to the Grand Seignior.

Paris, 17th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1657.

IX.—*To* SELIM AL' MOSEL, *Venerable Imaum of the Moſch of Santa Sophia.*

PRAISE be to God, ſole lord of the zenith and the nadir, poſſeſſor of infinite regions, who hides the firſt meridian in the palm of his hand! The names of Peru and Mexico are not now foreign in the Ottoman empire, eſpecially to travellers and men of ſcience.

When our fathers firſt heard of America, they had no other way to expreſs ſo unknown a part of the world than by calling it the Land of the Golden Mines, becauſe of the abundance of that metal which was brought from thence by the Spaniards, ſince their conqueſts in theſe parts. But now we are no ſtrangers to the geography of that remote continent: Commerce and traffic have rendered all the known nations of the earth familiar one with another; and I remember, when I was at Conſtantinople, the names of Peru, Mexico, Florida, &c. were as common in the Copha Hans, as the names of Indoſtan, Turquiſtan, Gurgiſtan, or any other provinces of Aſia; ſo that a man would have been laughed at, who, in ſpeaking of America, ſhould have uſed any circumlocutions, as to call it the Empire of the Golden Mines, the world beyond the great ſea, or the like.

Yet we muſt confeſs our knowledge in this kind is owing to the Franks, who ſail into thoſe far diſtant regions, and at their return communicate their intelligence and obſervations to us; for elſe we had been yet altogether ſtrangers to the hiſtory of that new world.

It was firſt diſcovered by Chriſtopher Columbus, a Genoeſe, in the year 1492 of the Chriſtian hegira. This man had a happy genius in contemplating the motion of the ſun, and the frame of the univerſe; he was no ſtranger to the extent of our continent, and the ſituation of

all its parts; he had been often at ſea, and ſeen divers regions; and particularly when he was in Portugal, the moſt weſterly part of Europe, he took great delight to walk on the ſhore in the evenings, and obſerve the ſetting of the ſun. This cuſtom of his produced various thoughts in his breaſt: But what was of moſt import, his reaſon ſuggeſted to him, that it could not conſiſt with the order of nature, that the ſun, after he left our world, ſerved only to give light to the fiſhes, or gild the waves of the weſtern ocean; therefore, on good grounds he concluded, there muſt be ſome unknown land beyond thoſe mighty tracks of ſea, which waſhed the weſtern ſhores of Europe and Afric.

This thought made him uneaſy, and put him upon a reſolution of attempting a diſcovery. He made propoſals to the republic of Genoa, but was rejected. Then he addreſſed himſelf to Henry VII. at the Engliſh court, where, not finding encouragement, he went to the King of Spain, who approving his deſign, furniſhed him with two ſhips. He ſailed on the ocean for the ſpace of two moons, without ſeeing any land, which made his mariners mutiny, their proviſions falling ſhort; they threatened to throw him overboard if he would not return; but he with mild words, and ſtrong reaſons, appeaſed their fury, promiſing to ſail back again if they ſaw not land within three days. On the third day, the boy on the main-top-maſt ſaw a fire, and within a few hours afterwards they came within view of land.

When he had made his obſervations, and done what was requiſite in his circumſtances, he returned to give the King of Spain an account of his expedition.

After his death, Americus Veſputius was ſent to conquer theſe unknown regions; from whom that whole con-

tinent is called America, but methinks not without ſome ingratitude to the firſt diſcoverer.

It would be endleſs to recount all the particular adventures of the Spaniards in theſe parts, with their cruelties and maſſacres: Suffice it to ſay, to the eternal infamy of that nation, that, according to their own writers, they butchered in cold blood above twenty millions of the natives in the ſpace of twenty years; and all this for the lucre of their gold, though under the pretence of propagating the Chriſtian religion.

I will not liſt myſelf in the number of thoſe who pretend to be God's privy counſellors, neither will I preſume to deſcant on things out of my reach; but the Spaniards have lately felt a terrible blow in Peru, which, if it be not a mark of the wrath of Heaven, is at leaſt a ſign that the earth is weary of them, eſpecially in thoſe parts where they have ſtained it with ſo much innocent blood.

The city Lima, not many moons ago, was all ſwallowed up by an earthquake; and Calao, another city not far from it, was conſumed by a ſhower of fire out of the clouds. Eleven thouſand Spaniards loſt their lives in this calamity; and the earth devoured an hundred millions of refined ſilver, which the lucre of the Spaniards had forced out of its bowels. All the mountains of Potoſi, from whence they dug their choiceſt metal, were levelled with the plain, and no more hopes of gold were left to their inſatiable avarice.

I leave the judgment of theſe events to thee, who art of the holy line, full of reſplendent thoughts, prophetic Iſcharif, conſecrated emir, glory of the houſe of Mahomet. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that this calamity of the Spaniards in part reſembles the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the reſt of the nine cities of the lake.

The infidels ſay there were but five; let them alone in their error; it is certain the muſſulmans have the only true hiſtory of former times. Doubtleſs God is ſevere in chaſtiſements when he is incenſed againſt a nation; witneſs the people of Aod and Themod, with the men of the Valley of Smoke, and the city whoſe inhabitants were in one hour all turned into ſtatues of ſtone, and are to be ſeen at this day as a ſtanding monument of Heaven's diſpleaſure. Yet no nation is ruined till it ruin itſelf, as God ſpeaks in the Alcoran.

O emir, in whoſe veins runs the moſt purified blood in the world, pray for Mahmut, that he may never turn apoſtate from God and his prophet, nor do any thing which may hurry him to an untimely fate.

Paris, 17th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1657.

X.—*To* MUSTAPHA, *Baſſa.*

THIS following ſummer, if all reports be true, is like to afford ſome campaigns of blood. The general diſcourſe here is, that the Grand Seignior will ſpeedily have an army of three hundred thouſand men in the field, part to act in Dalmatia and Candy againſt the Venetians, the reſt to be employed againſt the Perſians, the more inveterate enemies of the Ottoman empire.

That ſaucy ambaſſador Iſhmael Bir Couli Chan deſerved the puniſhment was inflicted on him for his impertinent huff, and drawing his ſabre in the preſence of the greateſt monarch of the world: And let it be an eternal precedent to the envoys of foreign princes, that they may learn a leſſon of modeſty when they addreſs to the lord of their lords, and not by preſumption incenſe the king of the earth.

But it is apparent this ambaſſador took advantage of our troubles: He ſwelled with a vain and falſe idea of the Perſian puiſſance; beſides, they ſay, his maſter has entered into a ſolemn league with the Czar of Muſcovy againſt the ſhining empire. And it is certainly known here, that two ambaſſadors are arrived at Venice from that potent emperor of the north; and others are expected from Perſia to negotiate a tripartite league between thoſe crowns and that republic againſt the victorious Oſmans. Hence I ſuppoſe it was that the rude heretic took the boldneſs to commit an action which all the Eaſt puniſhes with death. Neither is it any thing to the purpoſe what the Chriſtians of theſe parts ſay, that the perſons of ambaſſadors are ſacred; for much more ſo are the perſons of ſovereigns. And ſo long as an envoy obeys the law of nations, in only delivering his meſſage with reſpect and civility, that law will protect him from all injuries; but if he muſt needs leap over his own fence, and, inſtead of appearing like an ambaſſador, he will act the part of an aſſaſſin, a furioſo, a contemner of majeſty, he can expect no better treatment than what is due to his audacious inſolence; he throws off with ſcorn the protection that his character claims, and in a mad bravado courts the revenge of the ſtate.

This Iſhmael has all along been counted a bold fool in the court of Perſia: He has committed a thouſand wild pranks at Iſpahan, more becoming a jeſter than a wiſe miniſter of ſtate. Yet his maſter ſtill winked at his extravagancies for his father's ſake, who did many notable ſervices to that crown; among which, his recovering Candahar from the Mogul was none of the leaſt, it being the only town which commands the frontiers of Perſia and the Indies.

For this and other merits, Sha Sophi preferred both

him and his ſon to the moſt conſiderable governments and offices in the empire, wherein the old man acquitted himſelf fairly to the laſt; but this young buffoon grew unwieldy with too much honour, affronted the grandees, and played upon the king himſelf, for which he had once like to have been caſt to the dogs; but at the interceſſion of ſome of his few friends, that puniſhment was remitted, and changed into exile, whilſt his enemies made uſe of his abſence to ruin him.

They were ſome of the greateſt lords of the court who bore him a grudge, and they had hourly the king's ear, which advantage they made uſe of to inſinuate ſuch an ill character of Iſhmael, that he knew no better way to be handſomely rid of him than by ſending him on this deſperate embaſſy to the myſterious Porte; chooſing rather that he ſhould fall by the Grand Seignior's command than by his own, who had reaped ſo much benefit from the ſervices of his father.

By this thou mayeſt diſcern that the King of Perſia is earneſtly reſolved upon war, without regarding how his herald that proclaimed it is received; for that ambaſſador deſerves no other title, who comes not with the accuſtomed preſents and ſupplications, but with an addreſs of a harſher ſtyle, denouncing enmity at his very firſt approach to the feet of the invincible Sultan Mahomet.

After all, it rejoices me to hear that thou and the other baſſas of the empire are ſo ready to aſſiſt our great maſter; for I am aſſured, that from your perſonal and voluntary contributions, he has received a ſupply of thirty millions of aſpers, beſides the conſtant revenues, cuſtoms, tributes, and ſubſidies of the empire. This is noiſed all over Chriſtendom; yet the Venetians ſeem not much to dread the conſequences of theſe vaſt preparations, judging that they will be employed elſewhere than

againſt any province of their dominions, except in Dalmatia, where theſe infidels truſt to the ſtrength of their forts, and the inacceſſible height of rocks.

But he that laid the foundations of the earth, and cauſes it to tremble when he pleaſes, the ſame God formed the lofty mountains, and can level them with plains, to ſerve the followers of his prophet; even as the ſtones came voluntarily to ſalute the divine meſſenger himſelf, the trees rouſed themſelves as out of a deep ſleep, and the earth yielding on all ſides to the forcible motion of the inſpired roots, they walked out of their places, and compoſed an umbrella over the head of Mahomet, when he was ready to faint with the violent heat of the ſun.

Thus ſhall the elements conſpire to aid the true believers; and when they fight for the Alcoran againſt infidels, God ſhall endow the inanimate beings with faith and devotion.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1657.

XI.—*To* MEHEMET, *an exiled Eunuch, in Egypt.*

PREPARE thyſelf with a conſtancy of ſpirit becoming a muſſulman, when thou ſhalt underſtand that the beſt friend thou hadſt in the world is gone to paradiſe. May God grant him the repoſe of a true believer, an apartment of ſingular delight; for it is the brave Solyman I ſpeak of, who not only deſerves thy moſt grateful vows for ſaving thy life, but has done a thouſand meritorious actions beſides, which now crown him with chaplets of immortality.

I wiſh I could have been the relater of better news to my baniſhed friend; but perhaps thou haſt heard of his death already by ſome veſſels from Conſtantinople, and ſo

it will be needleſs to ſay any thing as to his untimely fate, or the tragedies of the ſeraglio and imperial city.

It ſeems very ſtrange to me, and a thing unaccountable, that there can be no means found out to prevent theſe dangerous inſurrections of the ſoldiers, and that the moſt formidable empire on earth ſhould be thus frequently ſhocked by her own ſubjects. Mehemet, the things of this preſent world are a perfect riddle, and our life itſelf is but the ſhadow of a dream. Thou haſt experienced the inconſtancy of fortune, and that there is nothing on earth deſerves a wiſe man's confidence; therefore, if I may adviſe thee, it ſhall be to wean thyſelf from the trivial affairs of mortals. Let not the natural fondneſs which thou mayeſt poſſibly have for thy former courtly life in the ſeraglio, return to diſquiet thy ſoul; a man may be happy any where that knows how to be contented. Nature is ſerved with a little, and we ought to eſteem our irregular appetites as foreigners. If our fortune be not extended to the larger meaſure of our wiſhes, it is eaſy to contract and adequate our minds to our fortune.

Thou mayeſt carve to thyſelf various ſorts of felicities in Egypt, and render Cairo as pleaſant to thee now as Conſtantinople was formerly. Virtue makes all places delightful. If thou art for an active life, there is buſineſs enough in that populous city, and opportunities are never wanting to a man that is ready to lay hold of them. Beſides, it is the popular character of Egypt, that whoſoever dwells in it, finds an employment ſuitable to his inclination. But if thou art melancholy and contemplative, in my opinion thou couldſt not have choſen a country more agreeable to ſuch a temper.

Were I in thy ſtation, I ſhould make frequent viſits to the pyramids, and never be weary of ſearching out the antiquity of thoſe admirable ſtructures. There is hardly

any thing made by human art which has put me upon more important ſtudies and diſquiſitions than the original of theſe ſtupendous fabrics: They far ſurpaſs in grandeur and magnificence the moſt renowned buildings of the Greek and Roman empires, even in the zenith of their moſt flouriſhing ſtate; and I would fain learn when they were firſt erected, by whom, and for what ends: For I cannot believe what Joſephus the Jewiſh hiſtorian reports of them, that they were built in the time of Moſes their lawgiver, and that all thoſe of the Hebrew nation, amounting to ſome hundreds of thouſands, were employed as ſlaves in the work by the king then reigning in Egypt.

I have peruſed Herodotus the Grecian, Diodorus the Sicilian, with Strabo, Pliny, and other writers, who have all taken great pains to ſearch into the antiquity of the pyramids; yet after all their travel in Egypt, and their converſe with the prieſts of that country, they ſeem to have received but ſmall light in this affair, leaving things in uncertainty, and not agreeing in their accounts. One will have them to be only deſigned for ſepulchres of the kings; another ſays they were built by Joſeph the Hebrew, the viſier of Egypt, and that they were the granaries where he laid up ſeven years proviſion of corn, againſt the famine which in his days afflicted the earth. Thus they differ in their ſentiments. And our countryman, Ibn Abd' Alhokm, declares, that when he was in Egypt, he could not draw from any of the prieſts the leaſt certainty as to the age of theſe pyramids, or their founders; which makes him conclude, that ſince there was no memory or footſteps of their original left among men, it is probable they were built before the flood.

This agrees exactly with what others of our Arabian writers have delivered concerning King Saurid, who

reigned in Egypt three hundred years before the deluge: They relate ſtrange things of this prince, and among the reſt, that he dreamed, "The fixed ſtars came down from heaven to the earth, overturning all things, with the violence of their precipitate fall." Being much troubled at this viſion, he ſent for the prieſts and ſages, who, when they were aſſembled together in the king's palace, Aclimon their dater, or prince of the aſtrologers, told the king, "That a year before, he had ſeen a viſion, which made a deep impreſſion on his mind; for the celeſtial orbs appeared to deſcend ſo low as to touch the earth, ſo that the ſtars were mingled among men. Then he lift up his hands above his head in his dream, to keep the heaven from quite oppreſſing mortals with its weight. Whilſt I was in this poſture, (ſaid he) methought I addreſſed myſelf to the ſun, beſeeching the reſplendent god to retire with all his glittering train of lights to their ancient ſtation on high; whereupon the ſun made anſwer, When I ſhall have accompliſhed three hundred circuits, the heavens will return to their proper places."

When Aclimon had related this viſion, the king commanded the aſtrologers to erect a ſcheme of the preſent configurations above, and to tell him what they preſaged. They did ſo, and all agreed, that a deluge ſhould firſt overflow the whole earth, and that afterwards it ſhould be totally deſtroyed by fire.

Upon the hearing of this, they ſay, King Saudrid commanded the pyramids to be built, carrying all his riches into them, with the tables of the myſterious ſciences and laws, and whatſoever was eſteemed precious and worthy to be preſerved from the general deſtruction. And the annals of Egypt ſay that he commanded theſe words to be engraved on them:

I SAUDRID laid the foundation of the Pyramids, and finiſhed them in ſix years; yet I challenge any future king to demoliſh them in ſix hundred years, though it be much eaſier to ruin than to build. I covered them with ſilks; let any man after me cover them with mats, if he can.

In thus aſſerting Saudrid to be the founder of the pyramids, it ought to be underſtood only of ſome of the greateſt; and that other ſucceeding princes, (perhaps after the flood) ſpurred on with emulation and deſire of glory, built the reſt; which is the only way to reconcile our Arabian writers to Herodotus, Diodorus, and other hiſtorians of the Weſt, who aſſign Cheops or Chemnis, with Chephrem, Chabryis, and Mycerinus the ſon of Chemnis, as founders of ſome particular pyramids; whilſt Strabo and Pliny aſcribe the building of one to Rhodope, a famous ſtrumpet, or at leaſt to ſome of her paramours.

Doubtleſs there is great obſcurity and confuſion in the records of the ancients about the exact time when theſe illuſtrious monuments were built, which yet is an impregnable argument of their antiquity; ſince, when one author aſſerts this or that king to have built a pyramid, another demonſtrates the contrary, by proving, that that pyramid was in being long before the days of the ſuppoſed founder. Neither can I find any concurrence of authorities ſo rational and exactly agreeing as that of the Arabians, who all unanimouſly deliver, as a certain truth, that theſe unparalleled ſtructures were built long before the flood; all which is confirmed by the Egyptian annals themſelves, penned by thoſe of the Coptite race, who deſcended from Coptim, ſon of Maſar, the ſon of Bauſer, the ſon of Cham, the ſon of Noah; with whom and his family, Philemon the good prieſt made an alliance

by marriage, and in their cuſtody were the records and traditions of the old world.

But if it be granted, dear eunuch, that thoſe hiſtories are true which relate the tranſactions of the kings of Egypt before the flood, what reaſon have we to call in queſtion the fragments of Manethos, a prieſt of Egypt, or the genealogy and ſucceſſion of Egyptian monarchs delivered by Herodotus, or the chronological regiſters of Egypt unfolded by Diodorus, which carry up the reign of their kings to above a thouſand years beyond any other the moſt early epocha of the creation, except that of the Aſſyrians, or the interminable aſcent of paſt ages in the records of the Chineſe and Indians?

I know not what to call it, whether the cowardice of the intellect which dare not venture to launch into ſo vaſt a ſpeculation, or its ſloth, which will not take the pains to unfold and ſtretch its drowſy faculties on the moſt natural idea in the world. It is true, indeed, we cannot without ſome fatigue contemplate ſtedfaſtly the eternal exiſtence and duration of things; it is an immortal thought that can tranſport the ſoul back through ſuch an infinity of ages. Yet the pleaſure is agreeable to the undertaking; becauſe truth, ſerene as the mornings in Egypt, enlightens the proſpect, and tempts the mind, if it were poſſible, to look even beyond eternity itſelf; whereas, he that only confines his view to the narrow horizon of particular hiſtories, is like a man in a wilderneſs, or a low and ſhady vale, where his eye is curbed with the interpoſition of thickets, uneven ground, and envious incloſures; for ſuch are the dark controverſies, inextricable difficulties, and affected umbrages of moſt writers, who never durſt peep over the mountains of received opinion, or if they did, they fearfully or maliciouſly hid their diſcoveries from the reſt of mortals. I

tell thee, as God is eternal, there cannot be aſſigned an inſtant of time wherein the world did not exiſt; for the firſt matter flows as naturally from his eſſence as light from the ſun.

If thou adoreſt any other God but this, thou wilt be found in the number of idolators and infidels, who pay divine honours to certain mighty angels, architects, as they believe, of the univerſe.

They behold houſes, caſtles, and great cities built by mortals, and at a certain period ruined by fire, water, earthquakes, or other accidents, or deſtroyed by the effects of war; from hence they form a notion of the world's original and cataſtrophe. They conſider the animals, plants, and minerals; that every individual periſhes in time; and that even in the heavens there are ſtrong ſymptoms of corruption and alteration; hence they collect arguments to prove the weakneſs and decay of univerſal nature, which they vainly compare to the life of a man, a beaſt, or a tree; and as theſe have their appointed ſeaſons of birth, growth, maturity, decay, and death, ſo it is with the univerſe.

But all this is ſophiſtry; or, to ſpeak more favourably, we ought to charge it to the account of ſhort meditation; for though the individuals of all kinds are changed, ceaſe, and diſappear at their appointed periods, yet the ſpecies or kinds themſelves remain for ever before our eyes. As faſt as one man dies, another is born; and ſo it is with the brutes; and the ſeaſons of the year, in their proper courſe renew all the vegetables: We find the elements, the ſun, moon, ſtars, and earth remain unchangeable; and why then ſhould we think they were not always ſo, and will not continue ſo for ever? Or if this be too bold a ſtretch, let us conceive them at leaſt much more ancient and durable than they are generally thought

to be; and if these greater beings shall undergo a change in their outward forms, we may yet believe their substances will remain for ever.

But whether corporeal beings are thus lasting, or no, we have something in us that can never perish: Our souls are immortal, and need not the embalming of Egypt to preserve them from corruption.

Therefore, dear Mehemet, since we are destined to live for ever in one state or other, let us not fear death, which is but a minute's slumber, a short trance, out of which we shall immediately awake, to increase our knowledge and experience of those mysteries and secrets in nature, which at present are hid from us. In a word, let us live like philosophers, and then we may hope to die with the same equanimity of spirit as he did, who in his last agonies, being asked by his friend, "Where was all his philosophy now?" Answered, "I am just entering on a new discovery concerning the nature of salt." And with that word he expired.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1657.

XII.—*To the Most Venerable* MUFTI.

IF the public seditions should always continue, or be as frequently renewed as they have lately been at Constantinople, and if their effects shall be equally fatal to the grandees as has been this last horrid mutiny of the soldiers, to congratulate any man's rise to an eminent dignity will be but to flatter him, and addresses of this nature must be esteemed no better than mock compliments, civil insults, and fashionable farcasms; since, at this rate, great honours ought to be looked on no otherwise but as direct advances and nearer approaches to infamy and

death, when a man is exalted from an obſcure faſtneſs and humble ſecurity to the glorious hazard of a precipitate fall.

It is therefore when I come to kiſs the duſt of thy feet among the crowd of true believers, and to welcome thee to the moſt ſacred and ſublime vicarſhip on earth, I draw near with an indifference ſuitable to a muſſulman, wiſhing thee not more joy than ſafety in that myſterious ſtation, but ſuch a temperament of both as is due to thy ſanctity and incorrupt actions. In a word, I wiſh thee a perpetual immunity from thy predeceſſor's temptations, and from his crimes, and then thou needeſt not fear his misfortune and diſgrace.

Let not what I have ſaid paſs for an argument of diſreſpect and undutifulneſs to the heir of prophetic and apoſtolic revelation, the great patriarch of the faithful. I reverence both thy office and perſon, yet am commanded to avoid flattery and partial addreſſes when I write to the greateſt ſages in the empire; and had not this injunction been laid on me, my own natural temper would prompt me to ſhun that vice which renders a man ſo much leſs than himſelf, by how much he exalts another above his due.

I have often propoſed to thy predeceſſor the mighty benefit that would redound to the whole Ottoman empire, if learning were more encouraged, and the hiſtories of foreign nations were tranſlated into the familiar language of the muſſulmans.

It is, that thoſe who are deſtined to ſubdue all things, and have already ſpread their glorious conqueſts through the greateſt part of the earth, ſhould be acquainted with the tranſactions of former times, the wars of illuſtrious and brave heroes, the riſe and fall of ancient kingdoms, and, in general, the moſt noted revolutions in the world.

From ſuch records our generals and military men may draw examples of fortitude and patience, conduct and prudence, in all the fatigues and difficulties of war; our ſtatesmen may improve their knowledge in all the maxims of policy and wiſdom requiſite in time of peace; in fine, men of all conditions may learn the precepts of morality and virtue.

Methinks it is pity, that we who poſſeſs the territories of the ancient Grecians, the kingdoms of Corinth, and the Argives, the commonwealth of Athens and Lacedemon, the empire of Macedon and the ſtate of the Jews, ſhould be ignorant of the laws by which theſe divers countries were of old governed, and the characters, lives, and actions of their firſt lawgivers, and ſucceeding governors.

But if thou ſhalt determine, that the knowledge of theſe remote affairs is ſuperfluous and unneceſſary for true believers, let them at leaſt not be ignorant in their own hiſtory, and the original of their progenitors.

It is true we Arabians have all along taken care of our genealogies, every family and tribe being diligent to preſerve the memory of their anceſtors; and all concur with an unanimous zeal to regiſter the holy lineage of Mahomet, the meſſenger of God; ſo that we can from his father Abdalla run up in a direct paternal line to Caydar, the ſecond ſon of Iſmael, on whom be the benedictions of God. We are not ignorant how this Caydar (from whom the noble Coreis derive their pedigree) firſt ſettled at Mecca, in pure devotion to the ſquare temple, which was built by angels, when he might as well have choſen the more fertile plains of Medea, Perſia, and Aſſyria, as did his brethren Doama, Naphis, and Redma. But he foreſaw, by his ſkill in aſtrology, that the inhabitants of thoſe regions would be idolaters; and ſo it came to paſs,

for they were in the number of thoſe who adored the fire. For the ſame reaſon, he choſe not for his ſeat Armenia, though that country be renowned for the reſting of Noah's ark on Mount Geudis, and the famous city Themanine, being the firſt city built after the deluge by the eighty who eſcaped in the ark; but Caydar knew that the people of that province ſhould worſhip the ſun, and it was verified in the poſterity of his brethren Nabſam and Maſna. Therefore he choſe Mecca, though a barren country, becauſe he knew it was the ſeat predeſtined to the elect lineage, the generation of juſt men and prophets, from whom was to ſpring the light of the world, Mahomet, who in paradiſe is called Al Batraſim, and in heaven Achmet.

Caydar was the only ſon of Iſmael who took part with his father, and followed his example, worſhipping one God, creator of the worlds, as he had learned by tradition from Abrahim the beloved of the Eternal; whereas Nabayeth, Abdael, Thema, and the reſt of the twelve, either adored the ſun, moon, and ſtars, or the elements, except Jackour, who paid divine honours to the true Betlemer, and Hadal and Maſſa, who ſacrificed beaſts to the idols Bohinun and Alleze.

And as our hiſtorians have been thus particularly exact in recording the affairs of the twelve ſons of Iſmael, ſo have they ſhowed themſelves no leſs preciſe in relating the tranſactions of the twelve tribes which deſcended from them, even down to the preſent age.

I do not inſiſt on this, to teach thee ſomething whereof thou art ignorant, but to put thee in mind of the benefit and advantage, beſides the vaſt delight which accrues to a nation, by thus preſerving the memoirs of their anceſtors, in which my countrymen have exceeded the fidelity and care of all other people.

Had it not been for the induſtry of Arabian writers, the hiſtory of the whole Saracen empire, the ſucceſſion of the caliphs, with their wars and conqueſts, would have been either quite loſt to this age, or at leaſt much depraved and falſified by the malice of Chriſtian and Perſian authors, both equally enemies to the truth; by which it is evident, that every nation ought to regiſter their own tranſactions.

What, therefore, I chiefly aim at is, that the glorious Oſmans, who have by their valour entered into the poſſeſſions and territories of many ancient nations, might alſo be acquainted with the hiſtories of thoſe people whoſe lands they enjoy; but above all, I wiſh, that after they have found a way to ſo much wealth and honour, they would not loſe themſelves, and their own original.

I ſpeak of the Turks, properly ſo called, the deſcendants of the Scythians, who by ſome were eſteemed the moſt ancient nation on earth; a people formed by nature for the empire of the world; were never conquered themſelves, yet ſpread their victories over all Aſia. They routed Zopyrio, a general of Alexander the Great; and drove back a huffing King of Egypt, with ſhame and loſs, to his own country; in fine, they were a people naturally juſt, temperate, hardy, and endowed with all the excellent qualities which the philoſophy of the Greeks and Romans could never inſpire into their ſubjects, though they aimed at it.

Theſe were the people, O oracle of believers, from whom the preſent Turks deſcend; and is it not a ſhame that they can give no other account of their anceſtors, but what they borrow from the Chriſtians, who in the mean time reproach the muſſulmans with ignorance and barbariſm?

It is for this reaſon I renew the ſame requeſt to thee, which I often made to thy predeceſſor, that learning may be encouraged: Let all the ancient records, and hiſtories of the Greeks and Romans be ſought out and tranſlated, by men ſkilful in languages, into the familiar ſpeech of the Ottomans: Some, I know, are already common among the grandees, as Herodotus, Plutarch, and others; but let not any credible writer be wanting.

In doing this, thou wilt put a check to the ſcoffs of infidels, augment the honour and intereſt of the muſſulmans, and leave an immortal name behind thee on earth; which will make thy joys in paradiſe more ſweet to an infinity of ages.

Paris, 19th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1657.

XIII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

ALL Europe, except the French and Swedes, hangs down the head for the death of the German emperor: He went to the immortals on the 2d day of this moon, after a long fit of ſickneſs, and forty-nine years life on earth.

Nathan Ben Saddi, the agent of the Porte at Vienna, informs me, that on the ſame day whereon the emperor died, the imperial palace took fire on a ſudden, and with ſuch impetuoſity, that a great part of it was preſently conſumed, and the King of Hungary and Bohemia, the emperor's ſon, narrowly eſcaped with his life. This is eſteemed a bad omen to the empire; and, without being ſuperſtitious, I can aſſure thee, that Germany is in a very bad condition at this juncture: The electors are ſo divided on the ſcore of religion, and their ſecular in-

tereſts and alliances, that in all probability they will not with caſe decide the ſucceſſion.

The Duke of Brandenburgh having united himſelf to the Swedes, will not conſent to the inſtalling Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus, the emperor's ſon, becauſe that prince ſupports the cauſe of the Poles and Danes: The Palatine of Heydelberg and Duke of Bavaria are at odds about their private pretenſions: The Duke of Saxony would fain be emperor himſelf, or have one at leaſt of the Lutheran religion: And the reſt are ſo incenſed againſt the Houſe of Auſtria, that it is thought none but the eccleſiaſtic princes will vote for the King of Hungary and Bohemia: So that there being no king of the Romans to claim the ſucceſſion by the laws of the empire, the throne is like to be vacant yet a while.

Cardinal Mazarini, who watches all opportunities to aggrandiſe his maſter, has diſpatched away ſeveral couriers into Germany, to negotiate privately with the electors, and concert thoſe meaſures which will be moſt for the intereſt of France; and I tell thee this miniſter has no ſmall influence on the Elector of Colen, and Prince Palatine of the Rhine; beſides, thou wilt ſay, he goes the right way to work, when thou ſhalt know that he makes uſe of the French gold to compaſs his deſigns.

No ſooner did the news of the emperor's death arrive at this court, but it was obſerved the cardinal took up a hundred thouſand piſtoles of the public bankers in this city; and every body gueſſed how it would be diſpoſed.

The Portugueſe ambaſſador at this court has cauſed extraordinary fire-works to be played on the river Seine, before the palace of the king, in honour of his maſter's coronation, the young King of Portugal. But the Spaniards are preparing more deſtructive fire-works on the

frontiers of that kingdom, being ready to enter it with an army of ſixteen thouſand men, to recover the Portugueſe crown.

"In ſending thee theſe intelligences, ſage miniſter, I am not concerned for the infidels. Who dies or who lives, who riſes or who falls, is all one to Mahmut, provided the Grand Seignior's health, life, and happineſs be augmented: And this I ſpeak as an Arabian and true believer.

Paris, 30th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XIV.—*To* RABA MAHOMET, *General of the Ottoman Forces, at his Camp near Adrianople.*

THE ſacred empire of true believers is beſet at this time with infidels, rebels, and heretics. Here are many rumours ſpread abroad, concerning the Perſians, and the intereſt they have in the baſſa and citizens of Babylon. They talk alſo that ſome malcontents deſign things which ought not to be named.

God has given me two ears, and I hear theſe diſcourſes with both, but I entertain them with one unchangeable judgment, that they are only the whiſpers of fame, which has a thouſand double tongues. If it be true, that the four chiauſes, who were diſpatched to Babylon from the Grand Seignior, to confirm the inhabitants of that city in their allegiance, and aſſure them of ſpeedy ſuccours, were murdered by the diſloyal citizens, I doubt not but it is as true, that the plague has conſumed the greateſt part of the Red-heads, in their camp at Aranſacat. What though theſe Babylonian mongrels cry, "Long live the King of Perſia!" the reſt of the empire, with true zeal and devotion, pray for the health and proſperity of the

Grand Seignior. What though the ſultan has ſworn by God and his throne, by the heavens and earth, that he will go againſt the Venetians in perſon! the mufti can eaſily abſolve him in caſe of ſupreme neceſſity, when his preſence is requiſite againſt the more accurſed Kyſil-baſchi.

It is probable the Oſman monarchy may be much embarraſſed by domeſtic troubles and foreign wars; yet he that founded it, and is the conſervator of ages, will out of theſe very diſtempers and evils produce a good conſtitution of health in the ſtate, and a firmer eſtabliſhment againſt all enemies.

In the mean while, the Venetians are very buſy in their levies at home, and in making intereſts abroad. Couriers are perpetually poſting up and down Chriſtendom to and from that city. They would willingly have all the buſineſs of Europe ſuperſeded for their ſakes. Every where it is whiſpered there is ſome grand deſign on foot againſt the Turks, but nobody knows what. And I tell thee, France, Spain, Germany, Poland, Sweden, and the reſt of the Nazarene kingdoms, are too much entangled among themſelves to have any thoughts of meddling with remote affairs.

The Poles would have had the German emperor take that crown in vaſſalage, on condition of protecting it from the Swedes; but whilſt the emperor was alive, he weighed the difficulties, and refuſed ſo chargeable an offer. Now he is lately dead, and the empire is hardly capable to defend itſelf.

Differences are newly riſen between the Duke of Bavaria, and the Elector Palatine of Hydelberg, each claiming the right to be vicar of the empire during the vacancy, and they are preparing on both ſides to diſpute the matter with the ſword; whilſt the King of Sweden

ſmiles ſecretly at their inteſtine quarrels, reſolving to be revenged on Germany for the aſſiſtance they have given to Caſimir King of Poland.

At the ſame time, the Danes are arming and equipping by ſea and land, to demand juſtice of the Swedes: Whilſt the cunning Muſcovite ſtands aloft, amuſing all parties with ſpecious pretexts, but deſigning only to play his own game, and eſpouſe that quarrel which will bring him moſt booty. Prince Ragotſki promiſes fair to the Swedes, but it is thought will prove falſe in the end. The councils of theſe uncircumciſed are full of treachery; they are infatuated, blinded, and know not what they do.

The caſe is as bad in Spain, where the king is making vaſt preparations to enter Portugal, and claim that crown, hoping to make advantage of their domeſtic factions ſince the death of Don Juan de Braganza, the late Portugueſe King; not conſidering that the French are like to find him work enough in Italy, Flanders, and Catalonia, beſides the continual damages he receives by ſea from the Engliſh, and the loſſes he ſuſtains in America. I tell thee, in a word, all Europe is at this time in ſuch a hurly-burly, that they have no leiſure to attend our motions in the Eaſt, every kingdom and ſtate being wholly buſied in their own affairs, and Venice can rely on nothing but her own ſtrength. Go on then, brave general of the army, deſtined to chaſtiſe theſe infidels, and let nothing diſcourage thee from purſuing the aims of honour and religion: Let the proud Franks know that there is a ſword drawn in the Eaſt, which will never be put up, till it has not only cut off the exterior members, but even ripped up the bowels of the weſtern empire.

The inhabitants of Sicily are in great conſternation, by reaſon of a freſh eruption of fire from Mount Etna,

or Mount Gibel, whereby the city Catanea, and adjacent parts, are much in danger, and the aſhes are ſcattered all over the iſland. This mountain has at times flamed forth in an extraordinary manner from immemorable ages, and in all probability will continue to do ſo till the day of judgment.

There is like to be a new quarrel between France and Holland, the latter complaining, that they have had above three hundred merchant ſhips taken from them by the French within theſe ſeven years; upon which they have ſtopped two veſſels belonging to this kingdom, and miſunderſtandings increaſe apace between them.

In the mean time, the German court is preparing to chooſe a new emperor: His ſon is the perſon deſigned for this dignity, if the electors do not oppoſe it. His name is Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus, King of Hungary and Bohemia: He lies ſick of a dangerous diſeaſe, not leſs loathſome than the plague.

And now I have mentioned this ſcourge of God, it will not be amiſs to inform thee, that in Rome and Naples, where it has raged theſe eleven moons, and has deſtroyed an hundred and eighty thouſand people, it is not now to be heard of; commerce is reſtored; public courts ſit; ambaſſadors have audience; and all things run in their wonted channel: Yet in Genoa they feel it ſtill.

The ſouls of theſe infidels are infected with an infernal peſtilence, and therefore God rains curſes on them, whilſt the elect in all nations are preſerved from all evil, being marked in the forehead by the angel of health.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XV.—*To* CARA HALI, *Phyſician to the Grand Seignior.*

I HAVE encountered a paſſage in the hiſtory of the firſt caliphs, which a little entangles me. My faith is diſjointed. Thou knoweſt we muſſulmans believe, that Abu Becre was the true ſucceſſor of the prophet; yet when I conſider that he attained the ſovereignty by ſurpriſe, without the conſent of the muſſulmans, I know not what to think of it.

After the death of the meſſenger of God, the inhabitants of Mecca and Medina raiſed a ſedition, and took up arms, each challenging the right of election to themſelves; when to prevent the ill conſequences of this tumult, Abu Becre and Omar immediately came to them, and, to end the controverſy, Omar ſtretching forth his hand to Abu Becre, ſaluted him caliph, and lifting up his hand to Heaven, ſwore allegiance to him; which example ſuddenly prevailed on others, and ſo the tumult was appeaſed. Yet Omar himſelf ſeemed to repent of what he had done; for a while after he was heard to ſay, "Aſſuredly the inauguration of Abu Becre was a raſh unadviſed thing; God avert the evil which may reſult from it. But let it be a law, that if any one hereafter ſhall preſume to do as I have done, and ſwear fealty to another, without the aſſent of the muſſulmans, he ſhall be put to death."

But that which is of greateſt moment with me, is, that Ali Eben Abi Taleb, the ſon-in-law of the prophet, was not preſent at this election, who had as much right to the caliphate as any of them, if not more; at leaſt he had a right to vote: And when he firſt heard the news, he proteſted againſt what they had done as null and invalid, in regard they had not conſulted him. Certainly Ali Eben Abi Taleb was a matchleſs hero, per-

forming miracles of valour in defence of the prophet. When he beſieged Chaibar, a city of the Jews, he took the gates of the city from off their hinges, and uſed them as his ſhield; when he brandiſhed his glittering ſword, he made his enemies tremble. I will ſay no more in his praiſe, leſt thou ſhouldeſt conclude, I have liſted myſelf in the number of the Kyſilbaſchi. What I write is only by way of ſcrutiny, being diſſatisfied about theſe things.

So when Abu Becre lay on his deathbed, he called for Othman Eben Aphan, the ſcribe, and bid him write as follows: "In the name of God, gracious and merciful, this is the teſtament of Abdollah Eben Abu Kohapha, when he was arrived to the laſt hour of this world, and the firſt of the world to come." Then he fell into a trance, while Othman proceeded, and wrote the name of Omar Eb'no'l Chattab. Then Abu-Becre awaked, and aſking Othman "Whom he had named for his ſucceſſor?" he replied, "Omar." "Thou haſt done well (ſaid he), and according to my mind; yet if thou hadſt named thyſelf, aſſuredly thou art worthy of the honour." Thus Omar ſucceeded in the caliphate, by the private order of Abu Becre, without aſking the conſent of the muſſulmans. It looks like a contrivance or bargain between thoſe two at firſt; when Omar ſwore fealty to Abu Becre, one would ſuſpect he made him promiſe to bequeath the caliphate to him. Be it how it will, thou ſeeſt Omar accepted the government, on conditions which he himſelf had made unlawful, when he prohibited any ſucceſſion that ſhould be made without the conſent of the muſſulmans. He was the firſt that was called Amiro'l-mumenin, or commander of the faithful.

It is reported, that when Omar was near his death, thoſe that ſtood about him deſired him to name his ſuc-

ceſſor; they themſelves recommended Ali Eben Abi Taleb, becauſe of his relation to the prophet; but he rejected him, and committed the election of his ſucceſſor to Othman, Ali, Telha, Azobair, Abu Obeid, and Saad Eben Abi Wakka. Abu Obeid therefore coming to Ali Eben Abi Taleb, ſaid thus to him: "Art thou he to whom I may ſwear fidelity, that thou wilt act according to the book of God, and the laws of his prophet, and the conſtitutions of the two ſeniors?" Ali anſwered, "I will ever act according to the book of God, and the law of his prophet; but as to the conſtitutions of the two ſeniors, I will follow my own counſel." Then Abu Obeid going to Othman, ſaid the ſame words; and Othman promiſed to perform all that they required. So they choſe Othman to ſucceed Omar in the caliphate. He was accuſed of too great partiality to thoſe of his blood; for he recalled Hacem Ebno'l As Eb'n Omaih, whom the prophet had baniſhed. He gave him alſo an hundred thouſand aſpers, and to Abdella Eb'n Chaled he gave forty thouſand. They taxed him alſo with pride, in that he ſat in the higheſt ſeat of the prophetic throne, where none but the holy prophet himſelf had ever ſat; for Abu Beere, in reverence to the meſſenger of God, ſat one ſtep below it, and Omar two. So that the Arabians being incenſed at Othman's arrogance, and other vices, took up arms, and killed him. Then ſucceeded Ali.

I rehearſe this hiſtory to thee, that thou mayeſt know the particular grounds of my diſſatisfaction, and give me thy opinion in this matter. For, if Abu Beere, Omar, and Othman, were unlawfully lifted to the caliphate, it follows that they were uſurpers, and Hali the only true ſucceſſor of the prophet. And, if this be granted, then we have no reaſon to curſe the Perſians, who are the fol-

lowers of Hali. God knows which is in the right, we or they. We all are disciples of the prophet, and believe in the unity of the divine essence: God bless Mahomet our lawgiver, with all those of his house. God bless Mahomet our glorious sultan: In fine, God bless thee and me.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XVI.—*To* CARA MUSTAPHA, *Bassa.*

BY the notices which I receive from Constantinople, it appears that the ground of all the public discontents in that city is the Venetians conquest and possession of Tenedos; as if the people thought that island would prove as fatal now to the mussulmans as it was formerly to old Troy, when the Grecians, under the conduct of Agamemnon, pitched their first camp there, to recover Helena, the fairest woman of Greece, whom Paris the Prince of Troy had ravished from her husband's embraces.

That rape was fatal to the Trojans; for, after a ten years war, their city was taken by stratagem, and burnt to ashes; their princes and nobles either all slain, or carried away captives by the victorious Greeks; only Æneas saved his father alive, carrying him on his back out of the flames, and with some other commanders escaped to sea, in such vessels as they found ready. The history of all his adventures is too tedious for a letter; suffice it to say, that after many voyages from one region to another, at last he landed in Italy, where he and his company settled; and from them the Venetians, with other people of Europe, derive their original.

It is this makes their present possession of Tenedos appear as an ill omen in the eyes of the superstitious; as if

thoſe relics of ancient Troy were now come to recover the habitations of their fathers, and drive both Greeks and muſſulmans out of the empire.

But theſe are only chimeras and dreams; for when a nation is once diſplanted from their native ſeat, they ſeldom or never take root there again: Beſides, who knows whether the Venetians deſcend from Troy or no? It is true, indeed, if hiſtorians ſpeak truth, that Æneas ſailed into Italy two years after the burning of Troy; it is probable alſo, that he built Lavinium, as Padua is aſcribed to Antenor, one of his captains. But where is the conſequence, that the Venetians ſhould therefore be the offspring of theſe heroic fugitives? They may as well ſay the French are the poſterity of the Moors, becauſe thoſe Africans once ſeated themſelves in Spain; for juſt ſo independent are the ſtates of Italy one of another, and their inhabitants of as different genealogies, as are theſe two potent kingdoms, with the people that dwell in them.

And now the Trojan war is in my mind, I cannot but ſmile at the egregious folly of Ajax, the ſon of Telamon. This was a great commander in the Grecian army, a huge, brawny, giant-like fellow, that had performed prodigies of ſtrength and valour in combating the Trojans, and yet at laſt fell upon his own ſword and killed himſelf, becauſe he could not have his will of Ulyſſes; and all about an old ruſty buckler, taken from the enemy, which Ajax claimed as his right, in reward of his meritorious ſervices, and the many ſcars he had received; but Ulyſſes overruled the council of war, which was called on purpoſe to decide this quarrel, and got the ſhield himſelf; for being a cunning plauſible fellow, he pleaded, that though the courage and brave actions of Ajax deſerved all due honour and acknowledgment, yet

the ſurpriſe of Troy, and ending the war, was only owing to his wit and contrivance, who deluded the Trojans with a wooden horſe, in the belly of which lay a detachment of armed men; and theſe, after the horſe was admitted into the city, came out of their neſt in the dead of the night, and ſet fire to the houſes, opening the gates alſo to the Grecian army.

If the Venetians could invent ſome ſuch ſtratagem, perhaps there would be danger of their taking Conſtantinople; but till then, illuſtrious baſſa, there is no reaſon to fear theſe infidels; beſides it will be very eaſy to diſpoſſeſs them of that ominous iſland, and ſo diſſipate the charm which has bewitched the ſeditious rabble. But I would counſel, that it be attempted in time, before the Venetians are got into the Helleſpont with their navy; for there is no ſucceſs againſt theſe infidels by ſea. That element, it ſeems, is the wife of the Duke of Venice, being eſpouſed with a ring and other ſolemn ceremonies, on a certain feſtival of the Nazarenes.

One would think alſo, that the Engliſh had made ſucceſsful love to the ſea, for their navies are always proſperous. We have freſh news come in of an encounter between them and the Spaniſh Weſt India fleet, near the iſland of Teneriff, wherein there were ſeventeen of the Spaniſh ſhips ſunk and burnt, and among them were five great galleons. They took from them an immenſe treaſure of gold and ſilver, with other coſtly merchandiſe.

The French court rejoices mightily at this exploit, not in any real love to the Engliſh, but in hatred of the Spaniards; for between theſe two nations there ſeems to be an irreconcilable antipathy. Beſides, the French have reaſons of ſtate for their joy, being in league with the Engliſh commonwealth.

That which renders this victory the more remarkable,

is, that it was obtained in a Spaniſh harbour, the port of Santa Cruz in Teneriff. Every one extols the Engliſh commander for a very brave perſon; his name is Blake. I am the more particular in this relation, becauſe thou art expert in marine affairs, having had the command of the invincible Ottoman Armada.

There is a poſt newly come in from Germany, who informs us, that the King of Sweden and Prince Ragotſki have taken the ſtrong fort of Brzeſki Litenſki from the King of Poland.

The Portugueſe ambaſſador at this court preſſes the king with much earneſtneſs to ſend aids to his maſter, in regard the Spaniards are actually entered into Portugal, and have taken Olivenza, a city of that kingdom.

I formerly acquainted the miniſters of the Divan, that the King of Spain had cauſed all the people of his kingdom to be numbered; now I tell thee farther, that in order to carry on the war effectually againſt Portugal, this monarch has commanded the fifth man in every family to take up arms, and follow the campaign; at which rate, they ſay he will have an hundred thouſand men in the field.

In the mean time, all the diſcourſe here at preſent is concerning the ſiege of Montmedi, a very ſtrong place in Flanders. It was inveſted by the French army on the 11th of this moon, under the command of the Mareſchal de la Ferte Seneterre.

France has ſent a great many brave generals into the field this ſummer; and I perceive the baſſas of the Ottoman empire are not like to tarry at home. God inſpire thee, and thy equals, with a reſolution which knows no medium between victory and a glorious death.

Paris, 26th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XVII.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

THE beginning of thy letter ſurpriſed me with wonder, when I read that a chiaus from the Grand Seignior, the ſovereign of ſovereigns, lord of three empires, and five-and-twenty kingdoms, ſhould have the diſhonour not to find admittance within the walls of Vienna, and that in a time when the Germans have no reaſon to provoke a foreign war, being ſufficiently embarraſſed with domeſtic troubles; but when I read farther, and perceived that no ambaſſador, not even of the Chriſtian princes, has any more privilege at this juncture, and that it is an eſtabliſhed law of the empire thus to reverence the majeſty of their deceaſed ſovereign, and conſult the ſafety of the next election, I ceaſed to reſent this any longer as an indignity to our great maſter, and only concluded it to be ſome myſtery of the Auſtrian ſtate.

It is an argument of profound reſpect to the imperial ghoſt, that the churches are all hung with mourning throughout the hereditary dominions, and that no muſic is permitted either in the temples or elſewhere; no jollity or mirth till the funeral obſequies are performed, and the body of Cæſar is conſigned to the place of its everlaſting repoſe.

As to the quarrel between the Duke of Bavaria, and Prince Palatine, about the vicariate, there is much to be ſaid on both ſides; and it ought to be a thing indifferent to thee and me, which of theſe two gets the victory. Yet for the ſake of truth I will tell thee in ſhort what I have collected out of the journal of Carcoa, thy predeceſſor, and out of other memoirs, as they came to my hands.

It appears then, that by the golden bull of Charles IV. this dignity was declared inherent in the Palatinate

family, in right of their poſſeſſion of that principality, and that it had been ſo for many ages, even before there were any electors eſtabliſhed in the empire. It is upon this ground the preſent Elector Palatine claims it. But on the other ſide, it is as manifeſt, that when Maximilian, the father of the preſent Duke of Bavaria, was inveſted with the electoral dignity, it was inſerted in the imperial bull, that the vicegerency of the empire, during an interregnum, ſhould henceforth belong to that family. Yet this grant was again diſannulled by the late pacification at Munſter; and ſo the buſineſs is left in diſpute between theſe two families. He of Bavaria truſts to his ſtrength and riches, being alſo backed by the eccleſiaſtic princes; whilſt the other only confides in the juſtice of his cauſe, the right of unqueſtionable inheritance.

Leaving, therefore, theſe grandees to proſecute their ſeveral claims, I will tell thee what makes the freſheſt noiſe in this city, is an attempt which the Prince of Conde made lately on the town of Calais, a ſea-port of this kingdom. He had received certain intelligence, that the governor had ſent out the beſt part of the garriſon to fortify Ardres, a place not far from Calais, and ſuppoſed to be in great danger; upon this news, the prince marched with great expedition, deſigning to ſurpriſe Calais by night; but he was diſcovered before he came near them, and the inhabitants taking up arms, appeared on the walls and ramparts to welcome him, ſo that he was forced to retire again with the loſs of near a thouſand men.

Here are two men come out of England, that pretend to be prophets, foretelling the downfal of the pope, whom they call antichriſt, a beaſt, a dragon, and I know not how many other titles. One of them is gone to Rome, [illegible] tell the holy father to his face what is like to befal

him. The French court looks upon them as madmen, and nobody can eſteem them better if they go to Rome, where they will infallibly fall into the hands of the inquiſition, which thou knoweſt is a hell upon earth. Thy brother Adonai felt the ſmart of it, only for two or three words uttered in contempt of their religion; and though he was not condemned to death, yet he ſuffered a tedious impriſonment, till at length the plague releaſed him both from that and the chains of this mortal life.

Nathan, if he had died by the ſtroke of the executioner, or by fire, the common death of thoſe who rail at the Roman faith, I could not pronounce him a martyr, unleſs it were to his own folly and raſhneſs; ſince he was not placed there to make proſelytes, either to the law of Moſes or Mahomet, but to penetrate into the ſecret tranſactions of the followers of Jeſus.

Thy buſineſs is the ſame at Vienna; purſue that with alacrity, and God ſhall protect thee from all adverſity.

Paris, 9th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XVIII.—*To* Melec Amet.

I welcome thy return to the earth again; for it appears by thy letter that thou haſt been in the other world. It were to be wiſhed thou wouldeſt favour the living with a journal of thy travels and obſervations among the dead: Thoſe regions of ſilence would afford matter of noiſe enough to mortals, that are always greedy of foreign news. Perhaps if thou wouldeſt communicate the remarks thou haſt made during that ramble of thy ſoul, we might find out ſome method of correſpondence between our world and that inviſible ſtate; we might contrive a way to ſend diſpatches to our friends, and to re-

ceive their anſwers again; or at leaſt we might make ſome uſeful diſcoveries in that empire of ſhadows.

But, tell me ſeriouſly, doſt thou think it was any more than a trance or dream that has happened to thee, ſuch as frequently falls out in melancholy conſtitutions? I once informed Cara Hali the phyſician of ſuch an accident as this not far from Paris: It was of a man that had lain five-and-thirty hours as dead in all human appearance, and ſo given over by the phyſicians; yet after that period, he recovered his ſenſes again, and told ſtrange things to thoſe that were about him. Surely theſe are but the ſlumbers of the ſoul; and death itſelf is but a deeper ſleep, when it cauſes the diſſolution of the body. Doubtleſs men awake again in ſome other active ſtate; for as a flame of fire is equally diſpoſed to embody itſelf in the fat of fleſh or fiſh, in oil, wax, ſulphur, or any proper vehicle, and as ſoon as it is extinguiſhed in one, will readily tranſlate itſelf ſucceſſively to all the reſt, if they be within the ſphere of its activity (as the weſtern philoſopher ſpeaks); ſo is the ſpirit or flame of life always in a poſture of tranſmigration. For aught we know, he that is a king this hour, may be a peacock the next, and within a few days be ſerved up at his ſucceſſor's table as a royal diſh.

But not to inſiſt too much on theſe ſecrets, I will relate to thee a paſſage not unlike that thou haſt experienced.

It is recorded in the writings of an authentic pen, the manuſcript of an ancient Arabian, that Al' Raſhid, emperor of the faithful, had many famous phyſicians about him; among the reſt, he highly eſteemed Saleh Eb'n Nahali, an Indian, for recovering one of his near kinſmen out of ſuch a condition as I ſuppoſe thou haſt been in. That kinſman was very dear to the emperor, who

was ſitting at a feaſt when news was brought him that he was dead. The emperor, extremely troubled to hear this, burſt forth into tears, and cauſed the table to be taken away. Then Jaafer Ep'n Yahya, one of his confidents, immediately deſired that Saleh the Indian phyſician might viſit the corps of his dead relation, who went accordingly, and having felt his pulſe, and conſidered him well, he returned to the emperor, and ſaid, "Ceaſe to mourn, my lord, commander of the faithful; for if this man be dead, and I do not reſtore him to life again, may I be divorced from all my wives for ever."

He had ſcarce made an end of ſaying this, when a ſecond diſpatch came to the emperor, from thoſe who were about his kinſman, aſſuring him, that he was really departed this life.

Then Al' Raſhid began to curſe the Indians, and their ignorance: But Saleh perſiſted in this aſſertion, crying out with ſome vehemency, "Be not incredulous, O emperor of the faithful, nor ſuffer thy kinſman to be buried, till I have been with him again, for aſſuredly he is not dead; I will ſhow you ſomething that is admirable." Al' Raſhid, pacified with theſe words, took Saleh along with him to viſit the ſuppoſed dead perſon.

As ſoon as they came into his chamber, the Indian took a needle and thruſt it between the nail and the fleſh of his left thumb; then the entranced ſnatched up his hand toward his mouth; at which Saleh cried out, "Now, my lord, comfort yourſelf; for dead men uſe not to be ſenſible of pain." After this, he blew up a powder into his noſe, upon which, in a few minutes the patient ſneezed; and ſitting upright in his bed, ſpoke to Al' Raſhid, kiſſing alſo his hand. The emperor aſking him, "How he found himſelf?" he replied, "Benefactor of mankind; I have been in the ſweeteſt ſleep that

ever I remember fell on me in my life; only I dreamed that a dog came and bit me by my left thumb, the pain of which awaked me." With that he ſhowed him the mark of the needle and the blood; adding, "Surely it was no dream, but a truth, for I feel it yet." The emperor was extremely pleaſed with his Indian phyſician, and did him great honour. His kinſman alſo, whoſe name was Ibrahim, lived many years after this, and was made governor of Egypt, where he died and was buried.

The eaſtern phyſicians have been famous in all ages, and are now much in eſteem among the Franks, who addict themſelves to ſtudy the ſciences. Here are ſome very learned phyſicians in theſe parts, and not a few ignorant ones, who ſerve as foils to ſet off the luſtre and fame of the others. Every province and city in France ſwarms with them, and they all find employment either to kill or cure. The Nazarenes live very intemperately, and fall into abundance of diſeaſes, whereof the Eaſt is wholly ignorant; therefore it is neceſſary for them to be well ſtocked with phyſicians. Yet it was ſatirically obſerved by a certain French lord, that in a town not far from his palace, the inhabitants were all healthy long-lived men, till a certain empiric came and took up his reſidence there, for then they began to ſicken and die apace. But this may be an invidious remark. The Arabian proverb ſays, "No man is a good phyſician, but he that is born ſuch;" meaning, that ſome are naturally diſpoſed and fitted to this ſcience. Indeed, I have known admirable cures performed by men who never ſtudied in academies, or could anſwer three queſtions in anatomy; nay, ſome women have a gift of this nature, and are very fortunate in their practices. But when all is done, the beaſts are moſt happy, who are all their own phyſicians by inſtinct.

Melec, I wiſh thee ſuch a ſtate of health as needs no medicines: But if it be thy misfortune to fall into Parmenides's indiſpoſition, I counſel thee to make uſe of the advice given him by a philoſopher, who, when Parmenides complained of a pain in his ſtomach, and aſked his advice, bid him uſe ſuch and ſuch confections and electuaries; the other replied, "He had made trial of them all, and many more, yet found no eaſe." Then ſaid the philoſopher, "Turn poet, for they generally have good ſtomachs."

Paris, 9th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XIX.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

COURIERS upon couriers are come to this city with the joyful news that Montmedi is ſurrendered to the French; for which the whole body of the parliament, and city of Paris, the chancellor of the kingdom, with Cardinal Antonio Barberini and all the eccleſiaſtics, went to the grand moſque or temple, where Te Deum was ſung this afternoon, with a pompous ſolemnity; and now whilſt I am writing, there is ſuch a confuſed noiſe of great guns, ringing of bells, and ſhouts of people, that one would think it were enough to wake the very dead, and make them ſtart from their graves, to inquire what is the matter.

The truth of it is, this place is counted one of the ſtrongeſt in Europe, and the inhabitants were not inſenſible of it when they made their conditions of honour with the king; and therefore we need not wonder at the exceſſive joy of the French.

When the keys were delivered to the king by the de-

puties of the town, one of them in the name of the reſt made this following addreſs:

"Sire, We ſhould have had juſt reaſon to complain of fortune, and accuſe ourſelves of cowardice, if we had ſurrendered this impregnable fortreſs to the arms of a prince leſs glorious and puiſſant than your majeſty; ſince our very walls are of ſufficient ſtrength to defend us, without taking up arms, againſt a power inferior to yours. But in regard it is the will of Heaven that we muſt change our maſter, we rejoice to fall into the hands of ſo invincible and generous a monarch; and we hope, Sire, that your majeſty will ſhow us the more favour, for having uſed our utmoſt efforts to conſerve an inviolate fidelity to the Catholic king, who but yeſterday was our maſter."

This was ſpoken with ſo graceful an action, and ſuch a becoming frankneſs, that the king, being mightily pleaſed with them, made them this anſwer: "Yes, I ſhall always remember that your conſtancy deſerves my eſteem; and now conſidering you as my ſubjects, I will beſtow ſuch privileges on this city, as ſhall oblige you to manifeſt no leſs courage and zeal for my ſervice than you have done for the Catholic king."

And to evidence that he has equal ſentiments of gratitude and eſteem for his officers, by whoſe courage and conduct this important place is come under his obedience, the king has beſtowed the government of it on the lieutenant-general of his armies, who was preſent at the ſiege, and was ſhot in ſeven places of his body: They call him the Marquis of Vandi. He has ſignaliſed his valour in ſixteen ſieges and battles, being marked all over with ſcars, the glorious characteriſtics of an indefatigable and fortunate hero.

It is fit the divan ſhould be informed of all ſuch paſſa-

ges, not to inſtruct them what to do in the like caſes, (for they are perfectly wiſe) but that theſe examples may be regiſtered as ſpurs to virtue and magnanimity of ſpirit; for it cannot be ſuppoſed that the emperor of the true believers will come ſhort of theſe infidel kings in rewarding his faithful and undaunted ſlaves.

Mareſchal de Ferte Seneterre has alſo had his ſhare in the careſſes and acknowledgments of the king and the whole court.

This ſucceſs has given a great damp to the Spaniards, who begin to retire as faſt as they can from the neighbourhood of the French armies. On the other ſide, theſe are full of vigour and briſk reſolutions, reſolving not to end the campaign without ſome farther attempts in Flanders.

They creep by degrees into the very heart of that province, which is ever like to be the ſtage of war, ſo long as the King of Spain has one town left in it. It is a very rich country, abounding in all the deſirable productions of nature; and the people are very induſtrious to learn and improve whatſoever is profitable in art. All their unhappineſs lies in this, that they are not able to protect themſelves, and ſubſiſt independent of one or other of the neighbouring crowns; ſo that whenever thoſe ſovereigns fall out, theſe poor people are miſerably oppreſſed with armies; and in this caſe their friends many times give them as much trouble as their enemies; nay, it is difficult to determine which are their enemies, and which their friends; for, to whatſoever maſter they are ſubject, he drains their coffers of money by taxes and contributions, beſides the intolerable vexation of quartering unruly ſoldiers, who commit a thouſand inſolencies unpuniſhed.

Poland is at this time in as bad a condition, between

the armies of Sweden, Auſtria, Brandenburgh, Muſcovy, Tranſylvania, and the forces of King Caſimir.

The ſon of the deceaſed emperor has ſent a great army to the aid of that unfortunate monarch; and it is confirmed on all hands that they have laid ſiege to Cracow; whilſt his ambaſſador is negotiating with the Elector of Brandenburgh, to draw him off from the Swediſh intereſt. This is like to prove a war of long continuance if the plague do not make peace, which rages in thoſe parts, and deſtroys many thouſands more than the ſword or gun. The Muſcovites have combated with this diſtemper above theſe two years; the Grand Duke being forced to fly with his army, like vagabonds, before this inexorable conqueror, which gives no quarter.

In the mean time, I hear ill news from Candia, where, they ſay, the muſſulmans have, in a late attempt on that city, loſt above four thouſand men, with four-and-thirty enſigns, and a conſiderable treaſure. Theſe infidels have alſo taken and deſtroyed, this ſummer, above thirty ſhips of Barbary, and as many more of Conſtantinople, Smyrna, Aleppo, Scanderoon, &c.; on board of one of which they ſeized the yearly revenue which comes to the Grand Seignior from Scanderoon; and out of another they have taken the revenue of Rhodes, killed a thouſand true believers, took half that number captives, and releaſed abundance of Chriſtian ſlaves: In a word, they have taken out of the ſeveral veſſels which fell into their hands an immenſe treaſure of ſilver, gold, and precious ſtones.

Theſe continual ſucceſſes of the Nazarenes would tempt one to think that this war was unjuſtly commenced by Sultan Ibrahim, and therefore unhappily carried on by his glorious ſucceſſor Sultan Mahomet. Pardon the effect of melancholy, benign miniſter, if it be a crime

to think, that the Creator of all things is angry with thoſe who violate their ſolemn word and oath. Thou knoweſt the whole ſtory of this war, and the firſt occaſions of it. I ſay no more.

They have a proverb here in the Weſt, "That the voice of the people is the voice of God." And though I approve not the practice of thoſe who make uſe of this popular aphoriſm to foment ſeditions in a ſtate, yet I cannot but own there is a great deal of reaſon in it, and it may be verified in the preſent circumſtances of Conſtantinople.

Thou obſerveſt that the ſoldiers are mutinous, and unwilling to ſerve any longer in this unfortunate war; thou findeſt the merchants, and in general all ſorts of people, diſcontented and factious; the avenues to that ſanctuary of the world are blocked up by the Venetians, ſo that neither corn, nor other neceſſary proviſions can be brought in to ſupply the wants of ſo many hundred thouſands of people. In a word, thou ſeeſt the public calamities have made them almoſt deſperate; they care not what they do: Peace with the Chriſtians is the word every where, or elſe each impertinent mechanic will preſage ruin to the Ottoman empire.

May God inſpire thee and the other miniſters of the divan, in this calenture of the ſtate, to apply ſuch remedies as may prevent the inconveniencies of a domeſtic war, which is always more fatal to a government than a foreign invaſion.

Paris, 17th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XX.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

Now thou giveſt me ſome ſolid hopes of a convert. Thy letter has raiſed my expectation, ſince it is not penned in a ſtyle full of ſcruples and inſignificant doubts, which would be endleſs; nor yet does it ſavour of hypocriſy and diſſimulation, as if thou intendedſt only to mock me and my faith, and ſtill continue thyſelf an infidel; but it abounds with very fair conceſſions, articles of reaſon and honour on thy ſide; only expecting from me a true and authentic account of our holy prophet's life, and of the miracles which can be produced in confirmation of his prophetic office. Thou wouldeſt fain ſee if any thing happened of this kind to the meſſenger of God, parallel to the ſtupendous wonders which recommended Moſes your lawgiver to the world, as the undoubted oracle of Heaven.

I proteſt there is no fault to be found in this demand; for it is but reaſon, that he who aſſumes the character of a prophet, ſhould be diſtinguiſhed from impoſtors by ſome evident ſigns and wonders: Yet it is needleſs to make an exact parallel, becauſe the occaſions of Moſes's miracles were different from thoſe of Mahomet, the ſeal of the prophets. Your lawgiver had a commiſſion and power given him to work miracles when he pleaſed; whereas ours declared that he was not ſent to work miracles, but to preach the unity of the divine eſſence, the reſurrection of the dead, the joys of paradiſe, and the torments of the damned.

Yet, leſt the unbelieving world ſhould doubt the truth of his miſſion, from his very birth his life was graced with many ſupernatural favours: His mother bore him without the leaſt pain of body or mind, and as ſoon as he breathed the vital air, he ſpoke with an audible voice,

ſaluting his mother, and adding, "I profeſs there is only one God, and that I am his apoſtle." He was alſo circumciſed by nature, coming into the world without his prepuce. At the ſame hour the devils were forbid to aſcend above the orb of the moon; and four voices were heard from the four corners of the ſquare temple; the firſt ſaying, "Proclaim, the truth is riſen, and all lies ſhall return into hell." The ſecond uttering, "Now is born an apoſtle of your own nation, and the Omnipotent is with him." The words of the third were, "A book full of illuſtrious light is ſent you from God." And the fourth voice was heard to ſay, "O Mahomet, we have ſent thee to be a prophet, apoſtle, and guide to the world."

When he was about four years old, accompanying the ſons of his nurſe into the field, the bleſſed child retired into a cave, at the foot of the mountain Uriel, to pray; when the archangel Gabriel appeared to him, and ſaid, "Biſmillahi rrahmani rrahimi, &c. In the name of God, compaſſionate and merciful, O child greatly beloved, I am ſent to diſplant from thy heart the root of evil; for thy ejaculations made the gates of paradiſe fly open." The young reſigned one ſaid, "The will of thy Lord and mine be done." Then the angel opened his breaſt with a razor of adamant, and taking out his heart, ſqueezed from it the black contagion, which was derived from Adam; and having put the child's heart in its place again, he bleſſed him, and retired to the inviſibles.

From that time the young favourite of Heaven grew up and proſpered in all things, having the ſmiles of God and man. He was under the tuition of his uncle Abu Taleb, who diſcerning the marks of an immenſe ſoul in his young nephew, was more ſolicitous for his welfare

than if he had been his ſon. His fortune being low in the world, he had no other way to provide for his illuſtrious charge than by placing him as a factor to Chadijah, a widow, of the ſame tribe with Mahomet, which was the nobleſt among the Arabians; beſides ſhe was very beautiful and rich, and there wanted not hopes that in time ſhe might become Mahomet's wife.

That which chiefly encouraged them to this was a viſion of Chadijah, every where talked of in thoſe parts; for ſhe had divulged it herſelf, long before Mahomet became her ſervant, or his uncle had any thoughts of thus diſpoſing of him. "The ſun ſeemed to leave his heaven, and come down to her houſe, from whence he diſperſed his beams through Arabia, Egypt, Perſia, and, in fine, through the whole earth." This viſion had made a deep impreſſion on the mind of Chadijah, and ſhe could not reſt till ſhe had told it to a certain famous ſage in thoſe parts, who had great ſkill in aſtrology, and other myſterious ſciences, and was celebrated for the integrity of his manners. As ſoon as he heard the contents of her viſion, he ſaid, "In the name of God, O widow, enter into thy bath, and prepare thyſelf with the neceſſary purifications; for thou ſhalt ſhortly be married to the greateſt prophet in the world." And when ſhe aſked the aſtrologer, "What was the country, tribe, and name of her next huſband?" he told her, "He was an Arabian of Mecca, of the tribe of the Coreis, and that his name was Mahomet."

As yet the prophetic widow knew nothing of the nephew of Abu Taleb; but thou mayſt imagine ſhe felt ſtrange paſſions, when his uncle afterwards recommended him to her ſervice; and ſhe know that he was the man in whom the aſtrologer's character was verified, as to his country, tribe, and name; for Mahomet was the ſon of

Abdalla, who deſcended from the Bani Haſchim, who were the nobleſt family in the tribe of the Coreis. Who can expreſs her ſentiments, when ſhe ſaw the beautiful youth making his firſt addreſſes to her as an humble ſlave, whom ſhe believed Heaven had ordained for the partner of her bed! With what a grace and becoming modeſty did he receive the laſt inſtructions and farewel of his parting uncle! However, ſhe concealed her tranſports, and ſent her beloved ſlave with a caravan into Syria, allowing him a noble penſion.

In that journey there happened ſomething very remarkable in honour of the admirable young man; for at a certain place on the road, as he waited on the captain of the caravan to a ſynagogue of the Jews, no ſooner had Mahomet ſet his foot over the threſhold of the ſynagogue, but all the lamps therein were looſened from their chains, and fell down on the floor. All thoſe of thy nation that were preſent, being aſtoniſhed at the portentous accident, fell at the feet of the rabbis, deſiring their advice in this amazing circumſtance. They having performed the accuſtomed ceremonies and expiations, anſwered, "It is revealed in the traditions of the ſeniors, that at what time ſoever an Arabian, called Mahomet, ſhall be preſent at our ſolemnities, God ſhall remove the candleſticks out of their places. It is therefore moſt certain, that ſuch a one is now among us; let him not eſcape our hands, leſt reproach and contempt come on Iſrael." But behold, whilſt they were buſy in ſearching for the cauſe of this prodigy, two angels conveyed Mahomet to Mecca, where he ſoon after married Chadijah.

It were eaſy to recount many more miracles in the life of the prophet; ſuch as that of the cloud overſhadowing him, the eagle perching on his head when he was aſleep, the trees and ſtones proclaiming him the apoſtle of God;

and if we were to make parallels, I think the ſtupendous deſcent which the moon made at the prayer of the divine meſſenger, comes not far ſhort of the celebrated diſorder on Mount Sinai, when your law was delivered by Moſes.

If thou requireſt undoubted teſtimonies for truth of this miracle on our ſide, offer ſomething that is unqueſtionable on thy own. We both equally confide in the different records of our nations, which were penned by men as liable to temptations, and errors of all ſorts, as thou and I, and all that believe what they write; therefore, unleſs thou canſt ſtart ſome infallible authority to prove the eternal and univerſal obligation of your law, than I can to the contrary, thou lieſt under a manifeſt diſadvantage; ſince I profeſs, with our holy prophet and all the muſſulmans, that the Alcoran contains nothing repugnant to the law of Moſes, but is only a more perfect and complete idea of the Divine will; and that as Moſes was the lawgiver of the ſons of Iſaac, ſo Mahomet was the apoſtle of the ſons of Iſmael, and the ſeal of all the prophets.

Uſe thy own reaſon, and rather be of no religion than in the number of thoſe to whom it ſhall be ſaid at the laſt day, "Drink, ye worſhippers of Ozair, and be damned for ever."

Paris, 10th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XXI.—*To* Dichieu Hussein, *Baſſa.*

There has been a mighty quarrel of late between the French and Spaniſh ambaſſadors at the Hague about precedency. The occaſion was this; One evening the French ambaſſador was riding in a coach, in a place

where the Spaniſh ambaſſador met him in another coach, and both ſtriving for the upper hand, they met with their horſes heads one againſt another, and ſo ſtood ſtill. There was preſently a tumult of people gathered about them; and the French being moſt reſpected, many gentlemen came into his ſide with ſwords and piſtols, and all things ſeemed to portend a combat; but the magiſtrates having notice of this diſturbance, ſent ſome of the guards to keep the peace, and to defend the ambaſſadors from any attempts of the rabble. In the mean while, ſeveral great lords walked to and fro beween the ambaſſadors, propoſing expedients of accommodation; but it being at the very juncture when the French ambaſſador had received the news of the ſurrender of Montmedi, he would not in the leaſt yield to any terms; ſo that at laſt the Spaniard was forced to drive out of the way, thinking it a matter of ſufficient triumph that he had ſtopped the French ambaſſador ſo long.

There is a poſt come in from Denmark, which brings news of the total deſtruction of Itzchow by fire. This was a town belonging to the Danes, and was fired by the King of Sweden's order. The Danes are very unfortunate of late years; they make no figure in Europe. There is a period ſet to the grandeur of every kingdom and ſtate, and the Danes were once very victorious and formidable; but now their monarchy declines apace to make way for the riſing luſtre of the Swedes.

By ſea the Dunkirkers make a great noiſe: They have lately taken from the French twenty merchant veſſels, and from the Engliſh near half that number; but if they have not better fortune than their neighbours, the French will take their city from them ere long. Every campaign makes a fair advance toward it. I ſent an account already to the kaimacham of the ſurrender

of Montmedi, one of the moſt important places in Chriſtendom. Now I acquaint thee, that St. Venant, which has not ſo great a character, yet conſiderable enough, has yielded upon articles. This was done on the 28th of the laſt moon. At this rate, the French prieſts will have little elſe to do but to ſing Te Deum for their repeated ſucceſſes and victories.

From Portugal we hear, that that court, to ſecure themſelves the better againſt the Spaniards, have ſent to implore the aſſiſtance of Morocco and Fez, which is much cenſured among the Nazarenes: Others ſay they are only meſſengers gone to buy up all the horſes they can get in that country.

In the mean while, the King of France is taking all the politic meaſures he can for the empire of the Weſt. His ambaſſadors in Germany appear with a magnificent train of three hundred men, and they ſtyle their maſter, "His Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, King of France and Navarre, Sovereign Prince in Germany and Italy;" which laſt is looked upon as a fair ſtep to the title of emperor.

The councils of the German court are not a little diſturbed to hear that our invincible forces are approaching towards the confines of Hungary. It will put ſome ſtop to the deſigned election. Beſides, they cannot agree among themſelves about a ſucceſſor.

The Queen Chriſtina of Sweden is come back again into this kingdom, being frighted out of Italy a ſecond time by the return of the plague.

There is a war commenced between the city of Munſter and the biſhop of that place, ſo that he has laid a formal ſiege to it, and preſſes them very cloſe.

All this is of no ſuch importance as the news that I receive from Conſtantinople, which aſſures me that the

muſſulmans have retaken the iſles of Tenedos and Lemnos, though with ſome loſs of men.

I wiſh they could as eaſily drive the Venetians out of the Archipelago, and then the imperial city would have no longer reaſon to complain for want of bread.

Paris, 10th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XXII.—*To* DGNET OGLOU.

I KNOW not what is the matter, but moſt of my friends are of late grown ſtrange to me; they write but ſeldom, and then their letters are full of reſerves, as if they ſuſpected my integrity; or, becauſe that I am commanded to inform the divan of all criminal practices, therefore they are afraid to communicate their ſentiments with the ſame freedom as formerly, though on themes no ways belonging to the ſtate, but purely ſpeculative, and the common diſcourſe of all ſenſible men. Are you become more moroſe and rigid at Conſtantinople than you were twenty years ago? In thoſe days I remember it was common in the public coffee-hans, for Muſſulmans, Greeks, Curds, and Franks, or men of any other religion, to meet together, and vent their thoughts with liberty; no man being willing to be ſtigmatized with the character of a clown for taking offence at another's faith, though different from his own.

It was then eſteemed a point of gallantry to favour the Chriſtians of all ſects, and let them talk and act as they pleaſed, provided they blaſphemed not God or his prophets; and they themſelves would have condemned any of their own party who ſhould have been guilty of ſuch an immorality and affront to the eſtabliſhed religion of the muſſulmans, and the general ſenſe of mankind.

But why then is the ſame liberty retrenched now, and that among muſſulmans who are intimate friends? Is it not now as lawful for us to converſe with one another by letter, or any other way, as it was then to enter into dialogues with infidels? I would not encourage or imitate the bold and profane efforts of their wit, who deny the being of a God, or utter blaſphemies againſt his meſſenger; the whole univerſe is an irrefragible teſtimony of an eternal and omnipotent nature; and the Alcoran is an evident proof of the ſanctity and indiſpenſable commiſſion of our holy lawgiver: But I hope it is no crime to enter into ſpeculations of things liable to controverſy; at leaſt I will venture to diſcloſe to thee my thoughts, who art the moſt agreeable of all my friends. I tell thee, my dear Dgnet, it appears to me ridiculous, and like the quarrels of children, for muſſulmans to wrangle about mere triſles in religion, and that the reſigned to God ſhould be zealous for the whimſies of men. One party believes the Alcoran is eternal, another ſays it is created. In my opinion they are both abſurd aſſertions; the firſt, becauſe then it will follow that there are more eternals than one, which is a fair ſtep to polytheiſm and idolatry; the ſecond is only an impropriety of ſpeech, for we do not uſually ſay of any writing that it is created, but penned.

I can eaſily believe the manifold deſcents of Gabriel from Heaven, when he brought down the hundred and four ſheets of ſcience and faith; but whether Adam had only ten of theſe ſheets, or one-and-twenty as ſome ſay, or whether his ſon Seth had but nine-and-twenty of them, or fifty, according to others, is not material according to my faith: It is poſſible Edris had no more nor leſs than thirty, and Abraham our father juſt ten of theſe divine manuſcripts. Of this we are ſure, that the

volume of the law was ſent to Moſes, the pſalms to David, the goſpel to Jeſus the ſon of Mary, and the mighty alcoran to Mahomet the ſeal of the prophets.

It is as eaſy for me to believe the celeſtial pen, with which all theſe manuſcripts were written, to be of ſome admirable ſubſtance; but why it ſhould be made of pearls, rather than of diamonds, or any other jewels, I ſee no reaſon; or that it ſhould be a journey of fifty years for the ſwifteſt horſe in Arabia to run from one end of it to the other: Yet if I have not faith enough for theſe things, I will not be angry with thoſe that have. Let every man enjoy his fancy.

But I cannot be ſo indifferent when I hear men tell me, that God has a body like ours, with eyes, ears, noſe, hands, tongue, and all other members, and organs of life, ſenſe, ſpeech, and motion; that he is ſubject to paſſions of love, hatred, anger, grief, and all the affections that are common to mortals: Yet thou knoweſt there is a ſect of muſſulmans who believe all this, and preach it to others with great aſſurance. What is this but to ſet up an idol in the place of God? For the original of all idolatry was the vain preſumption of men, who repreſented the incomprehenſible divinity under ſome common viſible figure of men or beaſts.

If we muſt aſſign a body to God, it would ſeem more rational to adhere to their opinion among the Sephatim, who ſay his body is infinite, uncircumſcribed, and beyond all form. Neither is it of any import that the weſtern philoſophers aſſert it is of the eſſence of all bodies to be circumſcribed and finite; ſince, though this may be readily granted true of particular bodies, yet muſt it ever be denied of the immenſe and univerſal body out of which the world is formed, unleſs they will allow it unlimited and interminate unbodied ſpace, which is

more unintelligible and abſurd. Doubtleſs, if the eternal Mind has a body, it is expanded wide as the endleſs ether, and equally preſent in all places; neither can this body be any more circumſcribed, confined, or ſhut up in any place, than the light of the ſun can be reſtrained within a room, or ſeparated from its ſource by drawing of a curtain; for all the world is pervious to this infinite body, which is altogether indiviſible into parts, even as that which we call a ſpirit. In a word, we muſt conceive it to be ſimple and uncompounded, the fineſt and faireſt matter of the univerſe.

But if thou wilt have my opinion, all this is infinitely too low and narrow an idea of that eternal and moſt exalted Eſſence, that intellectual Beauty which no mortal eye has ſeen, no tongue or pen can deſcribe, the ſmalleſt glimpſe of whoſe ineffable majeſty, falling on the thoughts of holy men and prophets, ſnatches away their ſouls in ſacred paſſions and divine ecſtaſies, whilſt their bodies are in the cuſtody of the angel of death. At ſuch times they are carried up through the ſeven heavens, beholding all their wonders, and the purple ſea which divides the firſt heaven from the ſecond; they paſs by the orbs, where fire, hail, ſnow, and thunder are prepared, and kept as in reſervatories againſt the day of calamity, being guarded by ſpirits of vengeance, who are created to puniſh infidels; then they aſcend to the fourth heaven, where dwell innumerable armies of holy ones; next to the fifth, where are the angels of interceſſion; then to the ſixth, which is the reſidence of archangels, the internuncios, or meſſengers of the eternal Majeſty; and, laſt of all, they are introduced into the preſence of the moſt ſublime potentates and principalities, who wait before the receſs of the Creator in the heavens above all hea-

vens, whoſe height tranſcends the power of created intellects to meaſure.

O Dgnet, when I have ſaid all I can, it is nothing to the purpoſe! for no words nor thoughts can reach that infinite above all infinity; nothing but pure unbodied minds can have acceſs to the ſkirts and borders of that endleſs region of light.

Therefore, let us not ſtretch our vain imaginations, nor greedily pry into thoſe ſecrets which for ever fly from human thought; but, keeping ourſelves within the bounds of reaſon and ſobriety, let us adore God, and believe his prophet, obey the law of cleanneſs and purity, without injuring man or beaſt; and that is the way, if there be any, to aſcend to the viſion and enjoyment of that happineſs, which at preſent is hid from us.

Paris, 5th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1657.

XXIII.—*To the* AGA *of the Janizaries.*

I RECEIVED the diſpatch coming from valorous hands, an expreſs perfumed with narciſſus, full of honourable words, and exhibiting a command worthy of an Ottoman general. May the angel of fortitude conduct thee in all thy expeditions againſt infidels, rebels, and heretics.

Thy conceptions of the preſent ſtate of Europe are very proper and lively; yet in ſome things it is poſſible thou haſt been miſinformed. The affairs of Italy are inconſiderable, when compared with the more important wars of the North. That quarter is at preſent the theatre of the moſt remarkable actions; yet the campaigns in Flanders this year have made ſome noiſe in the world.

But all the diſcourſe at preſent is of the famous ſiege and taking of Fredericks-Ode by the Swedes. This is

a fortreſs belonging to the King of Denmark, and eſteemed one of the ſtrongeſt in Europe; yet it was taken by ſtorm, wherein the Danes loſt three-and-ninety principal officers, and about three thouſand common ſoldiers, three-and-thirty colours, ſeven-and-ſeventy great guns of iron and braſs, three hundred and eighty-two barrels of powder, forty thouſand muſket-bullets, ſix hundred grenadoes, three thouſand pikes, and two thouſand two hundred ſuits of armour.

This victory makes the Swedes appear terrible to their enemies, and they are looked upon as the only flouriſhing nation in the North, as France is in the Weſt. Yet to ſhow that there is no unmixed happineſs here below, their intereſt has been much leſſened by the deſertion of the Brandenburghers, who now ſeem to favour the cauſe of King Caſimir.

That monarch had an interview lately with the Elector of Brandenburgh, at a place called Broomberg, where they embraced one another, banqueted together, and buried all the memoirs of enmity in generous compotations; for this is the way of the Northern princes of Europe, who live in ſo cold a climate that nothing leſs than a debauch of wine can thaw their frozen ſouls, and melt them into an obliging humour.

As for the ſtate of England, I perceive thou knoweſt the character of Oliver, the new ſovereign of that commonwealth; yet I can inform thee that he begins to change his temper. There are perſons in his court who give conſtant intelligence to the King of France of all his ſecrets; and as the exiled King of Scots could not ſnuff a candle in a paſſion but that uſurper had knowledge of it, ſo neither can Oliver have a dream but ſome ſpiteful Mercury carries the news into foreign countries. His ſleep is interrupted with fearful viſions of plots and

treaſons againſt his life, which makes him change his bed five or ſix times a-night. They ſay he is metamorphoſed from a hero to a perfect coward. And this is not the report of the multitude, who take things upon truſt, but it is the ſport of the French grandees, who wiſh well to the ſon of the late murdered Engliſh king.

I muſt be irregular in my method of writing, that I may oblige thee with military remarks. A more particular account of the ſtorm of Fredericks-Ode is juſt come to my hands, wherein we are aſſured, that it was taken at the firſt aſſault, which much redounds to the honour of General Wrangle; and that the crown-marſhal of Denmark, with many ſenators and grandees, fell by the edge of the ſword; and that two thouſand captives were driven yoked in couples like beaſts, as an augmentation of the conqueror's triumph.

Thou wilt not be diſpleaſed at the little coherence and order of theſe memoirs, conſidering that it ſuits well enough with the ſubject; for I write *a la campagne*, as the French ſay, and ſo am obliged to entertain thee with broken detachments of news, from ſeveral parts, as occaſion offers.

The Spaniards are ſtark mad for the loſs of Mardike, which was taken by the Engliſh and French in the 9th moon, and all the garriſon ſent priſoners to Calais. They ſwear they will have this important place again, whatever it coſt them. The Prince of Conde lies dangerouſly ſick of a fever at Ghant; whilſt Don John of Auſtria, labours under a malady of another nature, being much diſtreſſed for want of money to pay his ſoldiers. This is looked upon as a very bad ſymptom in a general of an army.

The great city Cracow in Poland is ſurrendered by the Swedes to King Caſimir. That monarch begins to

find a turn of his affairs, and it is thought he will draw half the princes of Europe into a league againſt the King of Sweden.

It will be of no great importance for thee to know, that the ſiege of Munſter is raiſed, and a peace concluded between that city and their biſhop; yet it is convenient, that this ſhould be related to the miniſters of the Divan, who are the judges of human events: Beſides, in one of my letters, I mentioned this quarrel and ſiege.

Illuſtrious Aga, I have obeyed thy commands, in ſending thee an abſtract of all the moſt remarkable tranſactions in Europe, during the laſt three or four moons. I wiſh it were as agreeable to any of my friends to ſend me the news of our armies and navy.

But I am more obliged to ſtrangers and infidels for the intelligence I have of the Ottoman affairs, than to any of the true believers.

Brave commander, may God preſerve thee from the common vices of a ſoldier's life, and make thee as renowned as Caſſim Hali, who was preſent in five-and-twenty pitched battles, received eight-and-forty wounds, and yet lived to the ſixty-third year of his age.

Paris, 27th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1657.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.—*To* CARA HALI, *Phyſician to the Grand Seignior.*

MOST of my letters to the grandees of the Porte carry news of war, ſieges, and battles among the Chriſtians. Now I will tell thee, who art my friend, I am at war

with myſelf; one potent paſſion takes the field againſt another; oppoſite armies of affections are embattled in my breaſt; my heart is blocked up; here lies intereſt entrenched, there honour diſplays its ſtandard; one minute nature and ſelf-preſervation makes a ſally, the next they are beat back by generoſity and love: The worſt of it is, that theſe contrary factions in the ſoul are ſo blended together by a ſecret correſpondence, that it is almoſt impoſſible to diſcern which is which.

Wouldeſt thou know what the meaning of this is? I will tell thee in brief; I am in a controverſy with myſelf, whether I had beſt die or live.

Wonder not at the expreſſion, as if it were in any man's power to make this choice, ſince, according to the muſſulman faith, we cannot haſten or retard the moments decreed by fate. Aſſuredly predeſtination does not in the leaſt interfere with what is called man's free-will: Every the moſt voluntary action of our lives complies as exactly with the appointment of eternal deſtiny, as the accidental fall of a tile of a houſe, or a more regular and conſtant deſcent of rain, ſnow, and hail, from the clouds. And for aught I know, we may as properly call it the free-will of a river, to run toward the ſea, as for a man to purſue the various currents of his own reaſon or appetite; for ſo a fountain frequently divides itſelf into many ſtreams, before it falls into the ocean, which is its centre; and man himſelf, notwithſtanding the boaſted freedom of his will, is as much confined to act, according to his principles, prepoſſeſſions, prejudices, paſſions, and habits, as the different rivulets iſſuing from the ſame ſpring are reſtrained each within the banks of its proper channel.

But not to entertain thee with more allegories, both thou and I, and all men, find ourſelves violently carried away by certain inclinations, ſo forcible as no power of

our will is able to reſiſt: Sometimes our love, hate, joy, grief, and ſo the reſt of human paſſions, are as involuntary as the motions of our pulſe. And though in the moſt important actions of our lives we generally form ſome regular deſign, as their ſcope and centre, yet we do many things without reflection, as muſicians are ſaid ſometimes to play excellent tunes without ſo much as regarding or thinking what they are about; by all which it is evident, that our will has little to do in the conduct of our lives. We, like all other creatures, act according to certain ſecret impulſes of nature. The very ſame faculty which we call inſtinct in the beaſt, is no other than what we term reaſon, wiſdom, knowledge, diſcretion, and forecaſt in ourſelves; and I think it is no ſoleciſm to ſay, that that was a prudent dog, who perceiving his maſter making ready a rope to hang him, ſlily ſlipt away, and never came near him more.

Suffer me to make yet a farther digreſſion, and aſcribe it to fate; for I am on a ſudden ſtrangely interrupted in my thoughts by a moſt furious tempeſt, a medley of hail, rain, lightning, and thunder, and this laſt, though not over noiſy and loud, yet it was the moſt ſingularly terrifying that ever I heard in my life. There is a ſort of thunder which they call the drum, becauſe it approaches near the ſound of that warlike inſtrument, making a lively fierce rumbling in the air, like the beat of an alarm; there is another more ſurpriſing, like the roaring of cannons; but this had a touch in it of the moſt harſh, affrightening, and irregular noiſes that ever ſhook the welkin.

I was poſſeſſed with a deep melancholy, as ſoon as I heard the horrid clatter begin, and ſaw the air darken apace, with a more than ordinary gloomineſs; then I felt ſome religious paſſions ſtruggling with my reaſon; I was

full of fears, leſt God was angry with me for my counterfeited life among the Chriſtians; and imagined no leſs than that this tempeſt was raiſed on purpoſe to deſtroy me, and make me an example to all muſſulmans, who dare deny the holy prophet, to ſerve the intereſt of the Grand Seignior, as much a mortal as themſelves; or at leaſt I concluded I ſhould taſte my ſhare of the wrath of Heaven at this choleric juncture; nay, and all the philoſophy I could muſter together ſerved but to raiſe my diſmal expectations of the fatal blaſt; for I could not avoid thinking, that a wicked man is a magnet which naturally attracts the vengeance of Heaven, and that I being ſuch in the higheſt degree, could not fail of having my ſoul ſcorched up at once to nothing, or metamorphoſed to a fury (which is worſe) by ſome ſurpriſing and inevitable flaſh; for to paſs from this life by lightning, poiſon, or an earthquake, are the only deaths I fear.

I fell on my knees and face, addreſſing myſelf to God with the moſt humble and fervent devotion I was capable of; I made my application alſo to his prophet; I ſaid and did all that I thought would procure a reſpite of the puniſhment I feared: At length, being tired and ſick of too much prayer, I roſe and ſat down cheerfully, remembering I was a muſſulman, and reſigned to the will of deſtiny; conſidering alſo that I was an Arabian, of a noble ſtock, I reſolved, if I muſt die, to prepare myſelf with a moderation worthy of my blood, that ſo I might go to the inviſibles like the grandſon of an emir.

Perhaps thou wilt impute this to vanity; but I eſteem it a point of juſtice for a man to take care that he may live and die like himſelf, without degenerating from the virtue of his anceſtors, or bringing a diſgrace on the tribe to which he belongs; for though God has created

all men of the ſame mould, yet he has diſtinguiſhed one family from another, by more than ſpecific characters imprinted on them in their nativity, and has ennobled ſome mortals with peculiar qualities and innate perfections, which others are wholly ſtrangers to; ſo there are others remarkable for hereditary vices.

Whether theſe things depend on the blood, or on the different circumſtances of ſouls before they came into theſe bodies, is a queſtion not ſoon reſolved; but this I am ſure of, that I find in myſelf both ſome virtues and vices, which I could never yet diſcover ſo oddly blended together in any other mortal. I am always campaigning on the frontiers of good and evil; yet my paſſions are not mercenary; no price can tempt me to treaſon or perfidy; I am maſter of a certain faſtneſs of ſpirit, which no human charm is able to diſmantle; my integrity cannot be warped by gold; and it is for this reaſon I a little value myſelf, which makes me ſometimes inclined rather bravely to ſally forth into the unknown world, than tarry in this, where I meet with nothing but contempt and diſeſteem from the ſlaves of him for whoſe ſake I bear the fatigue of life. Surely, think I, wherever it be my lot to go, after my eſcape from this mortal ſtate, the ſpirits of that region will be kind to me for the ſake of my incorruptible truſtineſs; for they have intrigues as well as we, and conſequently will be glad of faithful agents.

In a word, ſince all my zeal and loyalty is thought not to merit any reward in this life, I would fain try whether at leaſt I may not deſerve to be a ghoſt of honour, if there be any ſuch diſtinctions in that world of ſpirits.

Paris, 27th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1657.

II.—*To* MUSTAPHA, *Baſſa.*

I SHALL acquaint thee with a late tranſaction in this kingdom, which I believe has but few examples. The kaimacham has already received a diſpatch from me, wherein I ſignified the return of Chriſtina Queen of Sweden into France: This princeſs, ſince her arrival at Fountainbleau, having diſcovered ſome ſecret treachery in one of her retinue, who was an Italian marquis, pronounced a formal ſentence of death on him, which was accordingly executed on the 10th day of the 11th moon, by her own officers, in a gallery of her palace, after he had been warned of it by her expreſs order, and had a confeſſor ſent to him to prepare him for another world.

When this was done, ſhe immediately ſent a meſſenger to acquaint the French king with this action, and the reaſons which induced her to it. Some of the courtiers at firſt perſuaded him, that the queen's proceedings intrenched on his royal prerogative, he being the ſole arbiter of life and death within his own dominions, whereupon Monſieur de Chanut was ſent to expoſtulate with her. I have formerly mentioned this perſon in ſome of my letters, when he was ambaſſador from this crown to Queen Chriſtina, then reigning in Sweden. He is a gentleman of great abilities, and for that reaſon he has been employed in the moſt difficult negotiations with the ſtates of Holland, and other countries.

Yet people cenſure variouſly; and the caſe has been referred to the doctors of the civil law, who pronounced this ſentence in her favour, "That being an independent ſovereign, and having the King of France's permiſſion to reſide in this realm, the rights of ſovereignty could not be denied her over her own ſubjects: Such are to be

eſteemed all that are in her ſervice and take her pay, except the ſubjects of the ſtate where ſhe reſides."

The ſwift execution of this queen's ſentence on her ſervant, in part reſembles the rigour of our eaſtern juſtice, which admits of no delays in puniſhing criminal perſons, and removing traitors out of the way; neither is it to be diverted by any fear of after-claps. And though theſe weſtern monarchs generally put no man to death without a formal proceſs at law, yet ſometimes they have leaped over this rule, and only give the word of command to ſome of their officers, and the buſineſs was done; as in the caſe of the Mareſchal de Ancre, and the Duke of Guiſe; the one falling by a piſtol bullet, the other by the ſtab of a dagger; and both in the king's own palace, ſurrounded with their ſervants and friends; and there was no other way for the crown of France to ſecure itſelf from the attempts of theſe dangerous men, who were grown to ſuch a height, as to monarch it almoſt as much as their maſter.

Mighty baſſa, the charms of ſovereignty are very ſtrong, creating envy and ambition in ſubjects, and jealouſy in princes. It is not ſafe for an eminent grandee to appear too popular; for he that is inveſted with a diadem can never brook a rival, or one whom he has reaſon to ſuſpect for ſuch.

Paris, 15th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1658.

III.—*To* MUSTAPHA, *Berber Aga.*

THE Spaniards are all diſſolved in joy for the birth of a young prince and heir of that declining monarchy. It is ſaid that the king his father appointed a ſolemn feſtival throughout all his dominions, commanding his ſubjects to

celebrate it with the moſt exalted demonſtrations of joy; and on that day he himſelf wore the ranſom of kings in his apparel, the very diamonds and pearls in his hat being valued at three millions of gold, by which thou mayeſt gueſs at the reſt.

He has alſo communicated this joyful news to all Chriſtian princes and ſtates, his friends and allies. And indeed he has ſome reaſon to make a noiſe of this good fortune, being an old man, and in all men's opinion not likely to have any more children.

His ambaſſadors in foreign countries endeavour to imitate their prince in all manner of magnificent triumphs, and particularly from Holland we have the following account: That on a certain day of this moon of January, Don Stephano de Gamara, the Spaniſh ambaſſador at the Hague, cauſed Te Deum to be ſung with excellent voices and muſic, whilſt fifty pieces of ordnance played continually; at night an hundred and fifty pitch barrels were lighted on ſeveral ſcaffolds in the ſtreets, and all the windows in the Hague were illuminated with wax tapers; and theſe words were ſeen flaming in an artificial fire-work for two hours together:

ParVe, at Magne PhILIppe,
Proſpere, proCeDe, et regna.

I need not explain this inſcription to thee, who art verſed in the Roman language, and wilt find that all the ſalt of theſe words lies in the capital letters pointing at the year wherein this young prince was born, viz. MDCLVII. except a little pun upon his name, which is Philip Proſper. On each ſide appeared the arms of the Spaniſh king, and underneath the Golden Fleece, ſo artificially contrived, that from it ſprung fountains of divers kinds of wine, at which the multitude drank liberally for ſome hours, whilſt many new coined pieces of

gold and ſilver were ſcattered among them out of the ambaſſador's windows. They were ſtamped with an olive tree, having this motto on one ſide:

Creſcente hac, Pax aurea creſcet.

And on the other ſide, a hand, with this inſcription in a label:

Dabit Populis Pacem.

The French ridicule this latter motto, and ſay the King of Spain will ere long deſerve the title of peace-maker, when he ſhall be forced to ſue for it, not being in a condition to carry on a war.

Illuſtrious officer, I know thou art well verſed in the Roman hiſtories, having been educated under Achmet Lala, who was a learned man; and it is probable thou art no ſtranger to the more modern relations of Europe, and the divers characters of the people that inhabit it; yet give me leave to tell thee, that Rome, in all its victorious bravery, never ſaw firmer ſoldiers in a battle than the Spaniards are at this day; but the French have finer wits, more money, and better fortune, and it is this makes them inſult; beſides, deſtiny over-rules all things. Every kingdom and empire has its climacters, wherein it droops, declines, and at the grand critical period falls to ruin.

The Greeks had money enough when the great ſultan Mahomet beſieged Conſtantinople, but they had not wit to uſe it for their own preſervation; and ſo that city, the laſt conſiderable ſtake of the empire, was loſt to the Ottomans, who ſoon after became maſters of all the reſt.

Thou haſt wealth in abundance, and diſcretion to manage it: Slip no opportunities, but remember the old Arabian proverb, which ſays, "God has given whole

days to the fortunate, but to the unhappy he affords only ſome hours."

Paris, 17th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1658.

IV.—*To* PESTELI HALI, *his Brother, Maſter of the Grand Seignior's Cuſtoms at Conſtantinople.*

I REMEMBER my promiſe, though it be late. Thou knoweſt I have many hindrances, and therefore wilt not tax me with feigning an excuſe. However, thy letter came to me in a good hour, to put me in mind of theſe things, and to inquire of our mother's health, who ſtill reſides in this city.

I have ſaid nothing of her ſince my firſt letter after her arrival at Paris: And to tell thee the truth, ſhe has ſaid little herſelf, being ignorant of the French tongue, and too old to learn it; therefore her chief converſation has been with Eliachim and me above theſe three years, for that Jew ſpeaks indifferent good Turkiſh and Arabic.

If thou wouldeſt know how ſhe has ſpent her time, it is divided between her devotions and her needle: She lives more recluſe than a Chriſtian nun, ſeldom or never ſtirring abroad, unleſs to take the air of the fields, and then ſhut up in a coach with her maid: In a word, her manner of living is a fit example for the French women, for in all things ſhe obſerves the law of her education, and the modeſt cuſtoms of the Eaſt.

No argument can perſuade her to change her Grecian garb, or dreſs herſelf after the looſe mode of weſtern females; neither will ſhe eat or drink any where, but in the houſe of Eliachim, for fear of infringing the precepts of the Alcoran, and diſobeying the meſſenger of God; for ſhe eſteems the diet of the Jews pure, and free from

pollution. In her pious and motherly zeal, ſhe rebukes me for eating and drinking with infidels; and I have nothing to ſay in my defence, but the neceſſity I lie under of preventing ſuſpicion, that ſo I may ſerve the ſultan with greater ſucceſs, and that I have the mufti's diſpenſation for this and many more irregularities. When ſhe hears this, ſhe lifts up her eyes to Heaven, lays her hand upon her breaſt, and appears reſigned; yet ſhakes her head, and ſeems to pity my caſe; not without ſome reflections on the corruption of the times, the impiety of the ſeraglio, and want of zeal for the holy prophet.

She has her health to a miracle; and, excepting the firſt two moons after ſhe came to Paris, I never heard her complain of the leaſt indiſpoſition. It is poſſible the change of air, with the inconveniences of travelling ſo far by ſea and land, might incommode her at firſt. She was for a while troubled with rheums, obſtructions, and a dyſentery; but ſhe ſoon overcame theſe diſtempers, and has ever ſince been perfectly well.

We often diſcourſe together of thee and thy travels in the Eaſt; ſometimes I read part of thy journal to her, which affords her infinite delight. She congratulates herſelf, and thy good fortune in eſcaping ſo many perils and deaths, as every where threaten a ſtranger; and takes a particular delight to hear thy adventures with the Indian lady, at the court of Raja Hulacu. Thou mayeſt be aſſured our mother bears a ſingular affection to thee, for we never meet without wiſhing thee in our company; ſhe rejoices mightily to hear of thy proſperity and advancement in the favour of the Grand Seignior and his principal miniſters, wiſhing thee every day a new ſtep of honour and intereſt: Thou mayeſt alſo reſt ſatisfied that Mahmut comes not ſhort of the affection he owes to ſuch a brother.

At other times we talk of our couſin Iſouf, who is now in the frozen regions of the North. His itinerary memoirs are alſo very pleaſant, and we paſs ſome hours in reading and comparing them with the diſpatches which I frequently receive from Mehemet, an exiled eunuch in Egypt; for Iſouf is more large in his deſcription of that country, and his remarks on its antiquities, than any other part of Africa: Yet he ſays enough of all that ſouthern quarter.

As to what I promiſed to inform thee concerning the pyramids, mummies, and other ſingularities of Egypt, know that our kinſman Iſouf is a great critic, and gives the lie to Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, Pliny, and other writers of Greece and Rome; neither will he conſent in all things to our Arabian hiſtories.

He ſays the pyramids are neither ſo high, nor does their baſis take up ſo much ground, as is reported by the ancients; he laughs at thoſe who affirm they caſt no ſhadows at noon, having experienced the contrary when the ſun was in Capricorn: And we may believe him in this, on good grounds; for it is recorded of Thales Mileſius, who lived about two thouſand years ago, that he took the height of theſe pyramids by their ſhadows.

There are three of theſe admirable ſtructures not far from Cairo, and about eighteen more in the deſarts of Lybia. It is generally ſuppoſed that they were built for ſepulchres of the Egyptian kings, ſome of them before the flood, the reſt after. There are not wanting hiſtorians, who aſſert the greateſt of the pyramids to be the tomb of Seth, the ſon of Adam.

Iſouf was within this mighty fabric, and atteſts that after he and his company had deſcended and aſcended through certain galleries, they came at laſt to a ſquare chamber, walled about with pure Thebaic marble, in the

middle of which was a cheſt of the ſame ſtone, which, when ſtruck with the foot, ſounded like a muſical inſtrument. It is believed that in this cheſt was laid the body of the king who built that pyramid.

The ancient Egyptians were of opinion, that even after that which we call death, or the ſeparation of the ſoul and body, there were certain arts to retain them together, if not in ſo ſtrict and intimate an union as before, yet in a very familiar correſpondence for many ages; ſo that the ſoul ſhould always take delight to hover about the body, and to exerciſe its faculties in the place where that was repoſed.

For this reaſon, in the firſt place, they took out the bowels, and whatſoever was moſt liable to corruption; and, having waſhed the empty belly with wine of palms, mixed with aromatic powders, they ſtuffed it with myrrh, caſſia, and many coſtly confections, and then ſewed it up; after this, they purified the whole body with nitre, and having drawn out the brains by the noſtrils with a hook, they filled up the ſkull with melted gums; and laſt of all, they ſwathed up the whole body in ſilk, ſmearing it over with rich mixture of bitumen, ſpices, and gums, and ſo delivered it to the kindred to be laid up in the ſepulchre.

Theſe were the preparations they made to court the preſence of the ſoul, by rendering the body for ever ſweet and incorruptible; and that the majeſty of royal ghoſts might never be interrupted or violated by the neighbourhood of vulgar ſpirits, or the ruder approach of mortals, kings built theſe magnificent piles, as the palaces of their laſt repoſe. It is therefore they were erected in deſarts and unfrequented places, and in ſuch a form as was eſteemed the moſt durable and ſecure from the injuries of time, the aſſaults of the elements, and

from the common fate of all human enterprises; each ſtone of a prodigious bulk, and riveted to the next with a ban of iron, which, with the ſtrength and invincible faſtneſs of the cement, renders it a thing impoſſible for any one of theſe pyramids to be demoliſhed; though all mankind were ſet to work for many ſucceſſive generations.

Al Mamun the caliph of Babylon attempted to do it, but in vain; for after he had ſet his men to work, and been at vaſt expences, they made but one ſmall breach, ſo inconſiderable, that being made ſenſible it would exhauſt his treaſures to remove but the hundredth part of the pyramid, he deſiſted, full of wonder at the wiſdom of the founders.

If it be true that the ſoul may, by ſuch allurements as theſe, be prevailed on to remain with the body in its ſepulchre, and that a man's future happineſs conſiſts in this, I ſhould myſelf admire and imitate thoſe Egyptian ſages; I would in my lifetime build me a ſmall mauſoleum, according to my ability, and order, in my laſt will and teſtament, that my body be embalmed and condited for a perpetual duration: But if none of theſe arts can alter the decrees of deſtiny, or force an immortal ſpirit from ranging where it pleaſes, I muſt conclude with Pliny, that this celebrated wiſdom of the Egyptians was no other than glorious folly, and all the magnificence of their kings, in building ſuch coſtly ſepulchres, but royal waſte.

They themſelves, in thus cautiouſly providing to ſecure the ſoul's abode with the body after death, tacitly owned, that by the courſe of nature it would immediately paſs into ſome other; nay, the tranſmigration of ſouls was an eſtabliſhed doctrine in Egypt. How then could they be ſo blind as to imagine a dead carcaſe, however

perfumed and fenced againſt corruption, was more inviting than an embryo formed to live? or that it was more eligible for the ſoul to be impriſoned in a dark dungeon, (for no better are the inſides of the pyramids) than to enjoy the light of the ſun, moon, and ſtars, and the various ſweets of the elements? Brother, in my opinion, it were better to be a bird, a worm, a fly, or any living thing, than to be thus immured for many ages, and have no other companion but an old ſalted mummy.

Iſouf has made ſome remarks on the river Nile, to which, he ſays, Egypt owes not only its corn and fruits, but alſo the very ſoil which brings them forth; for every year, at the time of the inundation, that river brings along with it from Ethiopia, or ſome other regions through which it paſſes, abundance of ſlime and mud, with which it covers all the land of Egypt, leaving it behind at the decreaſe of the waters; ſo that the ſoil of Egypt is borrowed from other countries: And if this be true, for aught we know, the place of its ſituation may be borrowed from the ſea, according to the opinion of ſome ancient philoſophers.

Herodotus, Pliny, and others, were of this perſuaſion, grounding their conjectures on the nearer approaches of the continent to the iſland Pharos, from the time of Homer, who exactly calculated its diſtance; and they concluded, that the immenſe quantities of ſlime which the Nile tranſports from the mountainous regions of Africa, might, in the ſpace of two myriads of years, have filled up all that part of the ſea, which is now firm land, and called Egypt.

If this be true, it ſeems to be very ſtrange that the Egyptians ſhould boaſt of greater antiquity than any other nation in the world, though their country itſelf be the youngeſt of all the regions on earth, an abortive ſpot

of ground, hatched by a river in the depths of the sea, and ever since cherished by that river, as by a parent or nurse, which ceases not to convey to it yearly a convenient proportion of aliment, whereby the country itself grows in bulk, and the inhabitants are maintained. O admirable providence of nature, who can penetrate into thy mysterious conduct? O Egypt, abounding in prodigies and wonders! where the land and water, with the other elements, conspire to render thee all over miraculous.

Dear Pesteli, I am transported when I think of that region, and could relate a thousand more passages both out of Isouf's memoirs, and from the mouth of others who have travelled thither to observe so many miracles; but I believe thy patience will be sufficiently tired with the length of this letter; besides, my mother is just come to visit me, and desires me to recommend her unfeigned affections to thee.

Be assured also, that Mahmut loves thee with the integrity of a man, and the tenderness of a brother; and he serves thee in all things without repining.

Paris, 17th of the 1st Moon, of the Year 1658.

V.—*To the* Kaimacham.

The Venetians are very angry for the loss of Tenedos, and not without reason, for that island is a delicate spot of ground, abounding in rich wines, and other products of nature; besides it commands the avenue of the shining city, the refuge of mortals.

They variously relate the manner of its being taken from them, by the arms which no earthly power is able to resist; endeavouring, in all their rumours, to disguise the truth as much as they can, and misrepresent the

bravery of the Ottomans, that ſo the actions of their own generals may make the greater figure.

Theſe Nazarenes have a bad cauſe, and therefore are compelled to make uſe of ſhifts and equivocations to ſupport it: They are quite degenerated from the integrity of the primitive followers of Jeſus. In a word, they make good the character of the ancient Candiots, of whom a certain poet ſays, "They are thorough-paced liars, ravenous beaſts, and gluttonous drones."

It is believed in theſe parts, that when the Venetians quitted the iſland, they departed not without revenge, ſetting fire to a mine, and blowing up ſeveral hundreds of Mahometans into the air.

However, they have for ever proſcribed and excommunicated Girolamo Loredan, and Giovanni Contarini, in whoſe cuſtody the chief fortreſſes of the iſland were, accuſing them of cowardice and treachery; offering alſo two thouſand ſequins to any that ſeizes on them within the dominions of Venice, and three thouſand to him that kills them in another country.

I know it is in the power of the all-commanding Porte to protect theſe exiles if they are within the territories of our ſovereign, much more if they ſhelter themſelves in that ſanctuary of the diſtreſſed: But thou and the other ſupreme miniſters are beſt able to judge whether theſe infidels merit ſo great a favour.

Perhaps their caſe may be like that of Nadaſt, governor of Buda, when Solyman the Magnificent beſieged that city; for Nadaſt was a man of invincible courage and fidelity, but was betrayed by the ſoldiers, who bound him in chains, and delivered up the city and caſtle to the victorious ſultan. That brave hero, underſtanding their treachery, and the reſolution of Nadaſt, ſet him at liberty, and preſented him with noble gifts; but commanded

the perfidious garriſon to be cut in pieces, a due reward of their treaſon: For though princes often make uſe of traitors to ſerve their own deſigns, yet when the work is done, they commonly purſue the hated inſtruments with the effects of a juſt contempt and indignation.

Plutarch the Greek hiſtorian abounds with inſtances of this nature, ſo does Herodian and other Roman authors; but no example of puniſhment in this kind ſeems ſo proportionate, regular, and ingenious, as that which Brennus King of the Gauls cauſed to be inflicted on a virgin of Epheſus, who, when he beſieged that city, promiſed to deliver it into his hands, on condition that his ſoldiers would beſtow on her all their ornaments of gold which they had plundered in the wars of Aſia, and wore about them as trophies; for when ſhe had performed her contract, the wiſe general, to do his part, cauſed this virgin to ſit down on the ground, and then every ſoldier in his army calling his plate into her lap, ſhe was oppreſſed with the inſupportable weight, and buried alive in a heap of gold.

I do not mention this as if the like were due to the Venetian captains; I refer the judgment of ſuch things to my ſuperiors, miniſters of the bleſſed ſanctuary of mankind.

It is poſſible the viſiers of the bench thought me dead or turned renegado, becauſe they have not received any news from me theſe five moons: But I tell thee, neither men nor devils can corrupt the faith of Mahmut, but, by the God of my vows, there is is not a more truſty man in the univerſe.

All the reaſon of my ſilence was the height of the waters, which ſeemed to threaten the earth with a ſecond deluge. Germany was a ſea, and Flanders a lake for above three moons together, ſo that it was impoſſible for

the poſt to travel. There were ſeen alſo ſtrange ſpectres of fire in the air; and the people of Brabant were alarmed with uncouth noiſes in the elements.

Perhaps, illuſtrious Kaimacham, theſe are the laſt preparations to the grand cholic of nature, when wind, water, and fire, ſhall ſtrive to turn this world into its old chaos.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1658.

VI.—*To* SOLYMAN, *his Couſin, at Conſtantinople.*

MORS melancholy ſtill! Wilt thou have no compaſſion on thy exiled uncle, but harangue him to death with thy religious jargon? Believe me, thy letters of this kind are as irkſome to me as the continual din and babbling of boys is to a poor weary pedagogue. I forbid thee not to write to me, and that as often as thou wilt; it is a comfort in my baniſhment to hear from thoſe of my blood; but let me beg of thee to alter both thy theme and ſtyle; leave ſpiritual things to the mollahs and imaums, and let thy thoughts be taken up in things belonging to thy trade: In that be as inquiſitive as thou canſt; bend thy mind wholly to make new diſcoveries and improvements in that, and it will turn to thy advantage. At thy hours of leiſure I counſel thee to read hiſtories, and ſometimes go into company; there is much to be gained by converſing with men of ſenſe: Such will ſerve as mirrors, wherein thou mayſt behold humanity in its proper figure, and the deformity of that vizard, with which error and ſuperſtition diſguiſe our nature; they will correct thy miſtakes without putting thee to a bluſh; wit and reaſon ſhall flow from their tongues, as ſoft harmonies

breathe from the pipes of an organ, which cheer the ſpirits, and ſerene the heart that was clouded with ſadneſs.

The imperial city is full of ſuch, both natives and ſtrangers; cull them out from the mixed multitude, and make them thy companions, without regarding the difference of religion, whether they be Muſſulmans, Franks, Armenians, Jews, or others. Above all things ſhun the ſociety of bigots, and number not thyſelf among thoſe who are opinionated becauſe they profeſs the true faith; for what ſignifies that if their lives be vicious? I tell thee they are worſe than the infidels. Give no heed to fortune-tellers, and ſuch as pretend to aſtrology; for whilſt they boaſt of knowing other men's fates, they are ignorant of their own: And if there be any truth in that ſcience, one may ſay their ignorance in it affronts the ſtars, and often provokes them to haſten their own ruin. Aſſure thyſelf they only amuſe the world with portentous ſtories to get fame and money.

Aſſociate thyſelf with none but prudent and moderate men, whoſe morals are not leavened with a too furious zeal; who look not ſuperciliouſly and with diſdain on a Frank as he walks along the ſtreets, much leſs offer him any indignity when he goes about his honeſt buſineſs, under the protection of the Grand Seignior. It becomes none but janizaries and ruffians to be guilty of theſe incivilities to ſtrangers. The law of nations, and the particular commands of our holy prophet, oblige us to treat ſuch with all humanity and tenderneſs; beſides, it is reflecting on the juſtice and hoſpitality of the magnificent Porte, which is the refuge and ſanctuary of all the earth, that a ſtranger cannot walk the ſtreets in peace. Deſpiſe no man on the ſcore of his religion, for there are no factions in paradiſe; but conſider, that whilſt thouſands of muſſulmans ſhall go to hell for their wicked-

lives, ſo an equal number of thoſe we call infidels may be received into the manſions of the bleſſed for their virtues.

Thou ſeemeſt to be much concerned for thy ſoul; thy letter abounds with overmuch care in this point. In being too ſolicitous, it is evident thy faith is ſmall; every line is tinctured with ſad expreſſions, about the perils, ſnares, ambuſhes, hooks, gins, and I know not what other devices the devil has to ruin thy poor ſoul, as thou calleſt it. Couſin, doſt thou know what the ſoul is, about which thou keepeſt ſuch a pudder? If thou doſt, it is more than I do; and yet I have been ſearching and prying into it above theſe thirty years; I mean, from the time that I firſt began to think and conſider of things; but am as far to ſeek as ever I was. Neither could all the wiſe men of old, the philoſophers and ſages, for aught I perceive, agree in their verdict about this myſterious thing which we call the ſoul.

One will have it to be only the fineſt part of matter in the body; another ſays it is the air which the lungs ſuck in, and diffuſe through all our members; a third ſort affirm it to be a mixture of air and fire; a fourth of earth and water; a fifth calls it a complexion made up of the four elements, a kind of quinteſſence, and I know not what. The Egyptians called it a certain moving number; and the Chaldeans, a power without form, itſelf, yet imbibing all forms; Ariſtotle called it the perfection of a natural body. All theſe agreed that it was corporeal, and, as it were, extracted from matter. The beſt definition among them is not worth an aſper.

But there were men of ſublime ſpeculations, who affirm the ſoul to be a divine ſubſtance, independent of the body. Of this opinion were Zoroaſter, Hermes Triſmegiſtus, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plutarch, Porphyry, and

Plato. The laſt defined the ſoul to be a ſelf-moving eſſence, endowed with underſtanding. But when they have ſaid all, I prefer the modeſty of Cicero, Seneca, and others, who acknowledged they were altogether ignorant what the ſoul is.

There was no leſs diſagreement among the philoſophers about the ſeat of the ſoul. Hippocrates and Hierophilus placed it in the ventricles of the brain; Democritus aſſigned it the whole body; Strabo was of opinion it reſides between the brows; Epicurus in the breaſt; the Stoics lodged it in the heart, and Empedocles in the blood; which laſt ſeems to be the moſt current opinion of the Eaſt to this day; in regard both Moſes the lawgiver of the Jews, and Mahomet our holy prophet, aſſerted the ſame, and for that reaſon forbid fleſh to be eaten with the blood.

But be it what it will, either corporeal or incorporeal, a ſubſtance, or an accident; whether it dwell in the head or in the feet, within or without the body, there is no certainty in theſe things, neither can we be aſſured what will become of it after death. Therefore, it is in vain to diſquiet thyſelf in ſearch of a myſtery that is hid from mortals; and equally fooliſh it will be to frighten thyſelf with an imagination of hooks, gins, and ſuch like chimeras, which thou ſuppoſeſt the devil is buſy with to intrap thy ſoul. It is a wonder thou art not afraid to ſleep, leſt he ſhould catch thee napping, and ſteal thy ſoul from thee. I would fain know what ſort of tools he muſt uſe to take hold of a ſubſtance more thin and imperceptible than a ſhadow, or how he will be able to ſeize and run away with a being active and free as thought.

Couſin, ſerve God after the manner of thy forefathers, love thy friends, pardon thy enemies, be juſt to all men,

and do no injury to any beaſt: If thou obſerveſt this rule, thou mayſt defy the devil, for thy ſoul is in ſafe cuſtody. God is nearer to thee than thou art to thyſelf; he is in the centre of every thing, and is himſelf the centre of all things: In a word, he is all in all.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1658.

VII.—*To* Afis, *Baſſa.*

Now the ſcenes are changed in Europe; enemies are become friends, and thoſe who profeſſed a mutual friendſhip are at open defiance. Conſtancy is a vice in politics, and a dexterous way of ſhifting from one engagement to another; for intereſt is eſteemed the only ſtate virtue.

I have already intimated to the divan the war which broke out laſt year between the Swedes and Danes: The latter began it by ſolemn proclamation, ſending a herald at arms to the Swediſh court, and diſpatching ambaſſadors to all his allies in Chriſtendom, to give them an account of his proceedings. Now I ſhall entertain thee with a ſhort idea of this war, by which thou wilt comprehend, that the Danes are either much degenerated from the valour of their anceſtors, who formerly made the moſt terrible figure of all the nations in the North; or elſe they are leſs obliged to fortune, who has not favoured them with ſo many ſucceſſes and triumphs of late, but rather expoſed them to the inſults of their enemies, and the contempt of all men.

When the King of Denmark firſt proclaimed this war, he had a fair advantage of the Swedes, who at that time were ſorely entangled between the Polanders, Germans, and Muſcovites, and had more need of helps than him-

drances; yet King Guſtavus, turning part of his forces into Holſtein, Schoneland, and Juitland, he took one part after another, till he had over-run thoſe provinces in the ſpace of ſix moons, and reduced the Danes to a neceſſity of compoſition, and that on ſuch diſhonourable terms, as renders them the ſcorn of their neighbouring nations.

On the 13th of the 3d moon, the two kings had an interview near Copenhagen, the capital city of Denmark; for ſo far had the fortune of the Swediſh arms carried their victories. They eat and drank together ſeveral times, and converſed privately ſome hours; at laſt a firm peace was concluded between them, and they concerted the meaſures of a perfect friendſhip.

But before this the Dane had been forced to yield up Schoneland, with Elſimberg, which commands half the Baltic ſea: He ſurrendered alſo the provinces of Blakin and Halland, with a very ſtrong caſtle; the iſland of Burtholme, ten ſhips of war, and obliged himſelf to pay a million of dollars, and to maintain four thouſand horſe and foot in the King of Swedeland's ſervice, and give free quarter to all the Swediſh forces till the 5th moon. Theſe are ſuch diſhonourable articles, that the King of Denmark has quite loſt himſelf in the eſteem of all his allies: They call him a poor-ſpirited prince, not worthy of ſupport or aſſiſtance.

In a word, ſerene baſſa, it is like to fare with him as with other unfortunate men, who when they are once falling, every body will help to throw them down. Therefore conſerve thy honour as the only bulwark of thy intereſt and life.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1658.

VIII.—*To the* MUFTI.

By the faith of a true believer, I ſwear the Chriſtians are enemies to themſelves if they do not embrace the project of a certain jeſuit: They are no friends to their Meſſias if they reject ſo regular an idea, ſo reformed a model of the Nazarene empire, as this ſage has lately propoſed to the pope and the cardinals.

He lays his foundation very deep, and draws his examples from the practice of Peter, the prince of the firſt twelve Chriſtian caliphs, whom the Franks call the apoſtles of Jeſus, the ſon of Mary: For, according to their traditions, the Meſſias, before he aſcended to Heaven, left an exact pattern of the empire he deſigned to eſtabliſh on earth; he divided this empire into twelve diſtinct provinces, according to the number of his apoſtles or vicars, aſſigning to each that quarter of the world where he was to preſide, as Moſes had formerly cantoniſed the holy region of Paleſtine among the twelve tribes that deſcended from Jacob.

But the happy ſon of Mary being a far greater prophet than Moſes, or any that had gone before him, they ſay he would not be contented with diminutive territories or dominions diſproportionate to his ineffable deſcent and original; therefore he reſolved on the conqueſt of the whole earth, commanding his vicegerents to diſperſe themſelves through all nations, according to a certain method, and proclaim his laws to every creature on the globe.

Venerable preſident of the faithful, I relate theſe things as I receive them from the mouths and pens of learned Chriſtians, who may be preſumed to know their own hiſtory. Thou wilt perhaps expect to hear of armies immediately raiſed, of camps, battles, and ſieges, of

devaſtations by fire and ſword, ſtorming of cities, and famiſhing of the more impregnable fortreſſes; in a word, I believe thou lookeſt for a relation of campaigns and victories, more glorious than the achievements of the Roman Cæſars, more fortunate than the ſucceſſes of Alexander the Great; but I tell thee all the regiſters and archives of the primitive Chriſtians cannot furniſh us with any memoirs of this nature.

Their goſpel mentions no warlike undertakings, not ſo much as the drawing of the ſword by the ſon of Mary, or any of his followers, unleſs in a private rencounter, when Peter, the lieutenant of the Meſſias, inflamed with a paſſion to ſee his maſter betrayed by Judas his kahyah, or, teſterdar, and rudely aſſaulted by Malchus, a ſlave of the Jewiſh muſti, the valiant apoſtle drew his ſcimetar, and cut off the fellow's ear.

Believe me, O myſterious doctor of the muſſulmans, I have peruſed the four hiſtories of the life of Jeſus, written by thoſe who were eye witneſſes of his actions; and I find indeed that he once ſaid to them of his retinue, "I come not to ſend peace on earth, but a ſword:" Yet by the ſequel it is evident, that when he examined what weapons his followers had, and they told him "but two ſwords," he ſeemed to be well ſatisfied, ſaying, "It is enough;" though a moment before he bid him among them that had no ſword ſell his robe and buy one.

And I have ſeen a diſpatch ſent by Paul, one of the primitive Chriſtian caliphs, to the Nazarenes at Epheſus, wherein he counſels them to put on complete armour, as helmet, breaſtplate, ſhield, buſkin, ſword, and the reſt.

Beſides theſe paſſages, or ſuch like, there is no military diſcourſe throughout the book of the goſpel, much leſs any relation of battles, ſieges, or any martial ex-

ploits; and the Chriſtian mollahs, or doctors, interpret that letter of Paul's in a myſtical ſenſe.

Wilt thou know then how the Meſſias and his apoſtles ſubdued the world? I will tell thee it was by exemplary virtue and good works, by miracles, and evident demonſtrations of a ſupernatural power aſſiſting them; for they ſpake all languages, yet were moſt of them illiterate perſons; they cured the deaf, the blind, the lame, and the paralytic, without the methods of ſurgery or phyſic; they caſt out devils, raiſed the dead, and, finally, performed ſuch and ſo many ſtupendous actions, that the world became captivated to their doctrines and laws, and willingly ſubmitted to a yoke which ſeemed to come from Heaven. With divine eloquence, and the dint of irreſiſtible reaſon, Peter, the prince of the Chriſtian caliphs, ſubdued the minds of his aſtoniſhed auditory one day in Jeruſalem, ſo that before the ſun went down, he gained five thouſand proſelytes. The fame of theſe things was ſoon ſpread through the adjacent countries, and divers remote provinces, and the number of the converts was proportionably increaſed. In a word, all that embraced the faith of Jeſus ſurrendered both themſelves and their eſtates to be entirely diſpoſed of at the pleaſure of the apoſtles; ſo great and unreſerved an attach had they for the vicars of their God.

Now the forenamed jeſuit conſidering theſe things, and comparing the ſtate of thoſe devout times with the libertiniſm, diviſions, wars, and general contempt of the prieſthood among the Chriſtians of ſucceeding times, and eſpecially in this preſent age, attributes the ſource of all theſe evils to the ill conduct of the apoſtles themſelves, and their ſucceſſors in the primitive times, who did not ſufficiently improve the advantages they were poſſeſſed of, when the pious multitude would willingly have made

them lords of all things; for, says he, by the ſame methods and reaſons might they have claimed the dominion over the eſtates of kings and emperors themſelves, as over the goods and lands of the meaneſt proſelyte, ſince they were all equally ſons of the church, and ſubject to the diſcipline and laws of Jeſus.

This eccleſiaſtic politician therefore mightily blames Pope Sylveſter, who ſat in the chair of Peter, when Conſtantine the Great became a Chriſtian, being the firſt of the Roman emperors who embraced that faith. He accuſes him, I ſay, of weakneſs and a mean ſpirit, for accepting of that donation, which to this day is called the patrimony of the church, and comprehends all the temporal eſtates the Roman pontiffs can boaſt of; whereas he ought to have claimed an entire reſignation of the whole Roman empire into his hands, as ſupreme vicar of God on earth. This would have been a pattern, ſays he, to all the kings and princes of the earth who thought fit to turn Chriſtians; and ſo the dominions of the world had all fallen to the ſhare of the prieſts.

Neither could it appear difficult, in his opinion, to have reduced the greateſt monarchs to ſuch a forgetfulneſs and contempt of their royal birth, and all the potent charms of a crown, ſince the ſame rhetoric which perſuaded them to be followers of the Meſſias, would have alſo convinced them of the vanity of all earthly enjoyments, and of the obligation they had to be mortified, and to purſue their claims to diadems of a more exalted degree, the ineffable regalia of paradiſe.

But ſince things are thus in their preſent ſtate, and the Chriſtian princes retain their ſovereignty, without any other dependence on the pope, ſaving in matters purely religious, this jeſuit propoſes, that the Roman pontiffs would either firſt reform their own lives and court to the height

of that primitive and apoſtolical purity which ſhines ſo eminently in the earlieſt governors of the church, and by that means perſuade all the monarchs in Chriſtendom to become their ſubjects; or elſe compel them by force to take the order of prieſthood, and ſo turn their crowns into mitres, their kingdoms into eccleſiaſtic commonwealths, where all the public offices of ſtate, ſeats of judicature, and, in fine, the whole ſyſtem of the civil and political adminiſtration, ſhould be managed by the prieſts in a ſubordinate dependence one of another, according as their ſeveral characters required; by which means all Chriſtendom would ſoon be united into one eccleſiaſtic empire, whereof the pope ſhould be the ſupreme head in temporals as well as ſpirituals.

What I have related is not only this man's private project, but the univerſal aim of his whole order; and thouſands of other prieſts and derviſes are caballing in all the courts and countries of Europe to bring it to paſs.

Venerable Efad, if God ſhould ſuffer their contrivance to take effect, it is to be feared our wars with the Chriſtians would be as expenſive and troubleſome, if not more fatal to the muſſulman intereſt, than when theſe infidels formerly, laying aſide their private feuds, banded together to conquer the Holy Land.

Paris, 25th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1658.

IX.—*To* Abdel Melec Muli Omar, *Preſident of the College of Sciences at Fez.*

I received the packet of venerable import, containing ſacred counſels, and acceptable intelligence, repleniſhed with noble memoirs, and illuſtrious remarks, ſage pre-

cepts, and refined improvements in philoſophy and the myſterious ſciences of nature.

With abundance of affection and joy I read the character of Muſu Abu'l Yahyan, and the encomium of his wiſdom and virtues. May a conſtellation of ſuch lights always adorn that renowned college, and from thence diſperſe their learned influence and rays, not only through Africa, but over all the earth, that Fez may be numbered among the cities whoſe fame is ſweet, that it may be ranked with Jeruſalem the holy, Maſre the ancient, Medina Talnabi the chaſte, and the ſalutiferous Babylon, acquiring a peculiar title of honour, an attribute worthy of reſpect, when men ſhall every where call it Fez, the mother of ſciences.

My ſoul has been very inquiſitive and reſtleſs for many years, and I think this is owing to my captivity in Palermo; for, before that, whilſt I lived at eaſe in the ſeraglio, baſking under the warmer influence of royal majeſty, the ſacred preſence of the Grand Seignior, who, like the ſun, gives motion, heat, and life to all things, I never regarded books, or once applied my mind to ſtudy any thing but how to acquit myſelf in my ſtation, and ſtrengthen my intereſt at the court; eſteeming all other learning as barbarous which conduced not to this end.

Foreign hiſtories and languages were equally contemptible to me: I thought it beneath a muſſulman courtier to give his tongue and mind the fatigue of any other dialect ſave the Perſian, Arabic, and Turkiſh; or to load his memory with the records of other nations deſigned to be the ſlaves of true believers.

As to the ſpeculative ſciences, I was naturally deſirous enough of knowledge; but I either had not leiſure, or wanted books and other advantages of ſtudy; ſo that all the knowledge I could then boaſt of conſiſted only in

ſome looſe notions of logic and metaphyſics, which I had got by reading an old Arabic manuſcript: And I thought myſelf hiſtorian enough, after I had peruſed the annals of the Ottoman empire, and now and then caſt an eye on the Turkiſh tranſlation of Herodotus and Plutarch.

It is true, indeed, by converſing frequently with the Greeks, I ſoon learned their vulgar dialect; but this is far from the polite language of the ancient Grecians; and a page of the treaſury taught me the rudiments of Sclavonian, which afterwards I learned more perfectly, hoping it would be of ſome ſervice to me one time or other.

All theſe were very ſuperficial accompliſhments, yet I thought myſelf happy enough without ſearching any farther. The pleaſures and gaieties of a courtly life took from me the edge and guſt with which I have ſince purſued more ſolid ſtudies, and looked into the wiſdom of the ancients.

But when once misfortune had changed the ſcene of my life, and, inſtead of the honourable poſt I had in the Grand Seignior's ſervice, fate had rendered me a miſerable abject ſlave in Sicily, I began to grow very thoughtful and penſive; the continual drudgery and labour I underwent, ſoon mortified my former paſſions, and weaned me from all hopes of worldly honour; and the cruel ſtripes I daily received from that barbarous infidel my maſter, ſo broke my ſpirits, that ſervitude became familiar to me, and deſpairing to be happy in this world, I was only ambitious to be wiſe.

I grew very contemplative; and having acquainted myſelf with an honeſt carpenter in the town where we lived, who had a great many books in his cuſtody, he lent me ſeveral choice treatiſes, and I borrowed all the hours I

could from ſleep to peruſe them with attention and profit. That carpenter pitied my condition, and did me many good offices of friendſhip, without other hopes of reward ſave what he expected from God. By his means I contracted a familiarity with two or three learned men, who ſpared no pains to inſtruct me in the Roman and ancient Greek languages, as alſo in the principles of philoſophy. My maſter often beat me for this, attributing the neglect of his buſineſs to my bookiſhneſs (as he called it), and keeping the prieſts company; but all his ſeverity could not abate my ardent thirſt after knowledge; I ſtill continued ſtudying at certain ſeaſons until the happy hour of my redemption; and then I frequented the academies; ever ſince which time I have neglected no opportunities of improving my reaſon, yet find myſelf at this day much in the dark. There appears no certainty in any ſcience but the mathematics; all the reſt are entangled with a thouſand controverſies and riddles, which has made me turn ſceptic in moſt things; only I retain an inviolable faith for the Alcoran, and the book of prophetic doctrines and traditions; next to theſe I pay a profound reſpect to the writings of Porphyry the philoſopher, who ſeems to approach neareſt to reaſon of all the ancient ſages. His true name was the ſame as thine (Melech), which thou knoweſt in the Syriac ſignifies King; whence his tutor Longinus, taking occaſion from the uſual colour of royal robes, called him Porphyrius, which in the Greek ſignifies one clad in purple. He was born at Tyre, the metropolis of the ancient Phœnicians; his pedigree was noble, and his education generous: Nature had alſo formed him for a ſage, and fortune favoured him with advantages enough; for, beſides his firſt tutor, whom I have already mentioned, who was the greateſt grammarian and orator of his time, Por-

phyry went to Rome, where he gained the friendſhip of Plotinus, and that philoſopher accompliſhed him in the perfection of all ſcience; ſo that he had power over the demons, and expelled the genius Aran which infeſted certain baths in Rome. In a word, his doctrines appeared divine, and his actions more than human; yet he himſelf, before his death, publiſhed a reverſe of his former writings, which is a ſufficient argument that there is no ſtability in the thoughts of mortals.

Therefore, ſince the wiſeſt of men contradict themſelves, and turn ſceptics, tell me, O oracle of the age, why may not I?

Paris, 13th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1658.

X.—*To* Murat, *Baſſa.*

There has been ſomething lately tranſacted between the French and the Engliſh which ſeems a myſtery. Nobody here underſtands the meaning of it, but the very privados of the cabinet; yet every one gueſſes it is a fetch of Mazarini's wit. That miniſter has more meanders in his brains than an old Turkiſh gameſter at cheſs, who foreſees no leſs than nine unavoidable conſequences before he makes one bold motion; and to be ſure the laſt ſhall be to his own advantage. In a word, Dunkirk, the ſtrongeſt and moſt important ſea-town of all the Weſt, is ſurrendered by the Spaniards to the French, and by theſe, as an earneſt of friendſhip, is put into the hands of the Engliſh.

The little politicians of the city are amazed at it, and the greateſt Machiavels of the court either cannot or will not inform them of the true ſecret.

You ſhall ſee two or three grave citizens brooding

thoughts together over a box of polvita, and ſneezing out their ſentiments without reſerve; yet after all their wiſe conſult, they part as great fools as they met, and only ſatisfy themſelves with nodding wiſdom to each other at their laſt conge, wherein is comprehended the whole ſyſtem of the politics.

It was generally thought to be ſome extraordinary overture this court would make to the Engliſh, when a little before the ſurrender of Dunkirk, the Duke of Crequi, firſt gentleman of the bed-chamber, and Monſieur Mancini, the cardinal's nephew, were ſent with a ſplendid retinue of French nobles to England. Every body gueſſed ſome ſurpriſing action would follow, and that it muſt needs be a myſtery of grand importance which could not be truſted to perſons of leſs note than the two chief favourites of the cardinal miniſter; and now it is come out, they know not what to make of it; neither can I poſſibly learn as yet the true reaſon of putting the Engliſh in poſſeſſion of ſuch a town as this, which commands all the northern ſeas, and has coſt ſo much ſweat and blood to take from the Spaniards. I have ſet Oſman the dwarf to work, and laid traps to get the ſecret from ſeveral other courtiers; but I might as well have attempted to find out the body of Moſes, which cauſed a quarrel between Michael and the devil. Time perhaps will diſcover the ſecret; and I dare at preſent conclude, that the Engliſh are the only nation in Europe whoſe friendſhip the French think worth courting.

The king has been very ill of a fever, and in great danger of his life, but is now recovered again, which occaſions abundance of real joy among his friends and loyal ſubjects; as for the reſt, they know how to counterfeit.

I had almoſt forgot to tell thee, that the Spaniards, endeavouring to relieve Dunkirk, were encountered by

the French and routed, about two thouſand of their men being killed, and as many taken priſoners.

Sage baſſa, the ſucceſſes of this monarch are ſo conſtant, that they have given birth to a proverb; for when they would encourage any man's hopes, or make a ſtrong aſſeveration, they uſually ſay, "As ſure as the Great Lewis will get a town or two in Flanders this campaign."

Mareſchal Turenne is a brave general, and the French victories are in a great meaſure owing to his conduct. He is very expeditious in his undertakings. There were but a few days between the ſurrender of Dunkirk and his taking of Bergen, Furnes, and Dixmude, three ſtrong fortreſſes in Flanders; and it is thought it will not be long before he takes others.

The French king is in a fair way to the empire of the Weſt; But this will not be for the intereſt of the Grand Seignior; for then he will have a new enemy of an old friend, and one more potent than he had before. Yet deſtiny over-rules all things.

Paris, 13th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1658.

XI.—*To* MOHAMMED *the Eremite of Mount Uriel in Arabia.*

I HAVE often troubled thee with important addreſſes, O matchleſs mortal! Permit me once more to unboſom my thoughts, as to my confeſſor, or rather as to an oracle.

Surely this hour the ſtars of my nativity ſuffer a mighty change; I ſeem to myſelf like one newly awaked out of a deep ſleep, or from the deluſions of a long dream; for ſo methinks have my paſt years gone away like a

night, wherein my labouring ſpirit has encountered with nothing but phantaſms, viſions, and darkneſs.

My infant days I eſteem the moſt happy, when my ignorance of vice had greater influence on my actions, and preſerved me more free from blemiſh, than could afterwards all my acquired knowledge of the precepts and maxims of virtue; for no ſooner was I enjoying the ſtudy of morality, and taught to diſtinguiſh between good and evil, but my curioſity prompted me to examine the nature of the latter more cloſely than by bare ſpeculation. I found myſelf more forcibly carried away by a ſecret pleaſure, to make experiment of what was forbidden, than to practiſe what was commanded; ſo prone is man to be jealous of his tutors, and to ſuſpect thoſe laws as impoſitions which put a reſtraint on his native liberty.

Beſides this, there are certain genial inclinations in every mortal, which the youngeſt, and he that is in his nonage, thinks he has as much right to gratify as the wiſeſt ſenior; nor can any reaſon eaſily perſuade him to part with this privilege, but under the notion of being highly wronged, ſince every man naturally places his intereſt and happineſs in purſuing the motions of his own will.

It is true I never was prone to any enormous vices, or ſuch as for their ſingularity would make the moſt hardened libertine bluſh, did he practiſe them to the knowledge of men.

I ever had an unconquerable abhorrence for thoſe ſpecific acts of laſciviouſneſs which ought not to be named, and whoſe very idea makes the thought recoil; yet am naturally amorous, and cannot but pay to beauty the ſentiments and paſſions which are due from Platonic love. I admire ſymmetry and elegance wherever I diſcern them; and can ſtand gazing whole hours together on a flower,

a tree, or a peacock: I am enamoured with the brightneſs of the ſun; and, like another Endymion, I languiſh for a more intimate acquaintance with the moon. The leſſer beauties of the night, the ſtars, inflame me with a thouſand paſſions; I make my court to the whole hoſt of Heaven, yet I hope commit no idolatry. In fine, I am in love with the univerſe, and die hourly, when I contemplate the glory of the tranſcendent Eſſence which is the root and ſource of all things.

Theſe are paſſions not unbecoming a muſſulman: But I have alſo ſome emotions for beautiful women, more violent than all the reſt, more dangerous and fatal. Tell me, O pious Sylvan, how I ſhall gratify my love without offending virtue, or the gravity of a man.

Theſe creatures ſeem to be created for our perplexity, ſince a man can neither well be happy with or without them: They are perfect riddles; and to love them or hate them too much is an equal ſolecifm. It were a queſtion worthy of a philoſopher, whether this ſex, among all the neceſſary good offices they do us, were not ſent into the world as ſpies and trepans, to obſerve our councils and actions, and, by mixing ſmiles with frowns, flatteries with reproaches, ſullenneſs with more obliging favours, to keep us in a perpetual maze and labyrinth, leſt the aſpiring wit of men ſhould, if left to themſelves, attempt ſomething more audacious than the poets feign of the ſons of Titan, or the written law records of Nimrod and his companions, who built the Tower of Babel.

But whether they be ſpies, or faithful aſſiſtants, enemies or friends, I tell thee plainly, I have not been able to forbear loving them exceſſively; and this is part of the dream or trance out of which I am juſt now awaked.

Another ſcene is that of honour. This is a phantom [redacted] a mere vapour, a ſhadow. I never hunted after

glory, or courted popular applauſe; yet being entruſted with the ſublime ſecrets, and commanded to ſerve the Grand Seignior in this ſtation, I would fain acquit myſelf without diſgrace; nay, like other mortals in ſuch poſt, I would willingly have the ſmiles of my ſovereign, and the careſſes of the happy miniſters who ſerve him, if it ſhall be my lot ever to return to the ſeraglio. Nothing appears to me more terrible than at ſuch a time to encounter with rugged, furrowed viſages, or cold and faint embraces of my fellow-ſlaves.

This puts me upon a thouſand inquietudes, makes me ſwear to contradictions, utter lies and blaſphemies which would turn the devil to a ſaint for fear; in a word, I ſtumble at no vice or immorality which may promote the cauſe I am engaged in, and all this for the ſake of a fair character at the Porte, whilſt I am cajolling myſelf, as well as others, with a perſuaſion that it is only on the ſcore of honeſty, and to acquit myſelf a good man. Thus I purſue a blaſt, a bubble, the idea of nothing, mere vanity, and an empty dream; and it is harder for me to ſhake off this enchantment than that of love.

Yet all this while I have not taken the French method to gain honour; I never was guilty of oppreſſion and cruelty, nor bathed my hands in human blood; no widow or orphan mourns for what I have taken from them, nor did I ever dragoon any body into compliance with reaſon. All the parts I have acted in this nature were defenſive, pure efforts of ſelf-preſervation, which thou knoweſt is a principle natural to all men, and even to the worms of the earth: Theſe little reptiles, when they are trampled on, will turn again; and nothing more do I, unleſs in the Sultan's cauſe.

This puts me in mind of my integrity; for I muſt tell thee my virtues as well as my vices. Neither Arabia,

nor all the Eaſt, have ever brought forth a man more true to his truſt, than honeſt, loyal Mahmut: I will for ever boaſt of this in an age ſo full of treachery; this alone will carry me ſafe to paradiſe, in ſpite of all the mollahs. As for the reſt they are only venial ſins, eaſily dropped off on the bridge of trial; and, ſo long as nobody can ſay I have betrayed my maſter's ſecrets, I am ſafe as an angel that is not obliged to ſtand centinel at the loweſt poſt of Heaven; for there he is within gun-ſhot of the devil.

Juſt as I drew my pen from that word, a ſudden noiſe in the ſtreets called me to the window, where, turning my eyes from the earth to the moon and ſtars, (for it was a very ſerene ſky) I obſerved a ſmall ſwift cloud to glide along from ſouth to north, much in appearance like a bale of ſilk: It cleft the element like a fly Arab thief that ſwims for booty on the river Tygris. Wondering at this, when all the firmament was clear, and not another cloud above the horizon, I ſoon concluded it was the chariot of ſome airy god, a Mercury, or meſſenger ſent with ſpeedy news to the high lords, commanders of the arctic regions, to bid them be upon their guard, or ſome ſuch weighty matter. Perhaps, thought I, a war is commenced between the ſpirits of the poles; or it may be King Æolus has ſent a ſummons to the northern winds, being reſolved to play ſome royal pneumatic freaks upon the ſea.

In good earneſt, it made me reflect on our ignorance of the laws and conſtitutions of the elements: It put me in mind of the fogs and miſts which ſometimes envelop the globe in darkneſs, on purpoſe, for aught we know, to hinder us from ſeeing what is tranſacting at ſuch ſeaſons in the higher regions of the air. The ſpirits of thoſe ſerener tracks may then be frolicing in viſible forms,

celebrating ſolemn feſtivals, and kindling all the meteors of the upper welkin, as natural fire-works and illuminations, not fit for mortals to behold, leſt we ſhould learn too much, and grow as wiſe as they. However, it made me very contemplative to ſee a ſingle ſolitary cloud thus glide along the air; and I could have wiſhed for wings to purſue its motions, becauſe the appearance was not common.

Thou that haſt meaſured the whole frame of nature, and taken the true dimenſions of the world, that haſt penetrated into the ſecrets of the elements, and art always buſied in the moſt ſage and ſolid ſcrutinies, wilt ſmile at the vanity of common mortals, ſuch as I, who, when we are intelligible to ourſelves, yet preſume to comprehend the ways of the Omnipotent, who is perfect in knowledge.

As for me, who have ſtudied in the academics, and read Ariſtotle, Avicen, Plotinus, Averroes, with other Platonic philoſophers, I eſteem myſelf ſtill but at the bottom of Plato's cave, converſing with ſhadows, miſtaken in every thing but the idea of thy ſanctity and immenſe wiſdom, which is imprinted on my ſoul, as thoſe which the philoſophers call firſt principles, becauſe they are ſelf-evident.

I deſigned to have ſaid more to thee, but a ſudden indiſpoſition and extreme faintneſs has taken away my ſpirits; my limbs tremble, my head is giddy, my heart fails me; in a word, I ſeem like one betweeen a mortal and a ghoſt.

Paris, 29th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1658.

XII.—*To* Achmet Padishani Culligiz, *Kaſſa.*

Thy ſurname argues thee a favourite at the ſeraglio; and for that reaſon I know thou art accuſtomed to receive infinite ſubmiſſions and flatteries; but I muſt be as blunt with thee as I was with the new mufti, when I congratulated his acceſſion to the chief patriarchate. I told that prince of the muſſulman prelates, that I had no encouragement to welcome him to a dignity, which, though in itſelf ſacred and inviolable, yet could not ſecure him from the perſecutions of popular envy, any more than it did his predeceſſor; and the ſame I muſt ſay to thee.

Darniſh Mehemet, baſſa, is fallen a victim to the rage of the multitude; and thou haſt got his ſeat on the bench. Mayſt thou enjoy it long, and never be mobbed out of thy honour and life as he was. Some years ago he forbade me to write any more to him; what his reaſon was I know not, neither did I ever inquire. However I obeyed his injunction, being indifferent to whom I ſend my intelligence, provided I do the Grand Seignior any ſervice; for to that end am I placed here.

Illuſtrious baſſa, I ſhall now acquaint thee with two the moſt principal points of news ſtirring in Europe: One is the election of Leopoldus Ignatius Joſephus, King of Hungary and Bohemia, to the German empire: They have been canvaſſing this buſineſs eleven moons; and at laſt the Auſtrian faction carried it: This was done on the 8th of the 7th moon; and he was ſolemnly crowned on the 22d of the ſame. This has heightened the quarrel between the Duke of Bavaria and the Prince Palatine: The latter was ſo far tranſported with paſſion at the diet of Frankfort, that he threw a ſtandiſh of ink at the Bavarian ambaſſador, which is reſented as an un-

pardonable affront; and the duke is marching with an army to revenge it, or demand ſatisfaction. The Elector of Mentz has denied him a paſſage through his principality, and they are all like to be embroiled in a civil war about it. This is no bad news for the muſſulmans.

But that which makes yet a greater noiſe is the death of Oliver, the protector of the Engliſh commonwealth, who, whilſt living, was the terror of all Europe. The ſuperſtitious, and ſuch as regard ſigns, ſay, this was preſaged three moons ago, when a great whale, nine times as long as a tall man, was taken in a river of England, near the capital city, forty miles from the ſea. I know not whether theſe kind of obſervations are worthy of credit; yet it ſeems the annals of that nation take notice, that the unuſual appearance of a whale ſo far within land has always prognoſticated ſome mighty change. Perhaps the fate of illuſtrious perſonages affects nature with a more than ordinary paſſion, puts the elements into a diſorder, and inſpires the brutes with ſympathy.

We are aſſured, that on the day of this prince's death, and at the very hour of his departure, there was ſo violent a tempeſt of wind, rain, hail, thunder and lightning, as had never been known by any man then alive in that nation; which ſome interpreted to his diſhonour, as if he were a magician, or at leaſt a very wicked man, and that this hurricane was raiſed by the devils, who tranſported his ſoul to hell; whilſt others affirmed this mixed ſtorm to be only the ſighs and tears of nature, the mournful paſſions of the guardian ſpirits of England, for the loſs of ſo great and fortunate a hero, and that the very inanimate beings condoled his death. As for me, I look on all theſe things as pure accidents, the effects of chance. I have an equal opinion of another circumſtance, much obſerved both by his enemies and friends, that he

died on the ſame day whereon he had formerly gained ſome notable victories; the one deſcanting on this to his reproach, the other drawing from it arguments of honour. It is difficult to ſay any thing of him without appearing partial; he had great virtues, and no leſs vices; he was a valiant general, and wiſe ſtateſman; yet a traitor to his ſovereign. As for religion, though he profeſſed himſelf a zealot, yet it is thought he was as indifferent as other princes, who for reaſons of ſtate, and to pleaſe their people, make a ſhow of piety, but in their hearts adore no other god but fortune and victory.

He was eſteemed one of the greateſt politicians of this age, and none could match him but Mazarini; yet I cannot but ſmile when I call to mind how both theſe eminent ſtateſmen were cheated this year by two or three fugitives.

A certain French captain, named Gentilot, that had ſerved under the States of Holland in the wars, and on that account had often paſſed through the ſea towns in Flanders, obſerved a weakneſs in one part of the walls of Oſtend, by which the town might eaſily be ſurpriſed: At his return to Paris, he acquainted Cardinal Mazarini with this, and gave him ſo great encouragement, that the cardinal reſolved to try ſome ſtratagem, in order to gain that important place, without the coſt and hazards of a formal ſiege.

To this end, he commands Gentilot to ſeek out ſome perſons fit to be engaged in the plot, men of reſolution, conduct, and ſecrecy. This captain therefore knowing two or three fugitives in Paris, who were forced to fly out of Flanders to ſave their lives, having committed murders and other crimes againſt the Spaniſh government, breaks the buſineſs to them, promiſing mountains of gold if they would aſſiſt in carrying it on.

They ſeemed to embrace his propoſals with abundance of readineſs, and were introduced into the cardinal's cabinet, where that miniſter being ſatisfied in their characters, and the offers they made to ſerve him in this affair, ſeconded the promiſes which Gentilot had made them, with many additional encouragements. In a word, they conſulted together frequently, were late every night in the cardinal's lodgings, and at laſt having adjuſted all the neceſſary meaſures that were to be taken, the fugitives were diſpatched away into England with letters from Mazarini to Oliver the Engliſh protector, wherein he acquainted him with the deſign, requiring the aſſiſtance of ſome Engliſh ſhips to tranſport men into the haven of Oſtend.

Theſe agents went accordingly, but with a reſolution to put a trick both on the cardinal and the protector; and, by doing their country ſo conſiderable a ſervice as the ſaving this town, to merit a repeal of the ſentence pronounced againſt them, that ſo they might return home in peace, and enjoy their eſtates and native liberty.

Oliver received them very kindly, and embraced the motion with ſome warmth; but upon ſecond thoughts tried to out-bribe Mazarini, and hire theſe perſons for himſelf. Oſtend was too ſweet a bait in his eye to let it ſo tamely fall into the hands of the French, for want of a few larger promiſes, and offers of gold; wherefore he plied theſe agents briſkly with all the effectual oratory he could, to win them over to his own ſeparate intereſt, engaging to beſtow great preferments on them in England, with two hundred thouſand ſequins, as ſoon as the buſineſs was accompliſhed.

The three Flemings deſired no better ſport than thus to cajole two the ableſt ſtateſmen in Europe. They poſſeſſed Oliver with an entire belief of their zeal and fidelity

in his ſervice, and it was agreed on between them to hold Mazarini in play, and that Oliver ſhould ſend him an anſwer, refuſing to meddle in an intrigue which ſeemed to carry ſo little probability of ſucceſs.

From England theſe agents paſſed over into Zealand, it having been ſo concluded before they parted from Cardinal Mazarini, that ſo they might there gain more confederates, and lay all the neceſſary trains to bring this intrigue to the deſired iſſue; but inſtead of doing either the protector or Cardinal Mazarini this ſervice, they went immediately, and revealed the whole ſecret to the governor of Flanders.

He having duly examined all circumſtances, and being ſatisfied in the truth of their relations, and in their loyalty to the King of Spain, commanded them to proceed in deluding both the French and the Engliſh as long as they could, with fair hopes of accompliſhing their aims; whilſt he took care to ſecure Oſtend, and other parts of Flanders, from all attempts of this nature.

In fine, the protector falling off again, being frighted by Cardinal Mazarini's threats, who had diſcovered his underhand dealing, theſe agents applied themſelves cloſe to the French, who were now made ſo much more eager by Oliver's deſign to interlope them. They ſpun out the intrigue ſeveral moons, brought the French king to ſign articles, and to paſs his word for the payment of near a million of gold; cajoled his general in Flanders, and at one time made him believe it was his intereſt to lie ſtill for ſix weeks together, when all the world expected he would purſue his conqueſts in that province; at another time, cauſed him to march with ſo much precipitation, when the ways were impaſſable, that he was forced to leave moſt of his cannon, and a thouſand waggons

plunged in the deep roads, with the loſs of three thouſand men, who were either drowned or ſtarved; and all this for the ſake of gaining Oſtend; when after all they were not only cheated of their hopes in that point, but moſt ſhamefully expoſed to the deriſion and contempt of all Europe; for Cardinal Mazarini repoſed an entire confidence in the fidelity of his Flemiſh agents, ſo that whatſoever they propoſed as an expedient to compaſs the deſign was a law. Hence it was, that the French general in Flanders received expreſs orders to embark part of his army in certain veſſels that lay before Dunkirk, and, on a prefixed day, to ſail into the haven of Oſtend, there to land his men, and take poſſeſſion of the town, in the name of his maſter; being made to believe that the gates would be opened to him, and that the Spaniſh garriſon ſhould march out in his ſight.

All this was carried on with ſo much artifice and ſubtle management, that when he entered the haven with ten veſſels, he thought himſelf ſecure of the place; yet no ſooner landed his men, to the number of fifteen hundred, but they thundered upon them ſuch volleys of great and ſmall ſhot from the walls, that two hundred of them fell immediately, as many threw down their arms, and the citizens making a vigorous ſally, the reſt were either killed or taken priſoners, he himſelf not eſcaping that misfortune.

By this thou mayeſt diſcern how eaſy it is for an agent of any prince to embarraſs his maſter's affairs, and that a public miniſter can never commit a greater or more dangerous error than in being too credulous.

Serene baſſa, let not Mahmut's name ſound harſh at the Porte, nor his honour be traduced by ſycophants, ſince his loyalty is proof againſt all temptations; and this

the miniſters of the divan know by twenty years experience.

Paris, 5th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1658.

XIII.—*To* Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Maſter of the Grand Seignior's Cuſtoms at Conſtantinople.*

I have received a diſpatch from our couſin Iſouf: He has been in a cold region, within the arctic circle, but now is at Stockholm in Sweden. The parts he has viſited are the farthermoſt tracks of our continent to the north; they may be called the territories of night and darkneſs, for they have but one day in a whole year. The ſun appears but once above their horizon, during his annual progreſs through the zodiac; yet he makes them amends by the long continued light he affords them at that ſeaſon; for that one day is, without the miracle of Joſhua, prolonged the ſpace of four, five, or ſix moons, according to the proportionate diſtance of each country from the pole.

Iſouf relates ſtrange things of thoſe dark countries, and ſuch as ſeem almoſt to ſurpaſs credit, were they not confirmed by many grave and learned writers: He ſays that in ſome parts of Norway no tree is to be ſeen, by reaſon of the violent force of the winds, which blow down all before them, carrying away even the roofs of houſes, and ſcattering them at a great diſtance, ſo that the inhabitants are forced to dwell in dens and caves, and burn the bones of fiſhes for want of better fuel, ſince it is impoſſible for any plant to grow in thoſe parts. Neither can men travel ſafely on horſes, or a-foot, at certain tempeſtuous ſeaſons, for the wind will either throw both horſe and man to the ground, or catch them up into the air.

But when he deſcribes the horrible coldneſs of theſe

regions, the very idea of it is enough to make one quake. He says cold is an active quality, and reigns under the north pole as in its proper kingdom or centre, from whence it darts its freezing rays through the earth: Yet others are of opinion, that cold is only a privation of heat, a bare passive disposition of the elements, and therefore more sensibly felt in those climates that are farthest from the warm influence of the sun, whose beams give life and vigour to all things. Be it how it will, its effects are very remarkable in these northern regions.

All the rivers, lakes, and seas there, are frozen up during the winter; men, horses, waggons, coaches, and even whole armies, pass as commonly over the ice, as before ships sailed there, or as we travel over the firm land; and last winter the Baltic sea was the road of ice over which the King of Sweden marched with his army of horse and foot into Zealand, to prosecute the war in those parts. They also raise strong forts of snow, able to sustain the battery of bullets and engines of war with all the violence of the fiercest assaults. They build caravanseras on the frozen seas and lakes for the convenience of travellers, and set up branches of fir or juniper, as marks to distinguish the holes and fissures of the ice from that which is solid and secure, for there are highways on those congealed waters; and officers appointed to survey them, and take all necessary orders for the security of travellers; and sometimes they fight pitched battles on the frozen element.

Our kinsman also has made curious remarks on the triumphal obelisks, and funeral monuments of ancient heroes among the Goths and Swedes; for those nations boast of giants and famous warriors. These monuments, though of stone, and exquisitely shaped, yet were never cut by the hand of man, but are so many splinters of rocks and

mountains, torn from the main body by the violence of earthquakes, thunders, or the like motions of nature; and, falling down in the forms of pyramids, and other artificial figures, were of old ſet up by the graves of giants and other renowned perſons; having alſo inſcriptions on them, ſignifying the particular hero who there lies buried: Such as theſe:

I UFFO, fighting in defence of my country, with my own hand killed thirty-two giants; and at laſt being killed by the giant Rolvo, my body lies here.

And,

I INGOLVAS, that ſubdued all oppreſſors, and defended the poor and weak, now grown old, poor, and weak myſelf, yet having my ſword girt to my thigh, am forced to yield to death, who conquers all things, and to go down into this ſepulchre, which I prepared for my laſt retreat.

It ſeems there are infinite numbers of theſe tombs all over the deſarts, mountains, and valleys of the North, which is an argument that however contemptible theſe people may ſeem to the true believers, yet they have not been wanting in valiant men and heroes. Doubtleſs God has diſpenſed his virtues and graces to men of all nations; he is not partial in his gifts; we ought to praiſe him in the beginning and end of all our actions; and if we contemplate his honour in the middle of our affairs, we ſhall not do amiſs, ſince, as he is the firſt and the laſt of the univerſe, ſo he is the centre of every thing.

I had not theſe relations only from Iſouf, but out of the hiſtorians themſelves, who write of theſe countries; yet our kinſman informs me of ſome things which are omitted by thoſe authors. Every traveller is ſingular in his obſervations; for all men have not the ſame genius;

and thy journal of the East abounds with remarks which are not common in other writers.

Brother, if I may advise thee, it shall be to do nothing by imitation, but pursue the dictates of thy own sense, and the peculiar bent of thy soul; for whatever is forced and affected is nauseous.

Paris, 16th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1658.

XIV.—*To* Zeidi Alamanzi, *a Merchant in Venice.*

The kaimacham has informed me that thou art appointed to succeed Adonai the Jew in Italy: He has also acquainted me with other matters relating to thy charge. I am glad they have found out a mussulman capable of that important trust, and that we shall not always stand in need of Jews to serve the Grand Seignior, emperor of the faithful. Though some of that nation are very honest and loyal, yet it is better to be without them.

Thou and I are strangers to each other; but it is necessary for us to be speedily acquainted, and hold a mutual intimacy by letters, that so we may serve our great master without interfering or clashing in our intelligence. I have been here these twenty years, and made no false steps in my sovereign's business, whatever I have done in my own; yet have encountered a thousand difficulties and perils, suffered imprisonment many moons in Paris for my fidelity, whilst my enemies at Constantinople persecuted me as a traitor and an infidel.

It is impossible to avoid these crosses in the course of human life; they are natural as the wind or the rain: All that we can do is, by a prudent and dexterous management of contingencies, to wind ourselves out of trouble as well as we can; and above all, rather to be our own

executioners than betray the leaſt ſecret committed to us.

I queſtion not but thou haſt had the ſame inſtructions given thee by the miniſters of the happy Porte: What I ſay, is only to confirm thee in thy fidelity and care. Write to me with the ſame frankneſs, and let nothing make thee reſerved to thy fellow-ſlave. We are both followers of the prophet; we worſhip one God after the ſame manner, and equally reverence the Alcoran; we ſerve one maſter, and though in different ſtations, yet let our affections and intereſts be united as friends; let no little narrow paſſions or emulations corrupt our integrity, nor teach us to unman ourſelves.

I know not thy original, whether thou art of Mahometan or Chriſtian parents. It would be very obliging to ſend me a ſhort hiſtory of thy life, and how thou learnedſt the Italian tongue; for without that, I judge they would not have ſent thee into that country.

As for me, I am an Arabian by birth, brought up in the ſeraglio, from thence ſent to ſea, there taken captive by the Chriſtians, ſold in Sicily, where I underwent a tedious ſervitude, yet at length gained my freedom; and having paſſed through various fortunes, at laſt was ſent hither, to obſerve the ſecret counſels of the Chriſtians, eſpecially of this court.

I now grow old, having ſeen near fifty years; yet, though the ſtrength of my body fails, I feel not the leaſt decay in my zeal for the muſſulman faith, or my maſter's ſervice. I am ſtill Mahmut the loyal ſlave of the Porte, and thy friend, ſo long as thou art ſo thyſelf.

Paris, 30th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1659.

XV.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

IT rejoices me to hear that Adonai's place is supplied by by a muſſulman, in whom the ſublime Porte may put more confidence than in any of the Jewiſh race: It will be encouragement to the true faithful; and a precedent of good import; for no nation loves to ſee their prince beſtow offices of truſt on ſtrangers, when his own people are as capable of employment as they; it is generally taken as an affront, and contempt of their abilities or their virtue, and has often produced ill conſequences.

I deny not but there are many honeſt and wiſe men among the Hebrews, perſons of merit and honour, from whom the ſultan receives no ſmall ſervices, but this ought not to diminiſh the reputation of thoſe who are of the ſame faith with their ſovereign. Doubtleſs Arabia and Turkey are not barren of good ſoldiers, prudent ſtateſmen, and dexterous miniſters.

I know not the character of Zeidi Alamanzi, whether he be a natural born Turk, a tributary ſon of a Chriſtian, or a voluntary renegado; however, the choice that is made of him convinces me that the unerring divan eſteem him a man fit for the buſineſs committed to his charge.

He ought to be perfectly ſkilled in Italian, or at leaſt in ſome other language of the Nazarenes, that ſo he may paſs the better unſuſpected among the people where he reſides, who are more jealous of ſtrangers than any other nation in Europe. It is a crime thought worthy of impriſonment for a Venetian to converſe with a foreigner too frequently, and in private; for they are afraid leſt by that means a dangerous correſpondence ſhould be eſtabliſhed betwixt ſome ill affected ſubjects of that commonwealth

and its enemies; whereby their ſecrets may be betrayed, and meaſures taken to ruin them.

For this reaſon alſo they have forbid falſe hair, or perukes, to be worn by any in their dominions, leſt this might ſerve as a diſguiſe for villains and traitors; yet nothing is more common in France, and other countries of Europe, than for men to wear on their heads ornaments of womens hair, inſtead of their own.

As to religion, I believe they will not much trouble him, being no zealots themſelves; and provided he does but profeſs himſelf a Chriſtian and Catholic, they will make no farther inquiſition.

The Italians in general are much like the ancient Romans in their humour; men of grave aſpect and carriage, and much more compoſed in both than the French, who appear ridiculous through the levity of their diſcourſe and actions. The former abound in ſage precepts of morality, and politic aphoriſms, which ſerve as a rule whereby to ſquare the courſe of their lives; the latter only affect ſome flaſhy improvements of wit and converſation, ſtudying rather how to pleaſe women than men; coveting to be perfect in external accompliſhments, and the graces of the body, whilſt they ſlight the more valuable endowments of the mind. In a word, they are mere apes and mimics. On the contrary, the Italians are men of an awful and majeſtic behaviour, ſolid judgment, and deep reach. If you ſee them ſmile, you ſhall ſeldom or never hear them laugh; whereas the motion of a feather will ſet the French a-braying like aſſes. Theſe will contract a warm friendſhip with any man at firſt interview, heighten it with a thouſand compliments, make him their confeſſor, and unboſom all their ſecrets; yet a ſecond encounter ſhall extinguiſh this paſſion, and a third ſhall revive it again; whereas thoſe are cautious and ſlow in the choice

of their friends, and when once that knot is diſſolved, it is never to be faſtened there again; they are irreconcileable in their hatred and revenge.

But there are men to be excepted in both nations, who fall not under theſe general characters. France affords many wiſe and learned perſons, and Italy not a few fools and idiots. Virtues and vices are ſtrangely mixed in all people. War, commerce, and travel, with other human occurrences, alter mens natural diſpoſitions, and give the lie to the exacteſt obſervations that can be made: Beſides, time changes all things; and the qualities which this age remarks in the Italians, may in the next be tranſferred to the French; for there is no conſtancy in any thing under the moon.

Zeidi will find great examples of frugality among the Venetians, in the neceſſary expences of their perſons and families; yet abundance of magnificence in whatever relates to the public, which the ſubjects of that commonwealth ſerve with open purſes and free hearts.

Indeed they are not ſo remarkable for their temperance as ſome other parts of Italy: Libertiniſm and voluptuouſneſs reign uncontrouled in Venice; women and wine are there almoſt as common as the elements; yet it is obſerved, that ſtrangers generally debauch more with both than the natives. God preſerve Zeidi from their temptations.

If it be his fortune or duty to viſit Padua, he ought not to make too long an abode in that neſt of philoſophers and phyſicians, leſt they firſt anatomiſe his ſoul, and diſcover the ſecrets of his commiſſion, and then turn his body to a ſkeleton; as they once ſerved a Moor, whom they diſſected alive, to make experiment, perhaps, whether a Mahometan's blood circulated the ſame way as a Chriſtian's.

Thoſe Italian phyſicians are very cruel, and think it no ſin to try poiſons, and other fatal tricks on the poor, that ſo they may be the better able to keep the rich on the rack at their pleaſure, and make their market of them.

I know not Zeidi's appointed ſtation, or what cities he is to ſee; but wherever he goes, it will be neceſſary for him to uſe abundance of caution, for the Italians are the cloſeſt, ſlyeſt, and moſt judicious people in the world.

But I forget that he is choſen by the divan for this employment, to whom the characters of all nations are known, and who penetrate into the moſt interior receſſes of mens ſpirits.

Therefore I lay my hand upon my mouth in profound ſubmiſſion, and acquieſce to my ſuperiors; ſtill praying, that the Grand Seignior may have faithful and wiſe miniſters at home, and no novices for his agents abroad.

Paris, 3d of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1659.

XVI.—*To* William Vospel, *a Recluſe of Auſtria.*

There is a ſtreet in Paris, which they call the Street of Hell. The reaſon of this name is ſaid to be, becauſe at one end of it there formerly ſtood an old houſe poſſeſſed by devils, who were ſo troubleſome, that, as the records of Paris affirm, an edict of parliament was paſſed to remove all the inhabitants out of their houſes in that ſtreet, and ſhut up the entrance with a wall; ſince which, theſe demons were expelled by the Carthuſians, who built a monaſtery in the place. If this ſtory be true, it redounds much to the reputation of that order, and of all your monaſtics in general, who by your exorciſms are able to ſubdue the infernal ſpirits. But I have heard ſo many

filly tales of houſes being haunted by ghoſts and hobgoblins, that I know not how to give credit to this.

Beſides, when I conſider the nature of incorporeal beings, it ſeems ridiculous to think that they can take delight to play the antics, to frighten poor mortals, or confine themſelves to an old ruined caſtle (for ſuch was this houſe), for the ſake of a little ſport, when, according to the ancient philoſophers, every incorporeal being is far more excellent than the moſt perfect body, and can be every where; neither are they at any time locally preſent in bodies, but only by propenſion or habit are inclined to them; and this they mean of living bodies. What charms then can there be in an old rotten fabric of ſtone and wood, to allure and detain immaterial ſubſtances?

Certainly the nature of theſe ſeparate eſſences is very remote from all compounded beings. I have been often at a loſs, in contemplating the ſoul of man. Sometimes it ſeems no otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed from the ſouls of brutes, than by being united to a body of different organs, which cauſes us to ſhow more evident tokens of reaſon than they, in the faculty of diſcourſe, and in our actions. Yet when I conſider more attentively the operations of our mind and intellect, I cannot but conclude there is a vaſt diſtinction between our ſouls and thoſe of the beaſts. I have with pleaſure obſerved the excellency of human intellect in madmen and dreamers, who being come to themſelves, (as we uſually ſay) relate many things of which they were before ignorant, and comprehend things ſurpaſſing their former imaginations.

It appears therefore more rational to me, that the ſoul is every where and no where, as the ancients ſay, than that it is ſhut up and impriſoned in the body, as a wild beaſt in his den, or liquor in a glaſs. However, by an ineffa-

ble production of itself, it is present in every part of the body, as the light of the sun is diffused through the air, and can as soon withdraw itself, as that light, when interrupted by a cloud. In a word, I conceive the soul to be a very free agent, and that it is here and there and every where. It united itself to the body by its own choice, and can retire again from it at pleasure.

One closely pursued act of contemplation, will at any time carry thee or me to the invisibles, whenever we go resolutely about it.

Paris, 1st of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1659.

XVII.—*To the Venerable* Ibrahim, Cadilesquer *of Romeli.*

There has not a year escaped since my arrival at Paris, wherein I did not send to the ministers of the ever happy and exalted Porte constant intelligence of battles, sieges, storming of towns, and such other occurrences of war, as happened between the kingdoms of France and Spain; but now I believe my future dispatches must contain other matters; for in all appearance this war, which has lasted four-and-twenty years, is in a fair way to be ended. The King of Spain grows weary of his continual losses in Italy, Flanders, and Catalonia; and he of France seems glutted with perpetual victories and conquests. In a word, these two potent monarchs, laying aside their quarrels, are making diligent preparations this year for a campaign of friendship and love.

They are both in arms, yet commit no acts of hostility; whilst Cardinal Mazarini, on the part of this crown, and Don Louis d' Haro de Guzman, first minister of Spain, are gone to meet each other on the frontiers of

both kingdoms, as plenipotentiaries for their reſpective maſters, to concert the meaſures of a laſting peace, and treat of a marriage between the King of France and the infanta of Spain.

All Europe is amazed at this ſurpriſing change; and the French and Spaniards, who border on each other, can hardly believe their own ſenſes, whilſt they find a mutual commerce reſtored between their frontier towns and villages, which had been interrupted ever ſince the year 1635, about ſixteen moons before I came to this city.

But though they are thus diſpoſed to peace here in the Weſt, the Northern monarchs are puſhing the war forward in Sweden, Denmark, and Poland, with all imaginable vigour and animoſity. The coming over of the Elector of Brandenburgh to the Daniſh intereſt has made a great alteration in their affairs; for, whereas fortune ſeemed before in all things to favour the Swedes, now they loſe ground, and find their attempts unſucceſsful. Four thouſand of their men fell before the walls of Copenhagen, in three nights and two days, which cauſed King Guſtavus to raiſe the ſiege; whilſt the Duke of Brandenburgh retook Fredericks-Ode, and thereby reſtored to the King of Denmark the provinces of Holſtein, Jutland, and Ditmarſen.

The Hollanders alſo have had a combat with the Swedes at ſea, and ſunk fourteen of their beſt ſhips, beſides what they burnt and took.

Theſe events have ſtirred up ſeveral princes to mediate a peace; and it is not improbable but in a little time we may ſee all the Chriſtians good friends; and then it will be time for the muſſulmans to be upon their guard.

As for Mahmut, he will not fail to pry into the counſels of theſe infidels, and ſend timely notices to the Porte,

leaving the reſt to the wiſdom of his ſuperiors, and the pleaſure of deſtiny.

Paris, 29th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1659.

XVIII.—*To* Musu Abu'l Yahyan, *Alfaqui, Profeſſor of Theology at Fez.*

The character which the great and illuſtrious Abdel Melec Muli Omar, preſident of preſidents, grace and ornament of ancient learning, oracle of Africa, and reſtorer of obſolete truth, has given me of thy profound wiſdom and ſcience, fills me with reverence and ſacred love. I am raviſhed with wonder and joy to hear, that in this age, wherein the muſſulman theology has ſuffered ſo many innovations, there yet ſurvives a man who dares, and is able to aſſert againſt all oppoſers, not only the primitive and original truth, brought down from heaven by the hand of Gabriel, but alſo the real and indubitable ſayings, ſermons, counſels, and actions of the prophet, whilſt he was on earth converſing with mortals, before his tranſmigration to the gardens of eternal repoſe and ſolitude. Thou art the Enoch, the Hermes Triſmegiſtus of the age.

I have ſeen many copies of the Zunè, or the Book of Doctrines, each pretending to compriſe the whole ſyſtem of that divine philoſophy and wiſdom which dropped from the lips of our incomparable and moſt holy lawgiver, and were atteſted by his wife, the holy Ageſha, mother of the faithful, and by his ten diſciples: Yet all theſe various tranſcripts differ both in their ſenſe and manner of expreſſions.

I have peruſed the books intitled Dahiſ, or Imperfect, which contain the memoirs of his other wives, and the

manuſcripts called maucof, or fragments, being only a collection of ſome ſelect ſentences, aphoriſms and parables of the ſent of God. But theſe have no other authority to back them, ſave the credit of ſome learned ſcribes, who were not familiar with the divine favourite, only living in his time, and taking things on report.

In fine, I have met with ſeveral parchments of Zaquini, or pretended traditions of Abu Beere, Omar, and Othman; but theſe I eſteem as ſpurious, corrupted, and full of errors.

What ſhall I ſay? The zeal of Omar Eben Abdi'il-Aziz, the ninth caliph of the tribe of Merwan, is not unknown to me; I am no ſtranger to his ſingular piety, not to be matched among crowned heads; for of him it is recorded, that as he deſcended from the throne at the time of his inauguration, he gave the robe from his back as an alms to a poor man; and, that during his whole reign, he ſpent but two piaſters a day on himſelf: And ſo great was his reſignation to deſtiny (an admirable virtue in a ſovereign emperor) that when he was on his bed in his laſt ſickneſs, and was counſelled to take phyſic, he anſwered, "No; if I were ſure to heal myſelf only by reaching my finger to my ear, I would not; for the place to which I am going is full of health and bliſs."

This caliph was a miracle of humility, and his charity always kept him poor: Moſlema Eben Abd'il Melec relates, that going to viſit Omar on his deathbed, he found him lying on a couch of palm leaves, with three or four ſkins inſtead of a pillow, his garments on, and a foul ſhirt underneath. Seeing this, Moſlema was grieved, and turning to his ſiſter Phatema, the empreſs, he ſaid, "How comes it to paſs that the great lord, commander of the faithful, appears in ſo ſqualid a condition?"—She replied, "As thou liveſt, he has given away all that he

had, even to the very bed that was under him, to the poor, and only reſerved what thou feeſt, to cover his nakedneſs." Then Moſſema could not refrain, but burſt forth into tears, ſaying, "God ſhow thee mercy upon mercy, thou royal ſaint; for thou haſt pierced our hearts with the fear of his divine majeſty." This caliph was numbered among the ſaints.

He it was, that perceiving the contradictions and diſputes of the muſſulmans, the darkneſs and confuſion in the various copies of the Zunè, or book of doctrine, aſſembled a general divan of mollahs and learned men at Damaſcus, from all parts of the empire; commanding that all the manuſcripts of the Zunè, which were extant, ſhould be brought into this aſſembly, on pain of death to him that ſhould detain one. This being done, he commanded ſix of them to be choſen out of the whole number by vote, men eminent for learning and piety, and that theſe ſix ſhould ſeverally collect out of all the multitude of copies, each man a book, containing what he thought to be the moſt genuine diſcourſes of the prophet, concerning this world and that which is to come. When this was executed according to his will, he commanded all the old books to be burnt in a field near Damaſcus.

Yet after all the religious care of this holy caliph to reſtore theſe writings to their primitive integrity, the muſſulmans ſoon fell into new contentions about the ſenſe and interpretation of theſe correct copies of the Zunè, from whence ſprang the four cardinal ſects, on which all the innumerable, leſſer, and latter diviſions among true believers are founded.

I cannot therefore but inwardly rejoice, and from my heart highly applaud the method taken by thoſe of your renowned college, to diſcern the true doctrines and ſayings of the holy prophet, from thoſe which are ſuppoſi-

titious, by comparing all the books that are extant together, and reducing matters of divine revelation to the analogy of the Alcoran; thoſe of philoſophy and moral regards to the ſtandard of experience and reaſon; for it is ridiculous to believe, that the divine apoſtle would impoſe any thing on our faith, repugnant to the ſenſe of men, or the expreſs will of Heaven. By the ſoul of Pythagoras, Mahomet ſaid nothing but what was rational and evident to any unprejudiſed mind: But the greateſt part of theſe ſectaries are beſotted; they form to themſelves falſe notions of God and his prophet, and think to merit paradiſe by their ſtupidity.

Reverend alfaqui, I have much more to ſay to thee, and many queſtions to aſk; but time and the Grand Signior's ſervice force me to conclude abruptly, wiſhing thee perfection of bliſs.

Paris, 29th of the 6th Moon, of the year 1659.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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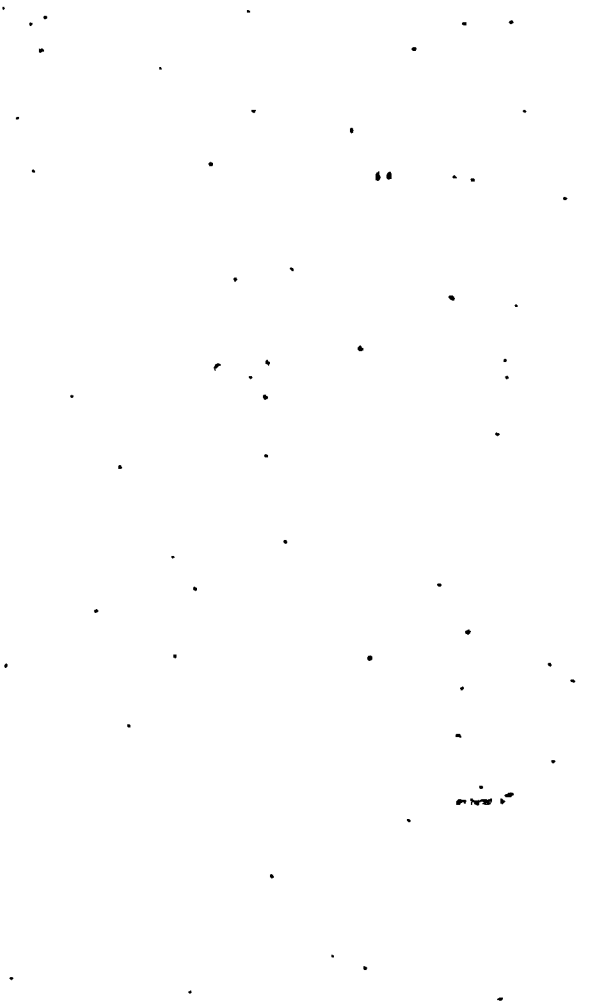

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